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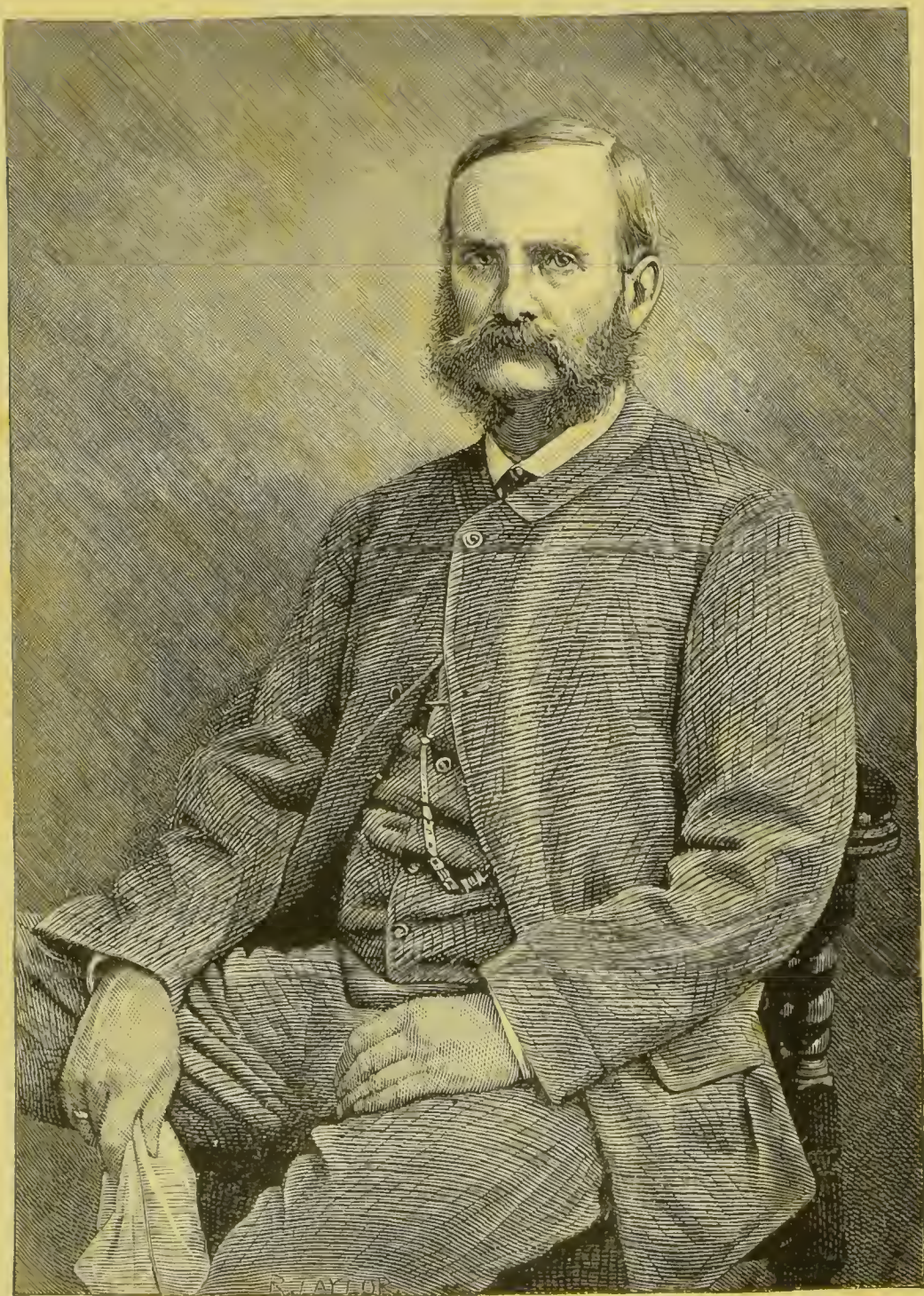
HUMPHRY SANDWICH.





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*H. W. Smith*

(From a Photograph by Messrs. ELLIOTT & FRY.)

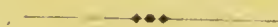
# HUMPHRY SANDWICH:

A Memoir.

*Compiled from Autobiographical Notes,*

BY HIS NEPHEW,

THOMAS HUMPHRY WARD.  
C



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LONDON, PARIS & NEW YORK.

1884.

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## PREFATORY NOTE.

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DURING the last years of his life, Dr. Sandwith occupied himself in writing a very full autobiography, in which he incorporated the diaries that he had kept at various times, and much interesting correspondence. This autobiography was not intended for publication, but, as he expressed it, for the information and amusement of his children and grandchildren. "Still," he added, "it is possible that a selection from it, containing the passages of most general interest, may some day see the light." Such a selection it has been my object to make, and to supply the links which were required to form it into a continuous story. As has been said at various points in the work, I have suppressed much that Dr. Sandwith wrote, even on topics of such intrinsic interest as the life of Turks and Arabs, the preliminaries of the Crimean War, and the state of things which led to the Russo-Turkish struggle of 1877; for on the general aspects of these matters a whole literature is already in existence. But enough remains to make a volume which, it is hoped, will not be wanting in freshness; for Dr. Sandwith's career was varied and remarkable, and his enthusiastic and self-devoting character was of a type that is never common.

T. H. WARD.

61, *Russell Square, London,*  
*October, 1884.*



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# MEMOIR OF HUMPHRY SANDWITH.

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## CHAPTER I.

### CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH.

HUMPHRY SANDWITH was the eldest son of Humphry Sandwith, surgeon, and was born at Bridlington early in the year 1822. His father belonged to a family which had been for many generations settled at Helmsley, between York and Malton; and his mother was the daughter of a Mr. Isaac Ward, merchant and shipowner, of Bridlington Quay. The elder Sandwith had been, at the date of his son's birth, practising medicine for some five years at Bridlington, and had already gained a considerable reputation, foreshadowing that which he was afterwards to enjoy as one of the leading physicians in Hull. From this time till he left the town, some twelve years afterwards, Bridlington and the neighbourhood supplied him with as much work as he could do, and with an income which, judged by the standard of those days and of that remote corner of England, was handsome. But, unfortunately for his children, he had

not the art of spending his income either to their advantage or his own.

The irregularity of young Sandwich's education, of which he was always conscious, was indeed the necessary result of his father's character. The latter was a hard-working, pure-minded, and deeply religious man, but so ignorant of the ordinary ways of the world as to be quite unable either to struggle with circumstances himself or to equip his children for their part in the fight. He was an ardent Wesleyan Methodist, and his delight was, on returning from his professional work, to sit down and engage in some eager literary controversy in defence of Wesley's principles or on the broader ground of "Protestant truth." The direct result of this taste was his abandonment, in 1834, of his excellent Bridlington practice, and his migration to London to become Editor of the *Watchman* newspaper, the organ of the Wesleyans, on £300 a year: a post for which he was in all respects but one totally unfitted. Another result, not less unfortunate for his children, was the want of any system in their education. He always held in a half-instinctive way to the idea that his son Humphry was to be a doctor like himself; but it never occurred to him either to plan the boy's general education or to find out by careful inquiry the best way in which he might enter the profession. Accordingly, after being tossed about at random from pedagogue to pedagogue, and from school to school, Humphry found himself at sixteen bound apprentice to his uncle, Dr. Thomas Sandwich, at Beverley, and condemned to

spend the five best years of his youth in making up prescriptions and in learning nothing at all.

Still, his years of boyhood were neither unhappy nor altogether unprofitably spent. Under one or another teacher in Bridlington and the neighbourhood he picked up the elements of book-knowledge, and formed a taste for desultory reading which in its turn did much to foster the romantic habit of his mind. On holidays he would wander alone, or with his favourite sister or brother, through Boynton Woods or among the fields near Bridlington, and cultivate to the full that love for natural objects, that interest in birds and birds'-nests, and in every creature that runs or crawls or flies, that in after-life helped so much to determine his adventurous career. One of these expeditions he has himself recorded at full length; it was when, at nine years of age, he accompanied a party of farmers' lads in a hunt for sea-fowls' eggs at Buckton Cliffs. For some miles to the north of Flamborough Head, the cliffs are sheer walls of chalk some five hundred feet high; and at certain points the ledges and clefts on their surface are the haunts and the nesting-places of countless sea-birds. "We went," says the Autobiography, "one fine afternoon, in May I think, with a strong N.W. wind blowing, the lads carrying ropes and crowbars. I was delighted with the stupendous precipices beneath my feet, the rocks being covered and alive with thousands and tens of thousands of sea-fowl. There were kittiwakes, guillemots, puffins, divers, gulls, auks, and sundry other species, uttering a babel of cries

that charmed my ears. The strong wind, too, drove some of them quite close to us, and then we pelted them with stones. Presently the crowbars were fixed, the ropes run out, and the climbers began their operations. This was of course a most perilous task, but the farm-boys seemed quite equal to the occasion, and in the course of two or three hours we had collected an enormous number of eggs of various sizes, some as large as those of a goose, others as small as those of a bantam. It was a giddy sight to see these lads let down over the abyss and climbing amongst the slippery rocks. That night we had a grand egg-feast, and I ate so well that I never could and never did eat another sea-bird's egg from that day to this, though I believe that some of the smaller ones are as delicate as plovers' eggs."

In those days, when travelling was difficult, and when town-schools were few and bad, it was customary for any one who lived in the country and who possessed some smattering of letters to take a few of the neighbouring farmers' children and to teach them the rudiments. Sometimes these teachers were good and successful, but the greater number were as rough and brutal as they were ignorant. One of young Sandwith's teachers, who lived at Bempton, was of this type. He was one James Kay, the deformed son of a farmer; and under his charge Humphry Sandwith and his brother Godfrey were placed for a few months.

. . . "We were driven over in a gig," says the Autobiography, "and were presented first to the school-

master's mother, a kind motherly woman, and then to the schoolmaster himself. He was a little crooked man on crutches, the victim apparently of confirmed scrofula. He looked at us sternly, and asserted his authority over the two crouching imps in a manner not to be misunderstood. We were presently introduced to the schoolroom, a small brick-floored room, calculated to hold seven or eight pupils, and fitted with desks, and here we made the acquaintance of other children, the sons and daughters of a neighbouring wealthy farmer. We commenced our lessons, and I was put to *hic, hæc, hoc*. I soon discovered that terrorism was the order of the day. The schoolmaster gloried in his authority over the children under him, and wielded his cane unmercifully. Our school-hours were purgatorial, and as we were boarders the hours of play were not altogether bereft of the terror of the cane. Mr. Kay delighted in the effects of terror. Among the pupils was a delicate little maiden of about seven, with fine complexion and flaxen hair. Under the impulse of fear she had told a fib, and Mr. Kay took the occasion of giving her a practical religious lesson after his own heart. He first of all in a voice of thunder laid down the doctrine of eternal punishment—‘eternal, eternal, for ever, yes, for ever!’ He then took out of the fire a live coal, and seizing the child's hand, held it near enough to make her scream with terror and pain while roaring into her ears his theological lesson.”

All his masters, however, were not like this. There was another, a Rev. Mr. Thompson, who seems to have

taught well, and to have left the cane in the background. Then out of school-hours there were the joys of the fields and the woods, and often on half-holidays, or during the summer months of freedom, the strawberry-feast and the Yorkshire farm-house tea. "During this period of my life," he says, "I had a fair opportunity of judging of the hospitality of the Yorkshire farmers; and when I compare them in this respect with those of other countries, I am disposed to think them the most hospitable people in the world. As far as my experience goes, the Welsh farmers are the least so." Then follows a description of a strawberry-feast and the tea that followed it at old Mr. S.'s, of Sewerby: "a tea of fried ham, and cakes sodden with butter, and tea thick with cream, and coffee so fragrant and so sweet, that I think no better could have been served at King George's table. . . . Since that time I have been regaled in palaces and feasted with Emperors, but never had anything so delicious, so sumptuous as those Yorkshire teas, which were very much in vogue in the neighbourhood of Bridlington."

At ten years old he went to Horncastle Grammar School, in Lincolnshire, then under his uncle the Rev. Dr. Smith. This was a school of average efficiency, and the time he passed there was at least pleasantly spent. As to his progress in school-learning, he may be allowed to speak for himself, and even in these days of improved schools and distinguished teachers his case, it is to be feared, will hardly sound singular:—

"My education at Horncastle was what was called

classical. We learned Latin and Greek, that is to say we learned the grammar, the rules, the exceptions to the rules, and a number of examples. In short, these two dead languages were made as odious to boys as human ingenuity could make them, and for my own part my soul revolted from this classical learning, and I was considered very justly a hopeless dunce. I know I was always at the bottom of my class, or thereabouts. But on Saturday afternoons we had a theme given us for English composition; and on Monday morning, when the themes were presented, I was invariably at the top. The themes were occasionally varied by English verse, and again I was at the head of my class, but when the verses were in Latin down I sank to the bottom. Strange to say, I passed years in studying Latin and Greek, and could never read the simplest book in either off-hand; but in later years I gained a knowledge of French, Italian, and Turkish with less difficulty than most people. The one Latin line I really laid to heart was

*Flumina amem sylvasque inglorius."*

Soon came the family move to London, and Sandwith left Horncastle, and went for a time to King's College School, then newly opened. The confinement, however, told upon his health, and after awhile he was sent back to Horncastle, to remain there until the time came for him to be apprenticed to his uncle at Beverley. It was in the autumn of 1838 that this step was taken, and he remained at Beverley till

1843. These were unhappy and unprofitable years, for his uncle, a morose man, took no pains either to teach him his profession or to introduce him to any kind of social life. He was sent to visit pauper patients; occasionally his uncle took him to see a difficult case; and in his hours in the surgery he read promiscuously a number of medical books. "I read diligently," he says, "but with absolutely no scientific foundation in anatomy, physiology, chemistry, or pathology. Still, I liked my profession so far, but at a certain point I felt I could get no further; and that point I knew was not an advanced one. I was not without what might be termed medical courage. On one occasion a man came into the surgery with a dislocated elbow, and I reduced it. At another time my uncle was urgently called for, but as he was absent, I went, and found a lady in a curious state, with her mouth open. I diagnosed luxation of the jaw, which I had never seen, and forthwith reduced the jaw to its natural condition."

In after-years the memory of the long apprenticeship at Beverley was always bitter to him. He used to say, with perfect truth, that the apprenticeship system, in medicine more than in any other line of life, was a lottery: that success or failure depended entirely upon chance. Under a good master, a lad might do as well, and learn the groundwork of his profession as thoroughly, as in any other way; under a careless or inefficient master, he might simply waste his years. Humphry Sandwith always looked back on his own indentures as a painful blunder, and on his five years as wasted. It was

characteristic of him that the bright spot in this desert of his youth—setting aside one or two love affairs, such as fall to the lot of most young men—was a series of secret sporting expeditions, to which to his latest day he used to look back with just the same delight as that with which he recalled his most exciting adventures among the mountains of Asia Minor or on the plains of Mosul. He had picked up two acquaintances: “Pol,” a large, curly, brown retriever, and the dog’s master, a bricklayer’s labourer, Bob Park by name; and with these two friends he used to sally out on moonlight winter nights, when the frost was keen, to look for the wild ducks that haunted the river Hull. “Of course,” he writes, “these sporting parties were absolutely unknown to my uncle, and the secret had to be carefully kept. The cold, the midnight journey to Leven Lock, five miles off, the snow, and the secrecy, combined to give a great charm to these expeditions. I was a thoroughly romantic youth, imbued with Scott’s novels, and I loved everything irregular and adventurous. In order to harden myself, I used to sleep night after night on the bare boards of my room, with nothing but a blanket for my covering. On moonlight nights, after making an appointment, I would retire to my room, and instead of undressing to go to bed, I would undress to re-dress. I put on as much flannel as I could manage, and then my rough clothes. I had pockets in my sporting-coat similar to those made for poachers; one pocket would hold the barrels, another the stock of my gun. Thus equipped, I crept silently out of the house at the back

door, hurried to Bob's cottage, tapped at the window, and off we started with Pol. In truth our game was scanty enough. We never killed many ducks; sometimes we killed absolutely none; but I loved the sport intensely."

Sixteen years afterwards he re-visited Beverley, wearing the laurels of Kars. He had, as might be expected, an enthusiastic welcome, but from none was it so enthusiastic as from his old friend Bob Park.

"Doctor," said the warm-hearted fellow, bursting into tears, "I always knew you'd get through your troubles: you was so plucky after them ducks!"

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## CHAPTER II.

### EARLY MANHOOD.

WHEN Sandwich left Beverley, he found his father established as a physician in Albion Street, Hull. The London experiment had not answered, and it was a wise measure to abandon both the *Watchman* newspaper and the house in Great Ormond Street. For six months Humphry attached himself to the small medical school in Hull, which had a staff (chosen from the medical men of the town) and some approach to systematic teaching.

He worked hard, rising at five throughout the winter, and by the end of the session had at least taken a survey

of the ground to be covered, and had made some way in anatomy.

Outside the study and the class-room, however, the life he lived during those months was not very stimulating. It was warmed indeed by a genuine family affection, but the tone of the household was methodistical, and there was neither the desire on the part of the parents nor the opportunity for much pleasant and healthy society. "I fear," he writes thirty years later, "that we young folks were more or less hypocrites from a natural desire to conform."

Then, describing the social and political prejudices in which he had been nursed, he proceeds: "I used to regard a freethinker as a man beyond the pale of humanity. A Radical, I thought, was one that ought to be hung. Chartism was very strong in those days; and I remember the horror with which I read the points of the Charter, most of which have now been carried." Hull certainly was not a *milieu* in which a young man curiously compounded of romance, prejudice, and refined feelings could develop satisfactorily. It was at that time, as far as concerns all the elements of a rational social life, about the most stagnant and backward of the English towns. "Its leading merchants," says Sandwith, "men living in great luxury and keeping handsome equipages, could not speak correct English; and this was the rule, not the exception. The whole population had at that time a character of low Philistinism about it which was quite depressing."

It was not for long, however, that he had to bear

this dispiriting intellectual atmosphere. When the medical session was over, he formed a strong wish to spend some months abroad for the purpose of learning French; and it was decided that he should go to Lille, to the house of a friend of the family, M. Marzials, afterwards well known in London as the pastor of a French Protestant church. Nowadays we do not commonly attach much importance to a first visit to France; but in 1844 the thing was not so common or so easy. Sandwith always regarded this visit as one of the turning-points in his life. It fed and stimulated his love for the uncommon, the foreign, the adventurous. M. Marzials had some English pupils in his house, pleasant, well-bred lads, with whom, though a good deal their senior, Sandwith fraternised; and together they followed the charming Continental custom of spending part of the short holiday in tours of discovery in the neighbourhood. Their explorations of Flanders were thorough and delightful. "I dwell," he writes, thirty years later, "on this part of my life with infinite relish."

But the most characteristic of his doings was a trip that he made alone during June and July, in the *blouse* of a workman. His father had sent him for some such purpose a present of a five-pound note—a rare event—and he determined to see how far he could make it go. A letter written at the time to one of his brothers describes this journey with all the enthusiasm of an ardent youth, who had till now seen nothing, who had longed to see, and to whom the towns and villages of the

Continent were each one of them a revelation. It is almost incredible that he could have visited, for that sum of money, "Tournay, Mons, Charleroi, Liège, Aix-la-Chapelle, Cologne, Bonn, Trèves, Frankfort, Mayence, Spires, Strasburg, and Basle," and could return with something in his pocket. But a traveller who carries his own knapsack, who goes on foot, or in carriers' carts, or in the forepart of a steamboat, who consorts with pedlars, who breakfasts by the roadside off a hunch of bread and the milk which a woman draws from the cow for him, who sups with peasants and sleeps in a garret where "the rats dance quadrilles over his head," such a traveller can go long distances for small sums: and, moreover, can extract an incredible amount of enjoyment from his journey. It is certain that Humphry Sandwith never forgot this knapsack tour. It was the natural preface to his wanderings in Mesopotamia.

Soon afterwards he returned to England, and entered as a student at University College, London. "Never had I worked as I worked during the nine months that preceded the London University examination; and yet I was determined not to lose my hold of French, which I now could speak, though very imperfectly, and with an atrocious accent." After some time accident threw in his way a young fellow-student, a Frenchman from Mauritius, one Victor Garreau. Neither of them had many friends in London, so they formed one of those student-partnerships which are often so delightful. It succeeded admirably. "Luckily for me, Garreau liked

above all things to talk his native tongue. All he wanted was a good listener; and he was a famous gossip. From a halting half-knowledge of French with a bad English accent, I soon acquired a fluent use of the language, with a far better pronunciation than the majority of Englishmen possess. . . . Garreau was a typical Frenchman, gay, amorous, fond of good living and fine clothes. His admiration of the *beau sexe* and his amours were most amusing and characteristic. One night, at the theatre, when we were together in the pit, I observed he was very uneasy, and constantly looking round, smoothing his hair and arranging his collar. 'Elle me regarde! Sacrébleu, elle me regarde!' he exclaimed. He was under the impression that a beautiful girl in the boxes was darting amorous glances at him. With some difficulty I discovered the young lady in question, but I could not see that she looked once in our direction; and if she had, such was the distance that I should have had an equal right to claim the glance as my own. I had not been long living with Garreau before I was introduced to some six or seven young men from Mauritius. They were decidedly unlike English youths; much more noisy, courteous, affable, and gay. The eternal subject of their discourses was woman. They were less ceremonious, too, than Englishmen. Garreau frequently came to my wardrobe and helped himself to a shirt without ceremony. Our companions used to sit late into the night smoking and gossiping, but never drinking; and then instead of going home would lie on the sofa or

hearthrug until the morning. Occasionally a youth of rather darker complexion would call. He was a fellow-colonist and schoolfellow; but there was a slight touch of colour in his blood, and so he was treated with cold politeness, the 'vous' was substituted for the 'tu,' and he was made to feel that there could be no familiarity. Garreau and I often used to discuss our future careers. His was tolerably secure, for his father was a planter. Mine was more uncertain and precarious. I used often to ask him if he thought there was an opening for me in Mauritius. He assured me that there was, and strongly recommended me to go there; and I verily believe that if it had not been for the difficulty and expense attendant on the voyage I should have gone. Strange that I was destined for that island in later years, but in a very different position!"

The important thing, however, during these months, was to prepare for the approaching examinations. The first was the "first medical" of the London University, which came on in July or August; and for this, though he worked as hard as a man can work, he had not sufficient time. When the fatal Monday had come, "I appeared," he says, "at Somerset House with sundry others, amongst whom was a dark-complexioned youth named Huxley, hereafter to be in the foremost rank of science." Sandwith's experience of his first serious examination ought to excite the sympathies of many a candidate of to-day. "I did pretty well in anatomy, moderately in chemistry, tolerably in botany, but broke down utterly in materia medica. I was unfortunate in

regard to this so-called science. The professor, a Dr. Pereira, was the horror of medical students. He had written a ponderous work in two volumes which I believe he called 'The Elements of Materia Medica.' It was like a book of mediæval divinity; a mine of worthless learning on the origin and qualities, imaginary or real, of every bit of rubbish that had ever been called a drug. Amongst the questions on my paper I was required to give the Latin name, the qualities, botanical, medicinal, etc., of the common broom—a plant which some cracked doctor had, in an evil hour for me, got admitted into the 'Materia Medica.' I had at my fingers' ends the whole chemistry of calomel and tartar emetic, and the botany of senna and quinine; but the broom floored me, and in a moment of bewilderment I wrote down 'brumus.' This so annoyed Pereira that he unmercifully plucked me." The blow was of course a severe one; but the victim took it in good part, and another year's steady work saw him safe through his troubles. In the autumn of 1846 he passed both the London University and the College of Surgeons, and was qualified to practise.

He returned to Hull, and set about looking for an opening. But his hard work had affected his health. Early in the winter a slight accident to his knee—he had sprained it while snipe-shooting on the Lincolnshire bank of the Humber—disabled him. Presently violent inflammation set in; and it was seen that he was seriously ill. For many weeks he lay in a critical state; but fortunately a relative, Mr. Thomas Ward, a Hull

shipowner, offered him a voyage to the Mediterranean in a vessel bound for the Levant. "The prospect of this so charmed me," he characteristically says, "that I felt already better." In a few days all preparations were made; a gun was borrowed on the chance of sport on those unknown shores; the faithful Pol, the friend of old Beverley days, was promised a berth; and he was carried down and put on board the *Atwick*, a small barque of 300 tons. It was the time of the great Irish famine, and that, together with the recent repeal of the duty on foreign corn, had so stimulated the demand that it was a common thing for ships to go "seeking" as it was called; that is, to sail for this or that port on the chance of securing a cargo of corn at a cheap rate. The *Atwick* was to call first at Malta, and there find which of the Levantine ports would best suit for this purpose. Humphry Sandwith's description of the voyage is what might have been expected: he delighted in the breezes of the North Sea, in the "mountain waves off Trafalgar, with the solan geese plunging from great heights into the ocean, and the Mother Carey's chickens scudding before the vessel;" he basked in the Mediterranean sunlight, which soon completed his cure; he revelled in the blue waters of Valetta harbour, in the tall houses, the clean streets, the white dresses and dark complexions of the lithe and active Maltese. Presently the ship sailed eastward again, and after passing through the Archipelago—or "the Arches," as the captain called it—arrived in due time at Smyrna.

It was his first glimpse of "the East"—of that East

to which through all his life from this moment he looked with passionate attachment as to a second fatherland. This sight of Smyrna was but momentary; it was the affair of a few days, of one or two hunting expeditions, visits to native houses, and so forth; yet when, two years afterwards, the opportunity offered of going to settle at Constantinople, the pleasant memory of the Smyrna adventure played no small part in his decision.

The homeward voyage lasted no less than three months; and at last Sandwith returned to Hull to begin his search for work. He thought seriously of the services, but no appointment was forthcoming; nor was there any immediate opening for private practice in the quarters to which he first looked. Soon an opportunity was found, though it was as far removed as possible from the work that an adventurous young man would have chosen. If there is one career more regular, more uneventful than another, it is that of the house surgeon to a provincial infirmary; and if an infirmary could have been found more *routinier*, more provincial than all others, it would have been the Hull Infirmary in 1847. Yet, Sandwith was justly anxious to take any work that offered; and on the death of the holder of this place, an old gentleman who had served for forty years without ambition beyond that of board, lodging, and a hundred a year, he came forward as a candidate. He had to canvass the subscribers, and thus tells the story: "The Hull people were then like the rest of the commercial classes throughout England, of little or no

culture. Their virtues were shrewd sense, mercantile honour—they were at least highly honourable as compared with the same class in less civilised states—and great enterprise and energy. On the other hand, they were for the most part vulgar, and had a grovelling admiration for aristocracy, however pinchbeck it might be. My canvass was amusing, and on the whole agreeable. Some of the subscribers were polite, some put on an ungraceful air of importance, as indicating that they had something to give or withhold—a vote. A few were scarcely civil. I had of course rivals. One or more had far better testimonials than I; but as these men were strangers to the town, they had as much chance of the Crown of England as of the house surgeons of the Hull Infirmary. The local candidates had, I believe, as good testimonials as myself; but their social position was not so good. Their parents were humble people—small tradesmen, etc. When the day of voting came, numbers of the “county people” came to Hull, expressly to vote for me; and this being known, the Hull people who wished to be genteel could not do otherwise than follow in their wake. I was elected by more than two to one over the next candidate.”

Once appointed, he put bravely aside all thoughts of foreign adventure, and set himself in a manly fashion to do the important work before him. He had a curiously varied staff of physicians and surgeons over him; some expert and scientific, some quite incompetent, some fairly practical doctors, but with very little scientific knowledge. There was Dr. W., a young

man, "qualified to take the highest place in his profession; well trained, well read, and extremely able." There was Dr. C., from London, painstaking and successful, with adequate scientific training. There was Dr. H., "defective in diagnosis, and altogether below par; in short, a man whose patients were to be pitied"—and with whose prescriptions the young house surgeon confesses that he took great liberties. There was Mr. X., "a striking instance of how a man utterly unqualified for the profession of medicine, and indeed for any profession, can yet earn his living." And Mr. T., "a good surgeon, but the most officiously vulgar man it was possible to meet." Sandwich worked hard, and kept his eyes open. Unluckily it was only for a very few months that he was able to continue at work. It happened in Hull at that time, as in all the other large towns of England, that a number of famine-stricken Irish had crowded in, and had brought with them typhus fever in its worst form. Poor creatures suffering from this frightful disease were constantly being brought into the infirmary, carrying the infection among the nurses and the staff. "I was much interested in this fever," says the autobiography, "and I determined to study it thoroughly. I used to visit each patient frequently, taking no sort of precaution; and I even turned them over in their beds, applying my ear to their chests to listen to the bronchial and pulmonary sounds." At the end of June, five months after his appointment as house surgeon, the fever struck him. In a few days he was terribly ill, and for weeks he lay

between life and death. "I sincerely hope you may recover," said Dr. Simpson, the celebrated York physician, who came to see him early in his illness. "'Hope you may recover!'" The words sounded ominously," he writes, "for they were uttered in a solemn tone that struck a chill to my heart. So I am in danger? thought I; of course I am; for I have evidently the same fever that the nurse died of a few days ago. And so thinking I sank off into a doze, and was once more on the hills of Asia Minor shooting wild boar; and anon I was at Lille, and I babbled in French, while my patient mother applied a cold lotion to my burning brow, and suppressed a sob that choked her."

He escaped very narrowly, but youth and a good constitution saved him. After awhile he went to Bridlington to recruit; and then in due time returned to his duties. But bad symptoms came on again; and again, after a fresh absence, they appeared. It was obvious that the air of the hospital was poison to him, and he had no choice but to resign. The question of what to do for a livelihood came back with redoubled force. Hull was impossible; he had an invincible dislike to the town, and his father's practice was not large enough for two. He tried for posts elsewhere, especially for that of surgeon to Marlborough College, then newly founded; and at last he took a bold plunge, came to London, took rooms in Islington, where his father had been fairly well known, and waited, with a brass plate on his door, till patients should choose to come. Not a single patient appeared. Matters became

desperate; for however strict his economy—and no Scotch student in Glasgow or Edinburgh ever pinched and denied himself more rigorously than did the young surgeon—it was necessary to write from time to time to his father for the means to live. Meantime he kept looking about him, and making friends, especially among young foreigners. “I had still,” he writes, “quite a passion for foreign countries. I kept up my French and Italian, and began to learn German, still pursuing my medical studies. I cultivated the acquaintance of foreigners wherever I could find them, and my first question to all who came from remote parts of the world was, ‘Is there a field for an English doctor in your native country?’” At last he chanced to call on a distant cousin, Edward Brown, who had just returned from Constantinople, and put the same question to him. The answer was so encouraging that he at once made up his mind to go to Constantinople, if he could get the means and his father’s consent. It was a large “if”; for money was very scanty, and Dr. Sandwith had made no secret of his nervous and almost inexpugnable dislike to the thought of a foreign career for his favourite son. But the difficulty was unexpectedly removed. “On the third of January, 1849,” Humphry Sandwith writes, “I was startled, and I think slightly shocked, on receiving a letter from my father containing £3 for my immediate wants, and the advice that I should go to Constantinople. I had really never contemplated this. I should as soon have expected his advising me to commit suicide. I almost felt as if I

had not been fairly treated in being taken at my word. I sat down and reflected. Would it be really well for me to go to Constantinople—so far, so out of the reach of all friends, of all help? But I soon dismissed these cowardly thoughts; my spirits rose to the occasion, and I wrote off a calm and affectionate letter to my father, telling him of all my plans, and thanking him for his sanction to my cherished scheme.

“And now what was next to be done? I was fortunately in London, the place of all others for collecting information about everything; and so I began to go about telling people I was going to practise at Constantinople, and asking for letters of introduction. The first remark was invariably, ‘Oh, I suppose you have got an appointment there?’ When I answered ‘No,’ some shook their heads ominously; others said that my enterprise was plucky, and that I deserved success, and should obtain it. Amongst these last were General Sandwith and Colonel Bentham Sandwith—officers of the Indian army, and distant cousins of mine—who were my kindest and best friends at this juncture of my life.”

Various people offered him letters, or introduced him to friends who had relations with the East. “Some one,” he writes, “introduced me to an active and intelligent old gentleman, a Mr. Blanchard, who lived in Great Ormond Street. Before he consented to give me a letter to any one he asked me to dinner, to judge for himself as to whether I was worthy of it. I went, met a pleasant party, passed my social examina-

tion, and was presented with a letter to the famous Mr. Layard, whose discoveries at Nineveh were at that time creating an immense sensation." Another and still more important letter was given him, after a similar test had been applied, by Sir Robert Inglis, the Tory Member for Oxford University, to Sir Stratford Canning.

Only one more step was necessary before he should take his departure. It was rightly thought that the title of "Doctor" was essential to success at Constantinople; and after comparison of possible methods of gaining the degree, he determined to apply, as was then possible and regular, to the University of Aberdeen. The examination was fairly severe; but he passed it easily, and became a full and lawful M.D.

At last came the moment of farewell. The funds had been provided—£50 by his father, and £50 by General Sandwich—and nothing now need delay his departure. It may be imagined that the parting was intensely painful; for the tie of affection that bound the Sandwich family together was very strong, and the uncertainty of the lot to which he was condemning himself was distressingly great. But the last farewells were said, the last embrace given, and he started for London. That evening, in obedience to a habit of his which was strong at this time, he searched for a text of the Bible to enter in his diary; and he entered the verse, "He that now goeth forth on his way weeping, and bearing forth good seed, shall doubtless come again with joy and bring his sheaves with him."

## CHAPTER III.

## CONSTANTINOPLE.

It was on the 28th of February, 1849, that Humphry Sandwith left London for the East. The weather was bitterly cold; the Channel was tempestuous; the third-class carriages in which he crossed the Continent made the journey itself a terrible penance. Still he had youth and courage, and did not flinch. He passed Berlin, Breslau, and Vienna, where the streets were still pock-marked with musket-balls from the fierce revolutionary struggle that had been raging a few months before. At Trieste he examined his resources, and found that he had just £90 to begin the world upon. "The question—the anxious question with me," he writes, "was, Can I earn my living without further assistance from my father? I may so far anticipate as to say that I never asked or received another penny from him, but, thank God, was able to assist him in my turn."

Unable to gratify his wish to see Venice, which was then being blockaded by the Austrians, and defended by the illustrious Daniel Manin, he embarked on March 12 in the steamer for Constantinople, which, having touched at Syra and Smyrna, anchored on March 23 in the Golden Horn.

There is no need to dwell upon the first impressions made on Sandwith's mind by the sight of Constantinople, for they differed in no respect, except perhaps in degree, from the impressions made upon every Frankish

traveller who first approaches that unrivalled city. He settled himself in an unpretending hotel, and, under the stress of the emotions of hope and fear which were excited by the new and strange scenes among which he found himself, he set about taking measures for beginning a career. His letters to the British Embassy were invaluable. Layard especially was prompt in acknowledging the note, and at once called on Sandwith and asked him to breakfast. At Layard's rooms he met most of the staff of the Embassy; especially Alison, the Oriental Secretary, and a young man, Mr. Thomas Fiott Hughes, a student-interpreter; the former a man of the highest ability, who ultimately became Her Majesty's Minister at Teheran, and who, according to Sandwith, if he had been a little more tender to social prejudices and conventions, would almost certainly have been Her Majesty's Ambassador at Constantinople. On the same day came his first interview with Sir Stratford Canning, which may be described in his own words:—  
“Immediately after church I found one of the lacqueys, and, giving him my card, said I desired to see the Ambassador. After a short delay I was conducted into his Excellency's room. I found myself standing in the presence of a remarkably handsome, refined-looking man, an unmistakable English gentleman, of about sixty, hale and vigorous as a man could be. He was standing with his back to the fire, posed with the obvious intention of producing an effect and overawing the young doctor. Had I been anything but a young doctor, anxious to conciliate, I should probably have

taken a pleasure in checkmating this game ; as it was, I took my cue, gravely bowed in answer to his very cold and stately nod, and remained standing. After a very decided pause, his Excellency deigned to seat himself, bidding me to take a chair. We then entered into conversation ; he asked me what I had seen in passing through Austria, showed decided sympathy with Hungary, and then said he thought there was a very good field in Constantinople for a doctor. The interview then terminated. I afterwards saw a great deal of Sir Stratford Canning, but my impression of him, gained at this interview, never changed. I thought him then proud, cold, and self-absorbed ; and my further experience of him showed him in precisely the same character ; while on his public side, with all his vast diplomatic ability, I found him unable to conceive any large or liberal views of politics or anything else.

“ I went home and wrote a long letter to my father—a letter full of confidence and hope—and which, doubtless, gave great joy in Albion Street.”

The Ambassador continued to be kind to him in his cold and impassive way, and Lady Canning was, from the first moment, extremely friendly. He made acquaintance with all the *entourage*, including the physician to the Embassy, and his subordinate, who was in charge of the British Seamen’s Hospital, then in a state which was not creditable either to the doctors or to the Ambassador and Consul-General.

The senior doctor he liked, though he was amused by the weaknesses and affectations of the old gentleman,

whom Sir Stratford Canning used to employ as a retailer of gossip, and who thus preferred to be considered a diplomatist rather than a doctor. From the substitute, who saw a possible rival in him, he received the advice to go and set up at Makrokêni, where was a colony of British workmen ; but though a modest living would have been within his reach there, he did not relish the prospect, and preferred to remain at head-quarters. He very soon, in fact, came to see that his own chances of becoming in a short time physician to the Embassy were by no means bad.

His chief friend in these early days, and during after-years, was the Mr. Hughes whom he had met at Layard's table. The two young men formed one of those "friendships at first sight" which are among the brightest experiences of youth ; and it was of lifelong duration. During many an hour of depression Hughes's kindness and affection were Sandwith's chief support.

Hughes, with some other men, of whom George Smythe, afterwards Lord Strangford, was one, belonged to the body of student-interpreters which Lord Palmerston had recently established with a view of substituting trained English gentlemen for the hereditary dragomans of the Embassy. The old system, in the hands of the Pisani family, worked badly, and gave room for much corruption. But either the Ambassador had not been consulted, or he did not approve of Lord Palmerston's scheme. "At all events," says Sandwith, "he took care to spoil it, so he employed these young men in copying despatches, and never in any dragoman-work."

In the society of these young members of the Embassy, Sandwith spent much of his time during his first spring and summer in Constantinople. But meanwhile he was diligently trying to push his way in his profession, and to make friends with the doctors of all nationalities, and of all degrees of qualification or non-qualification, with whom Constantinople abounded. Among these were Dr. Millingen, the well-known companion of Lord Byron, about whose character and last illness he had many anecdotes to tell Sandwith that differed a good deal from the printed accounts. Another was a Turk, one Mehemet Effendi, with whom he made an arrangement for exchanging English lessons for Turkish; and as he was in earnest, while the Turk was not, this plan answered so well that in a very short time he was able to speak the language fluently. His English letters of introduction had gained him a good many acquaintances, and when the time came he proceeded to deliver those addressed to natives, the results being of a kind of which the following extract gives fair examples:—

“I engaged a guide to help me in discovering the dwelling-places and counting-houses of these people. After descending the rugged, tortuous lanes of Galata, we found ourselves in a rather better street than usual, one side of which was entirely occupied by commercial offices. I was now shown into the gloomy counting-house of Signor X., a Jew millionaire. I believe the origin of his wealth was a disreputable house kept by his father or grandfather. He was now, however, one of the *élite* of Constantinople.

“I found him a venerable man, with a kindly face and grey beard. When I entered he was giving audience to some Jews, with whom he was chatting in Spanish, but on my presenting myself he rose and received me in the kindest manner, and offered me the most brilliant prospects of success, begging me to command him in every way, and to render him happy by showing him how he could serve me.

“From him I adjourned to a Greek counting-house, and was regaled with a cup of coffee and some superlative phrases on the pleasure M. Papadaki had in making my acquaintance, which he hoped would ripen into intimacy. He concluded by consulting me on the state of his health, and got me to write a prescription and a series of rules as to diet and exercise, and then, with vague promises of recommendations to distinguished friends, he bade me adieu, chuckling at having ‘sold’ or laughed at (ἐγέλασε) the Frank dog. I need go no further into details; suffice it to say that I concluded a very fatiguing day by delivering the last of my letters, and I threw myself exhausted on my sofa, feeling that the most brilliant prospects were now open to me. I knew that most of these great bankers were intimate with the Sultan’s Ministers, not to speak of their own large circle of friends and relatives, and the weight of their recommendation to these latter, so I built up castles in the air of the most florid architecture. I may anticipate so far as to say that not one of these Levantine gentlemen ever showed me the slightest attention. I was never asked to cross their thresholds,

nor to break bread with them, nor did they ever send me a patient."

Another new acquaintance was a Mr. Seput, an Armenian apothecary, in whose shop, according to the custom of the place, Sandwith spent a good deal of time, making himself familiar with the manners of both doctors and patients, and taking his chance of finding a few sick folk who might wish for his help.

His own description of the scenes which passed in this "second-rate Italian pharmacy," as he calls Mr. Seput's shop, gives a clear picture of the manner in which he spent this part of his second apprenticeship. "Benches were arranged on each side of the pharmacy of Mr. Seput, and on these were seated daily a number of the faculty, amongst whom the English *Hekim Basky* was at one time frequently to be seen, learning the languages of the country rather than practising his profession. Early in the morning Mr. Seput would arrive and salute whatever guests happened to be present—'Signor dottore, come sta?' being ever the first announcement of his arrival. There were various studies in this pharmacy besides that of *materia medica*, and by no means the least interesting were the queer specimens of my profession that I now associated with. One old gentleman, a very steady attendant there, I early made acquaintance with, on the strength of his being an Englishman. His name was Brown, which was his only national characteristic. His language was that of Constantinople, or rather his languages were those of Constantinople—namely, bad Romaic, bad

French, bad Italian, and bad Turkish. It would have been difficult to say which of these he spoke the best, or rather the worst. His ancestors had been British traders, and he was too proud of being a *civis Romanus* and enjoying the privileges it gives, especially in Turkey, ever to forget his origin. He had been brought up a watchmaker, which trade he had followed for many years, but having by an untoward accident lost the use of his forefinger, he took to the practice of medicine. Now in England it is a point of etiquette for a physician to hold no intercourse with a practitioner who has no diploma, or *qualification*, as it is technically called. In Constantinople this rule could not be followed or you would never be called in to a consultation, since the majority of doctors there in my time were unqualified. I was curious to know the style of practice this old man followed, and I had in process of time ample opportunity of learning it and that of many others who had no better pretensions to the style of doctor. While I am conversing with Dottore Brown, a fat old Turkish lady comes into the shop, followed by a negro girl, both being enveloped in the cloak or *ferigi*, and having their faces covered with the *yashmak*.

“‘*Hani hekim bashi?*’” she asks, “‘where is the doctor?’”

“‘Here I am, *Khanum Effendi, bouyoroun*, at your service,’ exclaims Dr. Brown.

“The old lady sits heavily down on the bench, sighs deeply, and fans herself with her pocket-handkerchief.

“‘*Vai vai, aman aman*, feel my pulse, *hekim bashy*.’”

“Dr. B. immediately feels her pulse, looks profoundly wise, and says, ‘Ah, you have had a fright.’

“‘A fright—yah, that I have, *aman*; what shall I do?’

“Doctor: ‘Let us see; show me your tongue’ (she raises her *yashmak* and protrudes that feminine weapon). ‘Ah, there is nothing the matter with your tongue. Your head is clear, eh?’

“Lady: ‘My head clear? what do you say, you ass of a doctor! my head is all topsy-turvy—whiz, whiz, whiz—that’s what it’s like. Shall I let blood?’

“Doctor: ‘Well, well, Khanum Effendi, I have understood it all now; the remedy is clear. Now then, look at me. First let blood, a hundred drachms from the foot; put your feet in hot salt water, fasting; eat nothing but rice-soup; and take a *fingan* [cup] full of this medicine three times a day. There, you will soon be well.’

“And now a number of questions follow, for the old lady is as fond of having a chat with a doctor as any of her sisters in England or elsewhere. She makes him feel the pulse of her slave, and give a medical opinion on *her* state of health. Lastly, the doctor writes out a prescription, which consists of some harmless infusion, having a medicinal colour, smell, and taste, and the old lady then takes out her purse to pay the fee, which is, in truth, very moderate; but she pays more than the value of the medicine (and the doctor receives a certain percentage out of that too). For my own part, when I prescribed thus for patients, I had a certain English

pride about taking a paltry fee, and so, as I gave my advice gratis, it was very naturally thought to be worth no more than I charged for it, and thus these pharmacy patients never returned to me.”

At the same time, he did not let pass any opportunity of shooting at high game. The Galata Imperial School of Medicine, founded by Sultan Mahmoud after his destruction of the Janissaries, for the purpose of supplying trained doctors to his newly-organised army, was at this time in a state of tolerable efficiency. It had passed through many vicissitudes, but two at least of its directors—Dr. Bernard, of Vienna, and his successor, Dr. Spitzer—had been remarkable men. With one of the professors, Mr. Callaja, Sandwith formed an intimacy, and by his advice went to pay a solemn visit to the great official who bore by right the title which has gradually come to be assigned to every doctor in Turkey—the title of *Hekim Bashy*, or chief physician. This person, who held the rank of a Minister, and who had the official regulation of the medical affairs of the Turkish Empire, lived in a beautiful house on the Bosphorus, with a vast garden rising to the hills behind, from which might be enjoyed a view as enchanting as any which that fair region can boast. To this place Sandwith and the professor took their way, and, after the usual delay, were ushered into the presence of Izzet Effendi, Chief Physician of the Empire. He thus describes the scene:—“A venerable old Turk, wearing a fez, but with the loose dress of the old school, was seated, Turkish fashion, on a sofa. He

did not rise, but blandly welcomed us. My companion ran up to him and kissed the hem of his garment before he took his seat. I, of course, contented myself with a European bow. I was then formally presented to his Excellency, my friend explaining to him that I was a *bonâ fide* professor of the science of medicine, in proof of which I had a diploma to show him.

“I accordingly presented to him the vellum, which he took from my hands, examined with the knowing air of a monkey, exclaimed, ‘*Pekee guzel, Mashallah!*’ and then having satisfied himself apparently of its authenticity, he returned it. Had I presented the diploma of the Ancient Order of Foresters it would doubtless have served the same purpose. His Excellency then asked me if I would take service with the Government, on which I told him I would do so with pleasure, provided I were not sent out of the capital. He told me he would bear me in mind, and appoint me the moment a vacancy occurred. After smoking a jewelled pipe and drinking a cup of coffee, we rose and took leave, and as I stepped into our *caïque* I felt satisfied that this was one of my luckiest visits, as I should at once enter upon a lucrative appointment. I had afterwards to learn that words are cheaper in Constantinople than in England, and had I asked the Hekim Bashy to make me his *vekeel* or lieutenant he would at once have promised me the place. ‘But with £3,000 a year, your Excellency; I cannot accept less.’ ‘*Hai, hai*—certainly,’ would have been his answer. ‘And perhaps you would appoint me to-day, as I am anxious to set to work and reform

the Medical Department.' 'Yaren bakalum,' would then have been the answer, which means, 'We will see about it to-morrow;' and this, be it observed, is a stereotyped phrase in Turkey."

The reception by the Hekim Bashy gives Sandwich the opportunity for some remarks on Turkish etiquette, and the relations between Turks and Christians, which may even now, after the full discussion of these topics to which we were accustomed in the years 1876-8, be read with interest. Except as regards a few points, they are not antiquated. After noticing the curious analogy between the position of the Sultan and that of the Eastern Emperors as Gibbon describes them, he proceeds :—

"Like all Oriental nations, the Turks have a most complicated set of rules for correspondence. Thus a colonel has after his title certain high-sounding adjectives, such as illustrious, of elevated rank, etc. A brigadier-general has comparatively higher epithets bestowed on him, until, ascending from a Ferik to a Mushir, we come to the most superlative titles which follow the word Pasha. Now it is a point of honour with the Turk to keep these titles to himself and his own nation, as beings of a superior race to the outer barbarians. The Sultan is Padishah *par excellence*, no one else being worthy of that title. It is true that France, Austria, and even Portugal have insisted on this word being used in all official documents, but this privilege has been reluctantly accorded. A Christian, whether Frank or native, is seldom addressed as Effendi ;

he is called Captan, Chorbajee, or Tchelebi. Effendi is reserved for the Mussulman. The contempt in which Christians are held is carefully cherished throughout Mussulman society. If a Christian archbishop were to enter the house of a Turkish scrivener, the latter would not rise to receive him, but in a condescending manner invite him to a seat. If a Turkish gentleman calls, the scribe would rise to do him honour. When Franks are in intercourse with Turks, they are obliged or not, according to circumstances, to put up with numerous overt acts of impertinence of this kind. If the Frank be in an official position, and sees any tangible impertinence and resents it, the proud Osmanli becomes as cringing as he can desire. Some time ago an official friend of mine, Alison, was sent by the British Ambassador to a small town in the interior, to inquire into an act of atrocious barbarity committed towards certain Christians. Some time after his arrival at the town, the Mudir or chief man called upon him when he happened to be a short distance from the house. When his visit was announced, the English gentleman at once proceeded to his rooms to receive his guest. He found the latter personage seated in his room smoking his pipe, with his slipshod shabby pipe-bearers standing before him. He made no effort to rise, but with the most insulting condescension pointed to a seat. With admirable presence of mind my friend, not appearing to notice the man, walked on towards another room, the servants meantime whispering, 'The Mudir, the Mudir; this is he.' On reaching a farther room my friend seated

himself on the divan with the grand air of an Osmanli, exclaiming, 'Where is the Mudir?' 'In the other room,' answered the servant; 'you passed him.' 'Let him come in,' was the lordly answer. The Mudir, on being summoned, appeared, and was received with the lofty condescension of a pasha towards a rayah, my friend, of course, keeping his seat and beckoning to a chair. The whole man was at once changed; he was in a manner degraded before his servants; he cringed, fawned, and finally departed like a whipped dog."

Sandwich lodged, during this time, in some cheerful rooms near the theatre, his landlady being a Levantine of Italian descent, who made him comfortable and encouraged him in his struggles. She had a daughter, a girl of seventeen, whose extraordinary beauty might have made a fatal impression on the heart of the young doctor, had he not had the opportunity of seeing her in the morning, as well as later in the day. "I had been accustomed," he says, "to see the fair nymphs of England more fascinating, perhaps, in a morning, fresh and wholesome from their couches, like dewy rosebuds, than when dressed in evening toilets. I constantly met the pretty Adelina about 10 or 11 a.m., strolling slipshod about the house, with her nightcap, none of the cleanest, dropping off, and showing her hair untouched by comb or brush, and her morning gown very ragged. In this guise she would call for her coffee, and abuse the servant in no measured terms if it were not quickly forthcoming. She would then seat herself at the piano, and play some tunes in the style of

a child of ten years old." Thus he providentially kept himself heart-whole, and was able to enjoy the Levantine and Armenian society into which his landlady introduced him just as thoroughly as he enjoyed the friendly circle at the Embassy. He was always, in fact, intensely sociable, and, as has been seen, his love for new and foreign types was just as keen as his affection for those of his countrymen with whom he felt really in sympathy. He saw much, for example, of the Greeks in Constantinople, and his remarks about that nation are perhaps worth quoting even now, if only because the experience of the last thirty years has abundantly confirmed them, and has shown that, whatever may be the political future of the Levant, there is no doubt whatever about the commercial capacities of the principal race which inhabits it.

"It is well known with what zeal, industry, and thrift a Greek merchant works out his fortune. In Constantinople nothing can withstand him. A youth, the cousin ten times removed of Kyrios Xanthopulos, enters his counting-house and serves his master zealously for several years, until he begins in a small way on his own account. He changes perhaps £20 into paper money when the latter is at a discount, and rechanges it when at a premium. He speculates carefully at first, then more boldly, and conducts with skill and subtlety some great plan for cheating the custom-house, receiving handsome presents from his employer and the corrupt Turkish official. Thus he goes on, living on bread and olives, until he is rich enough to

strike out some new branch of trade, in some untried field, where he is backed and supported by his old master. Greeks hang together wonderfully, and you consequently seldom hear of the failure of one of their houses. They are sturdily honest in Manchester, where their word is their bond, for such is the best policy, and there they have a wholesome dread of English justice. The same men are lying knaves in Constantinople, for trickery is apparently the best policy there. They have the most wonderful means of transmitting intelligence. How many fortunes were made at the commencement of the Crimean war by the early and correct telegraphic information they were able to command! The declaration of war was known by some Greek houses in Constantinople long before it had reached the Embassy. These Greeks are the very soul of unscrupulous trade; they have driven our merchants out of the Levantine waters."

As regards his relations with the Embassy, the following characteristic extract will show how pleasant they were, and to what interruptions they were occasionally subject by reason of Sir Stratford Canning's difficult temper.

"During these six months of the spring and summer of 1849, my residence in Constantinople, varied by incessant visits to Therapia, was charming. I had far more friends here than I ever had at Beverley, Hull, or London; and then they were such jolly good fellows, most of them. My society was, in short, as good as I could have had in the very best circles of London, with

more variety ; for in addition to the clever and witty Englishmen at the Embassy, there were Russians, Austrians, and other Continentals, equally polished and intelligent. I was a frequent visitor at Therapia, that charming summer residence to which the Embassy had removed. These visits were sometimes to Layard, sometimes to Alison or Hughes ; they appeared always glad to see me, and the latter, now become most anxious for my success, never failed to tell me to call upon Lady Canning. I was shy in doing so, but deferred to his opinion and called. She frequently asked me to dinner, and I considered myself bound to accept the invitation.

“This sort of thing went on for some weeks, I dining perhaps once a week with the Embassy ; meantime, unknown to me, Sir Stratford Canning was becoming annoyed by my too frequent appearance at his table, and his feelings were at last discovered by an accident.

“I had dined there one evening, and slept in Hughes’ sitting-room. I stayed on the following morning, and did not depart until about three in the afternoon. Just as I was stepping into a *caique*, a messenger from the Embassy recalled me, saying one of the servants was ill. I dismissed the *caique* and went to see the man, who was suffering from vomiting and purging. While I was prescribing for him I was sent for to another, and then to another, equally suffering in the same way, until I had about half a dozen on my hands. I was fully occupied all the afternoon attending to these cases, and felt very happy in being thus usefully employed. In the evening I had a summons to the Ambassador. I

found him in his study. He received me most frigidly, told me he had sent for the physician of the Embassy; meantime he requested to know what his servants ailed. I equally coldly told what I thought of their cases, and after a very little conversation departed. Short as this interview was, he contrived to wound me to the quick. I was in a rage, and went fuming to Hughes and then to Layard. These both laughed, and remarked that I had at last run against the Eltchie, and that 'it was so like him.' I answered with dignity that it was all very well for subordinates in the Embassy to put up with his insolence, but that as I was an independent gentleman I certainly should do nothing of the sort; and so I sulked all the rest of the day. Meantime Layard went to Lady Canning and told her that the Ambassador had hurt my feelings by his unaccountably rough manner, and that I was quite at a loss to know the meaning of it. He explained to me, however, how it all came about. He told me that I had dined too often at the Embassy, and that Hughes, having conceived a sort of enthusiasm for me, was always mentioning my name, and 'thrusting me down their throats.' 'Good heavens!' I exclaimed, 'then were Lady Canning's invitations not to be accepted? Why on earth did she give them?'

"On the following morning I was again sent for by the Ambassador. He was in his study, and instead of entering with a smile as I did the day before, I gave him the coldest and most formal bow I could make. He was, on the contrary, as gracious as possible, and

so all clouds were soon dispelled. We chatted very agreeably; in everything but words he apologised, and when I rose to go he put a substantial fee into my hand.

“This was almost my last interview with him for more than a year, for another phase of my life was opening upon me. Layard had prevailed on me to accompany him to Nineveh, and so I began to make my preparations.”

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## CHAPTER IV.

### ARMENIA AND KURDISTAN.

THE journey from Constantinople to Mosul, which was undertaken by Mr. Layard's party, has been described at some length by Mr. Layard himself in the account of his second expedition to Nineveh. To print the whole of Dr. Sandwith's description would therefore be to repeat much of what has been already published. But the accounts differ so widely in their points of view that it is not desirable to force what Dr. Sandwith has to say into very small compass. The Chief of the Expedition and his Hekim Bashy were entirely different men, and saw things with different eyes. Layard was an experienced traveller, already a cool politician, and above all a skilled antiquarian. Sandwith was young, romantic, carried away by the novelty of the scenes through

which he was passing, a keen sportsman, ignorant of Oriental antiquities, and as yet little given to political reflection. This journey was a central event in his life. The year among the Armenian mountains and in the deserts stamped itself so vividly upon his memory, that in after-years his family and friends used laughingly to charge him with beginning half his stories with the words "*When I was in Mesopotamia.*" Unfortunately, too, the hardships that he underwent, and the terrible recurrent fevers, permanently affected his constitution. He was never quite the same man afterwards, though, as Kars and Servia proved, he was still able to bear a good deal.

The party which started from Constantinople on August 28th, 1849, consisted of Layard, Sandwith, Mr. Cooper, a London artist, who proved to be rather out of his element in the Desert, and Hormuzd Rassam, afterwards well known as one of the prisoners in Abyssinia. He was the brother of the British Consul of Mosul, a Chaldean by birth, but English in tastes and education, and regarded by Layard with considerable affection. "His duties," says Sandwith, "are multifarious. He acts as interpreter and secretary. He marshals the servants, keeps the money-bags, speaks all the unknown languages, and keeps us all amused by his gaiety, varied by occasional sulks. Then besides these there were Ahmed Agha, the Kavass or travelling policeman, a good, honest, useful Turk; and Cawal Yussuf, a Yezidee priest, who had come to Constantinople to endeavour to obtain some political amelioration of the condition of his

people." This priest was the means of introducing the party to some of its most interesting experiences. "He was altogether a fine fellow. His eyes were of brilliant black, his beard jet-black, and his large features were set in the regular antique model of the old Assyrian monarchs. His costume was that of Assyria; a large turban enveloping the head, a light cloak, an embroidered jacket, a short gown, red boots, and sword and pistols, formed a noble and picturesque figure. To one who had never been beyond Constantinople his appearance was most interesting. I might have imagined him a specimen of some extinct and ancient race; some hero of Saracenic history, worthy to cope with the lion-hearted Richard; perhaps the gallant Kurd Saladin himself, the model of ancient Eastern chivalry—of whose race indeed he was."

They reached Trebizond without accident, and in due time started on the journey across the mountains of Armenia, sometimes camping out, sometimes sleeping in huts whose character has not changed since the days of Xenophon; and after a week's travelling, mostly through rain and mist, they came within sight of the ancient city of Erzeroum, since that time often enough introduced to the notice of Englishmen. "The distant view of this city at the close of a long day's journey was singularly impressive. The ancient kingdom of Armenia, coëval with the Roman Empire, and the theatre of many mighty struggles, was spread like a map before us. The details had a character stern and bleak; not a tree was to be seen, but vast plains,

bounded by snow-capped, rugged mountains, whose summits were clear and sharp against the rarefied atmosphere, produced a striking effect upon the mind."

Layard and Sandwich rode on to the city, to be hospitably received by the British Consul. Then, carefully arming themselves and their escort—for they were approaching a dangerous country—they set off on their way to Mesopotamia, now resting in the quarters of some friendly Kurdish chief, now in some Christian village, while Sandwich, who was the sportsman of the party, revelled in his opportunities of securing cranes, bustard, and other game unknown in England. In after-life he used to speak with unbounded enthusiasm of the sporting capabilities of this country, especially of a wonderful marsh a few days' journey from Erzeroum, which, as he said in the "Siege of Kars," was a very ornithological Babel, full of wild geese, sheldrakes, mallard, widgeon, and teal; while the banks of a lake near by were crowded with active little tringas, sandpipers, and longshanks.

Layard has himself described the remains of the ancient city of Akhlát, and its beautiful situation on the shore of Lake Van. In this ruined and almost deserted town, once a great Ottoman stronghold, the party spent some days, and Sandwich indulged to the full the curiosity of the naturalist and the traveller, delighting in the new fauna and the strange types of humanity which every hour kept bringing to his notice. Troglodyte gipsies, savage but picturesque and splendid-

looking Kurds, half-starved peasants, and grave elders travelling to Constantinople or to Mecca, formed a new world within which to move; while his reputation as a Hekim, that almost sacred personage, brought round his house every morning a crowd of lame, halt, and blind, clamouring for the instant cure of their infirmities. "Hekim Bashy," an old woman would exclaim, "look at me. I am your sacrifice. I kiss the dust of your feet; grant me your aid, and may God reward you;" and so saying, she held out a limb that had been paralysed for years. But in many cases he could give relief, and he went on, deeply impressed with the faith of these poor people, and lamenting that so many of the doctors who travelled through Western Asia were mere charlatans, doing more harm than good.

In 1849, Armenia everywhere presented to the traveller the spectacle of a country ruined by oppression and misgovernment, and it presents the same spectacle to this day. When Sandwith passed through it, and wrote down his impressions, the region was unknown to Europeans, and the story was new, but to us, who have witnessed the campaign of 1877, and have heard the evidence of innumerable consuls, commissioners, and travellers, the sad history is only too familiar. We need not repeat in these pages the details with which Layard's Hekim filled his diary; it is enough to say that, so far as the political aspect of the question is concerned, one derives the same impression from them that one derives from the most recent books

—that of Mr. Tozer, for example.\* Everywhere it was the same story—cities and villages, khans and roads, ruined and destroyed; brigandage general; the tax-collector everywhere at his odious work; the poor cultivator robbed of all save the barest pittance, and, like Rousseau's celebrated peasant, resorting to every shift to hide his possessions from the official eye.

Passing through the picturesque and interesting town of Bitlis, the travellers came, after three days' journey from the latter place, to the borders of the Yezidee country. The Yezidees are commonly described as devil-worshippers, their religion being a survival from pre-Mohammedan times, and evidently having in it many elements of the old Persian cult. They are a fine race, handsome, brave, and independent, but even in 1849 the incessant hostility of their Mussulman neighbours had greatly reduced their strength; for ages it had been the custom for the messengers of Turkish tyranny to sweep off into the harems of Constantinople any Yezidee maiden who was fairer than her sisters, and even to put to the sword any male defenders who might choose to resist. At this time the Yezidees were in a state of great excitement in consequence of a decree which had gone forth from Constantinople affecting their relations to the Empire. Hitherto the constitution of the Turkish army had been based entirely on religion; none but Mussulmans were allowed to serve, and had it been possible this condition of affairs would no doubt have

\* "Turkish Armenia and Eastern Asia Minor," by the Rev. H. F. Tozer. (Longmans: 1881.)

proceeded unchanged. But the visible decrease in the dominant caste had begun to fill the minds of the Sultan's advisers with alarm, and they found it necessary to announce that in future the army would be recruited from the Sultan's infidel subjects, such as the Yezidees and Christians. The Yezidees saw that this would mean that their conscripts would be forced, when far from home and unprotected, to embrace Islam, and that consequently both their religion and their tribal existence would rapidly perish. They therefore sent to Constantinople the Embassy of which Cawal Yussuf was a member. He was now on his way home again, after an absence of many months, unbroken by letter or message. As he approached the borders of his own country he came out in all his finery, donning a red gown, and wrapping round his waist a shawl of brilliant colours, "filled," as Sandwith says, "with a whole arsenal of offensive weapons."

They came to the village, and then, "drawing part of his turban under his chin, so as to hide the lower part of his face, Yussuf approached his friends and kindred with a heart full of emotion. He encountered some of the villagers engaged with their oxen in treading out the corn, and 'he spake roughly to them.' The poor Yezidees, taking him for a *zaptié* or irregular Government police officer and one of our guards, trembled for their safety, and answered him in deprecating tones. On this Yussuf suddenly uncovered his face, exclaiming, 'What, my friends, know ye not your priest?' A loud scream from a woman near him, and

the passionate exclamations of old and young who rushed forward clasping his knees and kissing his feet, followed this discovery, and Cawal Yussuf found himself once more among a devoted and adoring people. We quickly arrived, to see the good man in the midst of these ovations, and when he turned round and recommended us to the care of his people, we were like to have been smothered with the same attentions. Our horses and servants were dragged in triumph into the village, and fed with the best, while the fattest sheep in their flocks was brought into the courtyard, where we had installed ourselves, and sacrificed before us.

“Quickly did the news of our arrival spread from village to village, and during the evening sundry cavaliers kept dropping in to see their beloved priest, and to feast their eyes on the pale-faced strangers, *Ellechies*, or ambassadors from a distant and powerful country, whose influence was such as even to reach the ear of the great Padishah himself.”

The passage of Layard's party through the Yezidee country was a triumphal progress. In every village they were welcomed by troops of horsemen, who came out to meet them, followed by crowds of young men, their heads wreathed with green leaves, while the house-tops were thronged with women. Feasts were provided for them, till they almost rebelled against the fat sheep, the *pilau* overflowing with butter, and the large unleavened cakes. As they left the villages the young men would escort them on horseback, and for their edification would perform the wonderful and fascinating

*jereed*, or mock combat, a marvel of agile and graceful horsemanship.

Passing through this region, and occasionally stopping at Kurdish or Nestorian villages, where their reception, if less brilliant, was generally not deficient in cordiality, they came at last to the hills which bounded the Assyrian plain, where a changed climate and an entirely different population awaited them. They were met on their descent into the level ground by the exciting news that a band of five hundred Bedouins were "out," and had been engaged for some days in robbing and murdering throughout the neighbourhood.

There was nothing for it but to hire a small escort of Kurds, and to make the first march across the desert by night. Nothing, however, happened except a false alarm by way of practical joke—for the Eastern peoples are a good deal given to this kind of amusement—and in due time, after Sandwith had, to his intense satisfaction, bagged his first gazelle, they reached safety in the castle of Abdi Bey, another Yezidee chief. That the danger had been a real one, however, was soon apparent, for that very night, while Layard's party slept, wearied out by their march of thirty hours, a band of marauders swept down upon Abdi's village and drove off the cattle. When the visitors awoke they found that their host and his armed followers had left to avenge this insult; and next night they saw, from the glare of blazing corn-stacks on the horizon, that warm work was going on. After twenty-four hours Abdi Bey returned.

“Striking the butt of his spear into the ground, he sprang from the back of his panting mare, who had in the last few hours shown her breeding. He entered his castle with the proud and satisfied air of a brave warrior who had done his devoirs. His white cloak was stained with Arab blood, for he had been deep in a hard *mêlée*, and had slain with his own hands five men since last we saw him.”

With day the party proceeded on their journey, and it may easily be imagined that, after the experience of past nights, it was a journey not wanting in excitement. “Our eyes scanned intensely the horizon, and if at any moment a crow or plover fluttered on its edge, we started with anxious expectation. There was this day no talk of dulness, drowsiness, or monotony: all was excitement. At last, as we descended a very gentle declivity, I exclaimed, ‘Look, look! what are those?’ for behold, two figures appeared on our right; nearer they came, two horsemen at full gallop. ‘Ah! those are Arabs,’ cried one of our party, as he caught sight of the white horseman’s cloak. ‘Now we are in for it; more are coming.’ Cawal Yussuf, seizing a double gun, and digging his shovel-stirrup into his mare’s flank, bounded off to reconnoitre: The first horseman stops, then advances; the other draws bridle and, suddenly turning, goes off at full speed. Just then I turned to the left and beheld a beautiful, a terrible sight. A band of thirty or forty turbaned lancers were pricking towards us over the plain. ‘Ah! here they are in force,’ I cried; ‘we are caught at last!’ while the faces of our

muleteers turned pale in dismal apprehension. Layard turned and scrutinised them, and then joyfully exclaimed, 'I know them; they are not Arabs, but Yezidees, with Hussein Bey, come out to meet us.' Just then Cawal Yussuf brought us the man against whom he went out. This was a villager chased by an Arab, the poor man having burned all his powder and broken his lance while trying to defend his sacked village. And now a pretty sight presented itself. Two of our party went to meet the Yezidees, while these latter threw off four or five of their main body to meet the new-comers. Those detached advanced at a gallop, but in a zigzag manner, as if to give a difficult aim to fire-arms. At last the whole body came up, pistols were discharged in the air, and the chiefs of either party leaped from their horses and embraced.

"Our dusty and travel-worn cavalcade was now surrounded and escorted by a gallant and gaily-dressed company of Yezidees, variously armed. Many carried the long bamboo lance, others swords and pistols, but all were bravely mounted, and each had a horseman's seat. The young chief, Hussein Bey, was a pale, sickly youth of nineteen, a beardless boy, but the hereditary chief of all the nation. He was surrounded by priests, stalwart bronzed fellows, armed to the teeth, and all wearing black-fringed turbans. The High Priest himself, a man of about forty, with a mild, intelligent countenance, was riding by the side of Hussein Bey. The young chief was dressed in a crimson jacket gorgeously worked in gold, which glittered like a lizard

in the sun. Over this he wore a very light gauze-like white cloak, which scarcely clouded the splendour of the gold embroidery. A heavy silver sheath enclosed a bright curved scimitar, his late father's. His head-dress was a light-coloured turban.

“We now rode over the dangerous plain in perfect safety, for although the Arabs might have mustered a much stronger force, they would scarcely have thought it worth while to attack us, as they always prefer plunder without fighting, if possible.”

Safety was at last reached, and the Yezidee escort left them. They had entered a country of village Arabs, degenerate and dirty, but peaceable enough, and no further danger was to be anticipated. At Telkef they were met by Mr. Rassam, the British Vice-Consul, Hormuzd's brother, and, escorted by him, they approached the broad and rapid Tigris, and the city of Mosul.

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## CHAPTER V.

### MESOPOTAMIA.

THE head-quarters of the party were fixed sometimes at Mosul and sometimes at Nimroud, and without loss of time Layard set to work continuing those excavations which he has himself minutely described, and of which the material fruit is now in the British Museum. His elaborate book, which deals both with the archæological

and the actual aspect of the Assyrian desert, has made it almost unnecessary for any second hand to go over the ground which he has reaped. At the same time there are details to be gathered from Sandwith's journal which Layard has ignored; and there is, besides, a freshness, an enthusiasm, an almost boyish delight in the new experiences of the wild life of the desert, which marks out the writing of the younger traveller from that of his companion and chief.

Leaving unnoticed, then, the excavations themselves, and without attempting to tell the complete story of the doings of the party in Mesopotamia and Eastern Kurdistan during the whole of their sojourn there, we may fairly dwell for a time upon certain aspects of the country and the life, and certain incidents of the journey, which most vividly impressed Sandwith's imagination. At this time, it must be remembered, he was essentially a sportsman; on him the free life of the desert exercised an irresistible charm. He had not had much share in England of the pleasures of civilisation and settled order; the contrast between the narrow circumstances, the petty interests, the constraining limitations of the life of a doctor's apprentice, and the romantic aspirations with which his mind was always filled, had been such as to disgust him with Europe, and to make him hail with unreasoning joy the novelty of the adventures of the East. Very soon, indeed, reflection began to play its part, and to show him that the actual and practical miseries wrought throughout the Turkish Empire by barbarism and mis-

government were after all the most real facts that presented themselves to the mind. His early journal is full of references to the miserable state both of the Christian and of the settled Mussulman population throughout Armenia and Mesopotamia. Already the seed was being sown which in after-years bore fruit in his untiring advocacy of the claims of the Eastern Christians, and in his energetic denunciations of Turkish corruption. Layard himself was alive to the ruin caused by the Turks when he said of the valley of the Tigris, "One of the most fertile countries in the world, watered by a river navigable for nearly six hundred miles, has been turned into a desert and a wilderness by continued misgovernment, oppression, and neglect;"\* and the remark is echoed time after time in Sandwich's journal. But it is not on this side of his Mesopotamian travels that we need dwell; and, indeed, he himself naturally prefers to describe his curious medical experiences, his adventures in search of game, his visits to remote Arab tribes, and his wanderings through the mountains which skirt the vast Assyrian plain. His patients were numerous—from the pashia and the French Consul on the one hand, to the crowds of simple folk, suffering from all kinds of diseases, who used to fill his court-yard in the early morning, or to throng the entrance to his tent at his receptions about the time of afternoon prayer. His story of his visit to the French Consul at Mosul is pathetic, for the poor man, emaciated and dropsical, who had been the

\* "Nineveh and Babylon," p. 86, ed. 1867.

victim of a score of quacks, native or Levantine, greeted the genuine European doctor as one who could, if not save his life, at all events prolong it so that he might once more touch the beloved soil of France. He was an old soldier, and had survived the retreat from Moscow, and at the time of Sandwith's visit was dying from heart-disease. The doctor told him the truth, and advised him quietly to remain where he was; but his home-sickness was stronger than his disease. He got himself placed on a raft, and was floated down to Baghdad and Bussorah, where his eyes were closed by an English officer who happened to be engaged in political work there—Colonel Williams, afterwards Sir Fenwick Williams of Kars.

The reputation of the *hekim*—or rather *hakeem*, for he was now in an Arabic-speaking country—soon grew, and reached the ears of the pasha, who happened to be suffering from an attack of fever. The story of Sandwith's visit to him may be quoted, both as amusing in itself, and as throwing an interesting light upon the manners and customs of the Levantine quacks who abounded throughout the Ottoman Empire. After describing the official summons, he proceeds:—

“ I had not waited many minutes before the *perdeh* was raised, and a gentleman styled the *muhurdar*, or seal-bearer, beckoned me to enter. In a small room, and on a very soft, comfortable-looking bed, lay the pasha, flushed with fever, and rolling restlessly about; an attendant armed with a fly-flap kept those troublesome insects in order, while another handed him his vinegar-

bottle, or from time to time bathed his forehead with a wet towel. ‘*Eh, Hekim Bashi, hosh guelden*—welcome, welcome,’ he exclaimed; ‘feel my pulse;’ which accordingly I did, and otherwise examined him. He was in the hot fit of a fever, and I ventured to promise him a speedy cure, provided he would obey implicitly my directions and take my medicines, all of which injunctions he solemnly promised to observe. While I was thus employed, the Italian doctor of whom I have spoken was announced, and the pasha bade his people bring him in. The curtain was raised, and a man of forty, dressed in the modern Turkish costume, appeared. He approached with his arms folded on his breast, and in an attitude of the most abject humility. The pasha condescendingly cried, ‘*Bouyoroon*—come forward’—and he then ventured to come crouching forward, and seizing the corner of the pasha’s quilt he reverently kissed it, although the latter put out his hand deprecatingly exclaiming, ‘*Elmé*—don’t do that.’ The doctor then knelt on the floor, looking profoundly awed by the great man’s presence, although the latter condescendingly told him to seat himself on the sofa near me, but the doctor exclaimed, ‘*Ustafer Ullah*—God forbid; the dust of your feet is too glad to kneel here under your Excellency’s shadow. My soul is grieved,’ he exclaimed, ‘to hear of your Excellency’s illness. *Inshallah!* you will soon be better. *Inshallah, Inshallah!*’

“This fellow was, I believe, a specimen of one of the worst of his class. No poor wretched rayah could humble himself in a more abject manner before a proud

Turk when he had anything to gain by it, and no one could use his influence for worse purposes. The Turkish army was chiefly doctored by Italians, and the capital swarms with *medicos* of this nation, many of whom are utterly uneducated. They were not uncommon in the old days, and a delightful account of one is given by Morier in the preface to his inimitable ‘Hadji Baba.’ There are amongst them men who are ready tools in the hands of unscrupulous pashas, and I have heard dark hints of poisonings, besides well-authenticated stories of more open villany practised by them. They have all the cleverness and all the subtle subserviency of their nation, and can turn their hands to anything. They, however, seldom enrich themselves.\*

“After the Italian had gone through the form of feeling the pasha’s pulse, we consulted together, and agreed to give him quinine, the necessity of which was obvious, and I added a little palatable effervescing draught. The good English quinine, as usual, did wonders, and on visiting my patient some days after, I found him sitting on his sofa declaring himself quite well. His attendants had experienced much difficulty in making him take his pills, but he drank his effervescing draughts quite greedily. When I entered the room he welcomed me most warmly, exclaiming, ‘*Eh, Hekim Bashy*, welcome welcome! Look, I am well. By Allah, you are no end of a doctor! Why, I no sooner took your medicine than I felt it run all over me, whiz, whiz, like boiling water, whiz, whiz, all through my veins.

\* See Sandwith’s own novel, “The Hekim Bashy:” London, 1864.

*Wallah*, I knew I was cured.' Coffee and pipes were sent for, and the pasha treated me with infinite condescension and kindness, and on taking leave begged me to visit him frequently as his friend. This Kiamil Pasha was by no means one of the worst of his class. He was very gentlemanly, but perhaps lazier and more apathetic than is usual even among Turkish pashas. He was a member of the Supreme Council of Constantinople, and his appointment to Mosul was understood to be a sort of honourable banishment. He was on the whole humane, except when worked into a rage, which sometimes happened, when he did things of which he afterwards repented. The authority of a provincial pasha is practically still of terrible force; he is quite a despot, and apt to abuse his power, as is too well known.

"Some days after my visit to the pasha his *defterdar* (accountant) called upon me, and began to compliment me highly on my medical skill. He then said that his Excellency had directed him to call and thank me for my invaluable services, to which he doubtless owed his life. He trusted that my stay in his pashalik would be agreeable; he begged to know how he could contribute to my amusement. Did I like hunting? Twenty *hyllas* (irregular horsemen) should attend me wherever I wished to go, and beat up all the game in the country for me. Of course I treated this gentleman to a pipe and coffee, after discussing which he gently insinuated that the pasha wished to present me with a fee, the smallness of which he was quite ashamed of, but he trusted I would excuse it;

having said which, he thrust a bag of piastres under the pillow of my sofa, and gracefully took his leave. The fee was really a handsome one, and I scarcely knew which to admire most, the pasha's liberality, or the delicate respect with which I was treated. I voted both H. E. and the *defterdar* gentlemen."

One more extract, dealing with a different kind of medical experience, may be given here, before we turn to other aspects of the journey. This describes Sandwich's experiences in the encampment of the then well-known chief, Mohammed Emin:—

"My medical reputation seemed to grow up and flourish in the course of a few days. Many a young practitioner would have had his fortune established had he in a civilised country made as great a sensation as I did on the banks of the Khabour. One of my first patients was the most beautiful creature I had as yet seen in the desert. A Bedouin brought his daughter, a girl of about sixteen, who had some trifling ailment. She was light and slender in form, with limbs as fine and tapering as those of a high-bred filly. Her complexion was of a light bronze, suffused with the red glow of health. Her pretty, straight' nose was ornamented with a large silver ring set with turquoises. Her full, dark, and lustrous eyes had an expression of great sweetness and modesty. The long blue skirt, which was her only garment, added by its simple drapery to the exquisite grace of her movements. As this was my first patient, some indiscreet curiosity was shown by the bystanders to see me feel her pulse, but

no sooner had three or four gathered round us, than a deep blush spread over the face of the young Adela, and turning her head away, she threw her arms around her father's neck, hiding her face in his bosom. This simple and natural movement, expressed with untaught grace, was charming.

“As my patients became numerous, and pestered me at all hours, I fitted up a spare tent to serve as my dispensary, and gave out that I received at the time of afternoon prayer (*assr*). I took my seat at the door of my tent, and soon had a crowd around me, many suffering from real diseases, many from imaginary ones, and many bringing for my inspection the effects of diseases, such as palsied limbs and stiff joints.

A young man was the first who presented himself, most vociferous to see the *hakeem*. He entered my tent and desired a private interview.

“‘*Eshtareed*, what do you want?’ I asked.

“‘*Ya hakeem, shoof*,’ he began, ‘look here: I am married to a wife, and am somewhat tired of her, and I have fallen in love with a virgin whom I wish to marry, but my wife, curses on her! has found it out, *ee wallah!* and has given her a charm which prevents the beautiful virgin from loving me. I have beaten my wife, but that is of no use. *Ya hakeem*, I am your sacrifice’—taking me by the beard,\* which he kissed—‘God bless you, *hakeem*, give me some strong medicine to kill the charm, and I am your slave and sacrifice.’

\*“‘And Joab said to Amasa, Art thou in health, my brother? and Joab took Amasa by the beard with the right hand to kiss him.’”—2 Sam. xx. 9.

“‘Here,’ said I, ‘take this pill fasting,\* and you are cured.’

“And as he retired with the precious bread-pill, which he tied up in a corner of his sleeve, he called down blessings on my head.

“An old woman next came forward, and taking hold of the corner of my cloak, she kissed it, and then kneeling before me, began in a very wheedling manner to call my attention to her case. She went on to describe the most anomalous symptoms, affecting her eyes, ears, limbs, and sometimes every part of her. On further inquiry she confessed to be quite well at that moment, but a year ago having had these strange complaints, she dreaded the same thing would invade her this year. I then promised to give her strong medicine, but ordered the crowd to stand at a short distance from us. A space is cleared, and all wait in silent admiration for my remedy. I slowly draw forth a bottle of strong liquor of ammonia (or smelling-salts) from my medicine-chest, and holding it before my patient’s eyes, tell her to draw in a strong breath when I put it to her nose. I accordingly first hold her nostrils, then having removed the stopper, I apply the mouth of the bottle to the nose, the fingers are removed, a long sniff is taken, followed by a sort of spasm, and she falls to the ground. A hum of horror runs through the crowd; the patient after a short interval rises, her eyes streaming with tears; and then broke from the crowd:—

“‘*La ilāha illa ’llāhu Mahommed rasūlu ’llah*’—

\* “Literally, ‘on your saliva’ (*’ala-r-reek*).”

‘There is no God but the *God*, and Mahomed is the Apostle of God.’

“Added to these singular cases, and still more wonderful cures, were others partaking less of charlatanism, in which I was able to afford real relief. The patients in their gratitude frequently brought me cheese and butter; but if the truth must be confessed, these presents appeared to be given more as inducements to exert my healing powers, rather than the spontaneous outpourings of grateful hearts, since they were brought before the patient was presented.

“Amongst numerous cases I found chronic rheumatism to be the commonest, also fevers, chronic coughs, inflammations, diseases of the eyes, and the most loathsome skin diseases, and others which could only be described in a scientific book, the diffusion and virulence of which amongst the Desert tribes is a remarkable fact. With the exception of gout and scrofula, I am bound to add that I found most diseases that we are too apt to ascribe exclusively to a high state of civilisation common enough amongst these simple children of the Desert.

“The chief causes of disease amongst these nomads are the want of sufficient protection from the extremes of heat, cold, and wet to which they are liable, and against which a tent is a very inadequate shelter; the unwholesome air of miasmatic ground, which is perhaps more deadly than the bad air of ill-drained cities; and the utter absence of cleanliness, which often leads to foul skin disease. An Arab, or at least a Bedouin

Arab, never washes himself except by accident, as in the crossing of a river or by a heavy shower of rain, and his garments are never washed, consequently he is always dirty."

The first visit paid by the party after their arrival at Mosul was to the Yezidee settlement at Sheikh Adi, at the time of a religious festival. "Our course was to the east, towards the abrupt dark range of the mountains of Kurdistan, forming the frontier between Persia and Turkey. We passed the ruins of Khorsabad, and presently we observed a dust in the distance, and the glint of weapons and gay garments. Young Hussein Bey was approaching with his following of spears to escort us to his native village. He greeted us with the grave dignity of a young Eastern. He was superbly mounted on a dark chestnut, which he managed to perfection. His horse had all the beauties of the Arab—a small, intelligent head, a bright eye, a soft, silky mane and tail, and the general symmetry which is obvious to the most untutored eye. We halted for the night not far from Khorsabad, and resumed our journey towards the mountains. We came upon several Yezidee tombs, which are small pyramidal buildings of white stone, and on approaching these the Yezidees dismounted from their horses, took off their shoes, and kissed reverently the walls. At last, as we came into a rugged glen at the base of the real mountain range, our escort dismounted, took off their shoes, and walked bare-footed, as we were now within the precincts.

of the sacred place. Fortunately they did not require us to follow so inconvenient an example.

“ We presently descended into a rocky glen in which was a dense grove of oak, arbutus, and mulberry, and from the dark grove were seen issuing the small white spires of the sacred buildings. The gentle murmur of a mountain stream was heard issuing from the shady seclusion and mingling with the babbling noise of a multitude of voices. As we approached we saw numerous groups of white-robed men and women with their children, some moving about the groves, others seated under the shade of mulberry and fig trees. We rode on until we came to the thickest part of the grove, where a low stone building had been cleaned and prepared for our use, and here our comforts were spread on the ground. The high priests and elders were gathered together to receive us, and we were courteously invited to repose after our journey in this cool and shady place. At our feet rippled the clear mountain stream, which in several places was collected into tanks, round which were planted thick groves of trees; indeed, the whole valley was full of shady groves, under which the most picturesque groups of old patriarchs and young men and maidens were strolling about or reposing. As each family arrived at the precincts of the sacred glen, its advent was announced by the discharge of fire-arms. Numbers of these people came respectfully to gaze upon us, many of whom had probably never before seen a European. Many of the boys and young men were extremely handsome. I saw many

beautiful girls, resembling young gipsies in their complexion and the brilliancy of their eyes, but exquisitely clean in their persons. Their costume was most elegant; they wore a sort of gown of white cotton, with ample trousers tied at the ankles, while a curious kind of checked garment, not unlike the Scottish shepherd's plaid, was fastened on one shoulder, and hung in graceful folds of drapery from their bust. Their head-dresses were composed of gold or silver coins fastened together curiously, while long plaits of hair hung down their backs. In the evening nothing could exceed the strange beauty of the whole scene. Hundreds of small bitumen lamps were suspended from the trees, so that the whole valley was illuminated, while from the sacred groves and temples a wild music issued, indicative of some religious rite.

“If the scene was beautiful during the day, it was ten times more impressive at night. All that I had ever read of Eastern scenes, from the heathen groves denounced in Sacred Writ to the Egyptian mysteries or the hall of Eblis, came crowding into my imagination, and as I gazed on the scene before me, on the groups of white-robed dancers moving gracefully to the sound of solemn music, or the conclaves of long-bearded elders, I was tempted to believe it all a dream; and while I gazed I had my carpet and bed spread for me under a mulberry tree, and fell asleep in the midst of this real fairyland.”

The hospitality of Hussein Bey was returned in due course, and Sandwith's account of the entertainment given in his honour is worth quotation, if only to show

the intense fondness for wild and martial practical joking which seems ingrained in the Arab, and of which the Mesopotamian journal gives many examples.

“I have been to a great variety of dinner-parties during my lifetime, but one of the most curious to which I was ever invited I shall now attempt to describe. Hussein Bey was asked to dine with us, and although there may appear nothing formidable in entertaining one man, even though he were Chief of the Devil-worshippers, yet when it is remembered that his invitation as a matter of course included his following, namely, twenty spears, or rather the bearers of twenty spears, it will be seen that such a dinner-party was a formidable affair. However, the commissariat was in the hands of Hormuzd Rassam, so we had nothing to fear on that score. In the course of the afternoon Hussein arrived, and was most politely received by our chief, while his following came in for a share of attentions from all of us. Hussein Bey’s principal supporters were his priests, all and each able-bodied men of the Church Militant, and armed in the most approved fashion. They were evidently but ill at ease when night closed in and they found themselves within the walls of Mosul, a position of the greatest danger under any but European protection, for Mosul had drunk deep of Yezidee blood, and her dungeons contained the mouldering bones of many of their race. Gradually the sun of good-fellowship thawed the icy bonds of apprehension, and ere the dinner had commenced our jolly guests had disarmed themselves, doubled up their sleeves, and were prepared

to do ample justice to the skill of our cook and his numerous assistants. The gates of the courtyard were closed, there were none but friendly faces around; why should suspicion haunt the disciples of Sheikh Adi?

“And now the dinner commenced. We were all seated in a large circle round the courtyard, and a crowd of servants brought in a succession of dishes overflowing with grease, which were attacked with the energy and perseverance of men who habitually lived in the saddle, and who had ridden forty miles to dinner. The feast was almost interminable, from the number of dishes, for it was a point of honour to make our guests over-eat themselves if possible. At last a huge pilau made its appearance, which is a sign of the end of the dinner, as a sweet pudding is with us.

“Pipes and coffee were now brought, and each guest loosed the folds of his shawl and settled himself down to enjoy comfortably the hour that passes between dinner and bed. Just at this time a strange muffled noise is heard at the door, as if a number of people are trying to force a passage, and yet refrain from speaking aloud, then at once bursts upon the ear a wild, unearthly yell, and a troop of half-naked Arabs, with torches in one hand and naked sabres in the other, rush in upon the Yezidees. These latter, unarmed, astonished, with faces expressing indignation and horror at being thus betrayed to death, start to their feet, mechanically search for their arms, and with their backs to the walls seem prepared to meet their fate with indignant resignation. The Arabs approach, wave their gleaming swords above

their heads, and turn off suddenly, and amidst shrieks of laughter commence their war-dance. Some little time elapsed ere the Yezidees quite recovered their equanimity, so sudden and terrible had been the start. It was a practical joke of somewhat dangerous character. Fortunately each guest was unarmed, or some one must have fallen.

“The whole courtyard was filled with Arabs—there were about 180 of them—many of whom held torches in their hands, whilst numbers of them joined in a wild but graceful sword-dance. Their naked limbs, the simple drapery of their costume, and their often handsome faces and figures, showed well in the torchlight. It was a beautiful sight, worthy of the pencil of Rembrandt. I often regretted my want of artistic skill to portray scenes such as these, which are seen probably but once in a lifetime.”

At another time it was not the Yezidees, but the Bedouins, who were entertained by Mr. Layard, and Sandwich's account of this dinner-party is not less interesting than that of the former, as an illustration of the never-ending danger to which the Desert tribes feel or felt themselves exposed. Among the party was a handsome young sheikh of twenty years, who had left his encampment without his mother's knowledge. To the astonishment of hosts and guests, the old lady made her appearance during the feast, and insisted upon taking up and keeping her position by the side of her son, even when at nightfall these noble savages were turned into an empty room to sleep upon the floor.

There was a reason for this. The lad's father had been a great chief in the neighbourhood of Mardin, and had for a long time maintained an independent freebooting existence in defiance of the Turks and the pasha. Neither force nor bribery had availed against the strategy of the chief and the fleetness of his horses, and after many attempts to conquer or capture him, the pasha had been forced to make terms. Then, for some time, matters went well. The two potentates met in the desert and saluted one another as friends. At last, in an evil hour, the sheikh was persuaded to seal his friendship by visiting the pasha in Mosul and accepting his hospitality. The end of the story may be easily foreseen; amid the warmest professions of friendship and devotion, poisoned coffee was handed round, and the sheikh and his followers were only able to mount their horses, to curse their treacherous enemies, and to reach their camp to die. Since that time no member of the tribe had entered a Turkish city, except in fear and trembling, and when the murdered chief's widow heard of her son's having entered the gate of Mosul, she followed to protect him, or to die by his side.

The visit of the party to the Yezidees of the Sinjar, a mountain range some distance to the west of Mosul, has been described at considerable length by Mr. Layard, whose account differs but little from that given by Sandwith. One of the results of this visit was the ratification of a treaty of peace between the Yezidees and the neighbouring Bedouins, a treaty chiefly brought about by Layard's efforts. It was after this visit was

ended that Sandwich saw, for the first time, a genuine Bedouin encampment; for the chief, Suttum, well known to readers of Layard, had been the bearer of an invitation from his father that the party should visit the tribe of the Boraij.

“ An unbroken expanse of interminable grass plain was before us, and here were the native denizens of this wild region. An air of perfect pastoral tranquillity reigned around. Camels, sheep, and cattle, each flock under the care of some lazy keeper, were seen straying to considerable distances, but near the tents were tethered the most valuable mares and horses; while young foals were seen here and there domesticated in the tents themselves, with naked children feeding or toying with them. Withered beldames, with grizzly matted locks, and wrinkled parchment skins, almost black by exposure to a series of Mesopotamian summers, were seated spinning camel-hair, while they scanned the white-skinned strangers with their piercing black eyes gleaming with savage wonder and curiosity.

“ Sheikh Suttum met us at the door of his tent, and greeted us with the air of a duke receiving royalty as he placed us on a pile of dirty cushions and carpets, while he seated himself on the ground before us. He introduced us to his father, a venerable old plunderer, with bright Bedouin eyes, a grizzled beard, and wrinkled skin. We sat and talked in the tent while the ladies of the household were peeping through the curtains at the strangers. Presently I was sent for to see a patient about a mile and a half off. I mounted

my horse, and, accompanied by Hormuzd, crossed the large ground which was encircled by the tents. Striking into a canter, I was sharply rebuked by Hormuzd, who told me that to gallop here was a grave breach of etiquette. I presently arrived at the tent, where I found a poor girl suffering from fever. These Bedouin ladies were dressed much as other Arab women, but more profuse and curious in ornaments. Each lady of rank wore a silver ring set with turquoises and fixed in the cartilage of the nose, from which it hung over the mouth. Many of them also wore massive silver rings round the wrists and ankles, and these ornaments had a very pleasing effect, contrasting as they did with the brown skin. A long blue skirt was the only dress they wore except in cold weather, when a coarse striped cloak was added, differing in no wise from that worn by the men. The harem, or ladies' half of the tent, differed from the other half in being more dirty and disorderly, for here were wooden cradles, cooking cauldrons, bedding (very dirty), large sacks of provisions, and numerous naked children, with a sick calf in one corner, and a favourite mare and foal in another. However, all the inmates appeared to be very happy, if not comfortable. After this professional visit to the harem, into which of course my companions were not admitted, we were presently summoned to dinner. All the elders and brave men of the tribe met us at the banquet, which consisted of a huge bowl of rice, boiled and thoroughly saturated with grease, and upon it was piled a lamb, also boiled. The head and delicate parts,

being placed in a little hollow in the rice, were offered to the most distinguished guests. We all set to work with our fingers, making use of our pocket-handkerchiefs to wipe them with when they became very greasy, excepting when a neighbour would, as a delicate attention, offer the end of his shirt as a napkin. Of course great decorum was observed; too many never sat down at once, but after we had eaten enough the sheikh called others by name to take our places, and these again gave place to others, and so on until the small boys fell upon what remained with apparently a better appetite and less ceremony than the elders."

It was on the journey after leaving this encampment that Sandwich had his first experience of Eastern falconry, for Suttum, who rode with the party, took his hawk with him.

"I rode near Suttum, and helped him to look out for game. The hawk was carried unhooded on the wrist. Presently I saw her suddenly direct her piercing eyes to the right, and then nod her head. After this she spread her wings and struggled to be free. Her jesses were loosed, and she flew off to a certain distance; she then rose a little in the air, and down she came upon a bustard (*Otis hobara*), which, ruffling its feathers, returned the fell swoop of the hawk with a vigorous repulse. The hawk rose again, and down again she came upon her victim, and fixing her talons into its shoulders, attacked it vigorously with her beak. We now rode quietly up to within thirty yards, when Suttum, leaping from his dromedary, advanced cau-

tiously, calling the hawk by her name, *Hawa, hawa*, and seizing the quarry, he allowed the hawk to tear and taste the reeking flesh, and then quietly slipped on the hood, bagged the game, and rode on to seek for further adventures. After awhile the hawk was once more unhooded, and before long she again caught sight of a *hobara*. She was once more loosed, flew to the spot, and pounced on the quarry. This time the *hobara* behaved gallantly, for each swoop was returned with a furious charge. Again and again the hawk flew at the bird, but was repulsed as often, until the hawk sulkily refused to fight any more, and allowed the bird to retire victorious. And now Suttum, riding up, approached cautiously the disappointed falcon, crying out *Hawa, hawa* (the wind), and waving the last-killed bustard. The hawk presently rose, and making a few gyrations round her master, alighted upon his shoulder, and began to attack vigorously the dead bird. She was allowed to pluck a mouthful or two from the body, and then, the hood being slipped over her head, she took her station on the wrist of her master.

“ We continued our journey, which this sport of falconry helped to make delightful. The hawk was flown five times that day, and killed thrice, so that we made a very fair bag, as the *hobara* is a princely bird, larger than a domestic fowl, and is of exquisite delicacy for the table. The hawk never attacked a bird on the wing, as I know falcons do in general, but whenever the game took flight she refused to follow. Once I observed that, after being foiled in her first swoop, she alighted

on the ground, and trotting up to the bird, commenced a regular cock-fight, in which the hawk came off victorious ; though the battle was generally concluded by Suttum interfering in favour of the hawk before the poor bustard was thoroughly vanquished, although it was held fast. After losing a bird, or being beaten off, the falcon came *to the lure*, but not to her master. It was clear to me that these birds are not so domesticated that they will, like the dog, come to the call. They are merely allured by the hope of food. All their education consists in making them familiar with man. It is a popular error to suppose that a hawk can ever be trained to come to the call of his master as does a dog ; the utmost to which his training extends is to be perfectly fearless of and familiar with man.

“ This hawk of Suttum’s was, I believe, a species of kite or ignoble bird. Very different was she from the Shaheen or peregrine falcon, used chiefly by the Persians, who are great falconers. This hawk will fly at anything but gazelles, so great is his courage. Another hawk is flown at the gazelle in company with greyhounds. The peregrine falcon is a cosmopolitan, and is found in the mountains of Norway and, I believe, in the Himalayas too. In Persia he is flown at bustards, cranes, ducks, geese, and swans. He possesses the courage of the Scotch terrier, size being no obstacle to him. Falconry has been a favourite sport in the East from time immemorial, and various are the birds used in it. The most extraordinary kind of falconry I ever saw was that practised by the Khirgese Tartars. I have seen

them fly eagles at foxes, and a very fine sight it was. The Turk Tartars have also introduced this sport into the Transcaucasian provinces. This eagle is called *Barkut* in the Khirghiz or old Turkish."

Their way led them, in due time, to the river Khabour, near which are the camping-grounds of the Jebour tribe of Arabs, whose chief was the Mohammed Emin mentioned above. Here, at the encampment of Arban, took place the medical adventures of which we have quoted the description, and many adventures of the chase, on which we need not dwell. One incident which he records is so characteristic of Bedouin life, and of the politics of the Desert, that it may well be given:—

"One morning, during our stay at Arban, I awoke rather early, and observed symptoms of excitement amongst the Arabs. Some were crowning the mound and looking out towards the north, while others were mounting their horses. I asked what was the matter, and was told there was some fighting going on; so, wishing to see the fun, I called for my horse, and hastily arming myself I galloped off to the northward. I saw in the distance a large body of men approaching, and thinking they were enemies, I advanced cautiously to reconnoitre, but observing our own Arabs gallop up and join them, I did the same, and found it was Mohammed Emin bringing in as captives about 200 men with their tents, women, and children, and the whole of their flocks and herds. There were no wounded amongst them, and

I was completely puzzled at the phenomenon, but had it all explained to me afterwards. It appears that the people thus brought in were a broken remnant of a once respectable and independent tribe, which had been so reduced in the world that, like Malta, Sicily, or Corfu, they could no longer maintain a separate existence, and so, according to some ancient traditional treaty, they lived under the protection of Mohammed Emin, affording him, of course, so many more javelins and spears for his own defence. For some cause or other which was never explained to me, this tribe wished either to be independent or to unite itself with some other neighbouring tribe, so one morning Mohammed Emin's Lord High Commissioner reported that his tributaries were off. They had gone one day's journey, and were encamped to rest their cattle at a certain spring, but another day's march would put them in the territories of the Aneyzee. Mohammed Emin was a man of action. Within an hour he had assembled a formidable array of spears, and as night fell he commenced his march silently, swiftly, and secretly, three golden words in war. In the early dawn, just as the recreant tribe was about to march, behold, emerging from the morning's mist, appeared the terrible form of their suzerain chief, surrounded by his choicest fighting-men. Halting his party, he rode forward with his boy Reshid. 'Yah, sheikh,' he cried to the chief of the tribe, who saluted him respectfully, but without the *salaam aleikum*; 'is it peace, O brother, or is it war? Choose now without delay, for we have ridden far, and the spears of my followers thirst for blood. Moreover,

thy women ride swift dromedaries and ours lack them, and our children are cold and wish for raiment; choose now, and may the Prophet help thy judgment to thy own advantage, for we are ready for either decision.' The sheikh looked behind him, and saw numbers of his men ready for the fight, but most of them were but footmen, armed only with the javelin or the club. Moreover, he saw his camels, his mares, and his asses, his sheep, and his goats, all waiting to be a prey to the spoiler if the victory were not decisively on his side; moreover, we may suppose that he took a common-sense view of the origin of the movement—merely a restless love of change—and so he determined wisely to capitulate at discretion, and he and all his people marched to their old quarters, and peace and harmony were restored as at first. A day or two after this event I saw the refractory tribe feeding their flocks as usual under the protecting shadow of Mohammed Emin, and no long time elapsed ere their horsemen joined their suzerain in a *ghazon* or plundering party."

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## CHAPTER VI.

### CONSTANTINOPLE.

THROUGHOUT the spring and early summer of 1851, Sandwith's life was that of the pure son of the Desert. Visits to Arab tribes, both near and far, sporting adventures, and multifarious experiences as a *hakeem*,

filled up a period to which he always looked back as the most delightful of his life. Towards the end of June, however, the time came to leave Mosul on a more distant excursion; and though he had intended to return with Layard, and to stay until the excavations were finished, he was not destined to see the Assyrian plain again. It was agreed that he and a European friend, who happened to be in the neighbourhood, should explore the course of the river Zab for a few days, should join the party at Akra, should travel through Eastern Kurdistan, and pass over into Persia, returning in due time to continue the work at Mosul. Unfortunately, as far as Sandwich was concerned, the journey was a disastrous failure. At the very outset, just as he reached the low land near the junction of the Zab with the Tigris, his old enemy the Bitlis fever was upon him, and for a long time it never left him. The heat was that of a furnace. "Nothing living was visible on the burnt-up plain save large spiders and scorpions." Paroxysms of fever succeeded one another, and often he gave himself up for lost. In one Christian village he found shelter from the burning heat in the ancient church, or, again, he was hospitably entertained in the Nestorian convent of Mar Mattai, perched like the nest of some rock-haunting bird on the side of a precipitous mountain. Presently he was well enough to push on, though in miserable discomfort, to the Kurdish town of Akra, where in a short time Layard and the rest of the party joined him. The journey from Akra through the mountains would have been

delightful—for the country was exceedingly beautiful, and the types of civilisation which they met with were full of the charm of novelty—but the horrible fever was never absent, or if it were, it left its effects in the form of extreme weakness. Sandwith's notes of the journey are, as might be expected, but scanty, and in after-life he was always expressing his regret that he had not been able fully to observe and appreciate what struck him as one of the most interesting countries in the world. In due time they arrived at the town of Van, situated on the great lake of that name; and here it was decided that he should leave the party, and make the best of his way back to Constantinople. With a comrade and a servant he started for Erzeroum, as soon as he had recovered just sufficient strength to bear the journey; and with scarce a change of clothing, no tent, and in utterly shaken health, he passed through a country where roads hardly existed, and where none but the coarsest food could be obtained. After many terrible days he reached Erzeroum. There, in the hospitable house of the English Consul, and with proper medical care, he recovered so far as to be able to push on to Trebizond, and on the 29th September, after a journey of exactly three months from leaving Mosul, he arrived at Constantinople. His health had been so much reduced by the incessant fever and the hardships of the journey, that it was two years before he could consider himself completely restored.

There was nothing for it, however, but to resume the old life at Constantinople, and while curing him-

self to look out for others to cure. His reception at the Embassy was of a somewhat doubtful kind, for while all the young attachés and secretaries were as friendly as of old, he did not find himself readily taken into the good graces of Sir Stratford Canning. Lady Canning, however, was always an excellent friend to him, and little by little her kindness and his tact, together with some really remarkable cures that he was able to effect, succeeded in conciliating the Ambassador. This however was not all that was wanted, for a man cannot make a living out of smiles and kindly words. Patients were few, and fees fewer still, and for a long time the struggle was hard and depressing. Like all persons of his mercurial temperament, Sandwith was liable to fits of extreme discouragement, during which he would often be on the verge of making resolutions of a somewhat desperate character. For example, among the records of this period we find that on one occasion he and his friend Hughes had elaborated a plan for throwing up Constantinople altogether, and for starting off into Central Asia, where they were to pass from tribe to tribe as travelling *hakeems*, intending to return after a few years and give their experiences to the world. There can be no doubt that, if they had survived such an adventure, their book would have been worthy to rank with those in which Vambéry has described Central Asia, and Schweinfurth the Soudan. But it was not their destiny to attempt such a career. At the critical moment Sandwith was removed out of the reach of actual want by being appointed to the tempo-

rary charge of the British Hospital at Constantinople, with a small salary; and although his patients were never numerous, they in time mustered strong enough to give him some kind of a living. He was happy enough to save from extreme peril a lady who had been given over by all the other doctors—Mrs. Marsh, the wife of the American Minister afterwards so well known both as a man of letters and as the representative of his country at Florence and Rome. His services to the Ambassador's household and to other well-known persons were from time to time considerable, and when it seemed probable that the post of Physician to the Embassy would be vacant, Sir Stratford had so far changed towards him that he promised to lend him all his influence in furthering an application for the post. It may be here stated, however, that this appointment was never made, and that all the time he was in Constantinople, Sandwith had to work independently.

So much has been written since 1852 on Turkish manners, Turkish policy, and on the past, the present, and the future of the Turkish Empire, that it would be out of place to repeat much of what Sandwith has said in his autobiography on these subjects. We have passed through, during those thirty years, one great war undertaken on behalf of Turkey, and a political crisis which brought us to the verge of war for the same cause. In a country like England this must imply a wide diffusion of some kind of knowledge—often, indeed, superficial enough—about Turkey and

her affairs, so that what was new and fresh in 1852 would now be condemned as the mere re-telling of an old story. It must be remembered, however, that Sandwich's opportunities for observing Turkish life, and for forming an opinion on the political question, were altogether exceptional. He was entirely unprejudiced. He knew little of official traditions. He spoke Turkish well. His profession gave him access to Turkish society to an extent almost unprecedented for an Englishman; for not only did he visit Turkish gentlemen at their houses, dine with them, chat with them, spend whole days in their company, but as a doctor he was admitted even into the secret recesses of the harem. Moreover, his travels both in Asia Minor and in European Turkey enabled him to see with his own eyes the full effects of the Turkish system of government upon the provincial population, so that his judgments must be regarded as those of a singularly open-minded man, who had formed them in the school of experience.

A few details and anecdotes gathered from his journal may be not without interest even at this distance of time; for it must be remembered that the official Turk in 1884 is the same as he was in 1852, and that neither the system nor the character of the men has really changed at all. Here are some stories of certain Turkish guests at a ball at the Austrian Embassy. "I well remember the scene," says Sandwich, "for the rooms were really beautiful, and were well filled with an infinity of uniforms and beautiful ladies'

dresses. I sat with a friend in a quiet corner, unnoticed, enjoying what I saw, and listening to his *chronique scandaleuse* of the characters before us. There is a smart little fellow, dressed in modern Turkish costume, but with an air as jaunty and gay as that stiff dress will allow; his moustache is waxed to a nicety; his hands are exquisitely gloved; he wears a magnificent star on his left breast, which you might take to be the Grand Cross of the Bath, but which is really the badge of the Lion and the Sun of Persia, which he has obtained by presenting a questionable book to the Shah. This is Prince Tchorbaji, a most distinguished individual. He is the son of Prince Tchorbaji, the fat old man leading a lady round the room. ‘What is he Prince of, or to what Royal Family does he belong?’ The answer is somewhat curious. The father is a Greek, the son of a very respectable Greek tailor who once lived in Galata. Yonder fat old gentleman was a sharp lad, who disdained the tailor’s needle, and who, having a turn for books and languages, got an old Mollah to teach him to read and write Turkish, after which he picked up French, and was then picked up himself by Ahmed Pasha and made his dragoman or interpreter. From step to step he climbed the ladder of fortune, until he held several Government employments, and was called *Bey*. Now ‘Bey’ is a title not accorded to everybody, least of all to every Christian, and to be allowed to bear it was for a Greek in Turkey a mark of high distinction. In time M. Tchorbaji was sent to represent the Sultan at Madrid, and there he thought it advisable to translate

the word 'Bey' into 'Prince.' On his visit to England he passed as a very good sort of prince; he was graceful, courteous, gentleman-like, and no one had a suspicion of his origin. In London he took precedence of dukes and Cabinet Ministers, and was looked upon as in some sort connected with the Cantacuzenes, and as belonging to a branch of an ancient Imperial Byzantine family, which amply accounted for the innate grace and dignity of his manners. Meanwhile, as we are watching the younger prince, a fat old pasha approaches, attended by a meek-looking young Perote, who speaks French and interprets for him. As he approaches the prince, the latter very dexterously snatches off the Star of the Lion and the Sun, which he transfers from his breast to his pocket. Then he makes a run to the fat pasha, and kisses his feet, and then stands before him with hands folded, the picture of an Eastern slave. Chapkem Pasha addresses him with a beautiful mixture of insolence and condescension such as none but a Turk can put on.

"This is the great Chapkem Pasha, who began life as a good-looking barber's boy in Constantinople, in that capacity coming into high favour with several pashas. At eighteen or twenty he was made scribe to a regiment, and being a youth of Oriental talent, he soon had a share in the clothing and victualling department. In a few years we find him associated with the great Roum Pasha in organising the army. The vast expense of the new troops made people talk. The matter was looked into, and some £100,000 were unaccounted for.

What was to be done? It would never do that Roun should be disgraced, so his young colleague heroically bore all the blame, was dismissed with ignominy, and after two years' retirement in a small house on the Bosphorus, the grateful Roun got him appointed governor of a distant city. While there, disturbances broke out between the Christians and the Mussulmans, which Chapkem was suspected of having fostered in order to seize the Christians' goods. His enemies were so active that an inquiry was insisted upon, and witnesses were sent from the town in order to appear before the judges in Constantinople. While on their way in a steamer they were all seized with *cholera*—that is, violent vomiting after a meal—and not one of them recovered. Thus Chapkem was cleared, and here he is at the Austrian ball, in all the pride of power."

The story of another of the guests is too characteristic of the Turkey of that day to be omitted. This was M. Volpini, a well-dressed and agile gentleman, who looked scarcely more than forty years of age, but who was really some fifteen years older. The account of him was given to Sandwith by an Englishman who knew the hero intimately, and himself a trustworthy man who could not be suspected of exaggeration. "M. Volpini is now the head of the detective police. He was by birth the nephew of a great man, the Count Beutendorf, a Greek by family, and once Prime Minister of Russia. Young Volpini made his way to St. Petersburg, to push his fortunes under the auspices of his uncle, and he soon succeeded in establishing himself

as an officer in the Chevalier Guard in the capital, and in finding a rich and beautiful wife. Very soon, however, he took to gambling ; and one day, a few months after the marriage, it was discovered that the young and highly connected officer had absconded, having forged the name of his colonel. He disappeared, and nothing more was heard of him for some time. Two or three years afterwards a yacht put into the port of Syra, and an Italian nobleman, the Count Santa Rosa, representing himself as being in some way connected with the Russian Government, called on the Russian Consul. He showed an intimate acquaintance with all the leading families of St. Petersburg, and soon induced the mystified Consul to advance him, for Government purposes, a considerable sum of ready money. The count then sailed away, and was heard of no more in Syra until the rumour came that he had sold his yacht, and had taken to a religious life as a Capuchin monk in Lisbon. This, however, was but a short stage in his career, and the next thing that was heard of him was that he had been seized with other brigands in the act of robbing a caravan in the neighbourhood of Smyrna. With his hands tied behind him he was driven along by zaptiehs, and brought into the presence of the Pasha of Smyrna. ‘Rogue and villain,’ says the pasha, ‘what have you to say for yourself?’ ‘O pasha, hear me! Why these cords, this treatment? Do you take me for a thief? Do you not know who I am?’ ‘Who you are! Why, a robber. I know you well.’ ‘Take care, pasha, what you say. I am neither a thief nor a Turk ;

I am the son of Van Lennep, the Dutch Consul of Smyrna, and to him I will complain of yourself and your zaptiehs.' 'God forbid! You the son of the Dutch Consul, my friend Van Lennep! Impossible! Policeman, go for Van Lennep to come and look at this man. Quick! Loiter not!' 'What are you doing?' exclaims the prisoner. 'Are you sending for the Dutch Consul as though he were a porter or a policeman? He will not run at your bidding. Send me to him with the chief policeman; my father will soon tell you who I am.' So the pasha, thoroughly mystified, sends his officer with the prisoner, who soon succeeds in getting his cords unloosed, and in due time they arrive at Van Lennep's front door. There the prisoner tells the officer he will speak to his father, and enters the rooms, quietly passing through to the back door, which leads to the quay, and, with his usual genius for escape, disappears, and is heard of no more, while Van Lennep, a most respectable old bachelor, is driven furious by the impudent story which the policeman retails to him. Some time after this, a clever Greek lawyer settled in Samos, and by his astuteness and general knowledge of the world imposed much upon the primitive inhabitants of the island, finally becoming what we may call their attorney-general. After awhile his wife joined him—a beautiful and fascinating woman, whose refined manners and gentle bearing, not untinged with melancholy, won all hearts. There was some mystery about the couple; he was cold and harsh, and she reserved. Soon he became violently attached to the

wife of the governor, who returned his passion, and shortly afterwards a crime of the darkest dye threw the island into consternation. The attorney-general had poisoned his wife and fled. Before the island could recover from the shock, a long felucca, crowded with armed men, had landed from the opposite coast, plundered and murdered the governor, and carried off his wife, the late attorney-general being recognised as the chief of the marauders. Nothing was heard of him again for a considerable time, but one evening a Frank merchant of Scio was passing by a mosque at Broussa at the moment when the call of the muezzin was summoning the faithful to prayers. He recognised the deep rich voice, and posted himself where he would have an opportunity of accosting the muezzin as he passed by. Under the large white turban he recognised the unmistakable features of Volpini, and at once challenged him. He was received, not with a salute, and not with shame-faced denial, but with a storm of Turkish abuse from the holy and outraged Mussulman which well-nigh raised against the stranger an outburst of fanatical rage. A few more years passed by, and Volpini, the forger, swindler, and murderer, was installed in a high post in the Detective Office at Constantinople."

During this period of his life Sandwich mixed freely with all classes and all races of Constantinopolitan society, his practice lying principally among the English colony and among the Turks. Of Greeks and Armenians he saw something, but not so much as of the dominant race. His pro-

fessional experiences had a decisive influence in forming those ideas with regard to Turkey and the Ottoman Power, which in the crisis of 1876-78 he explained so frequently and with so much effect. From what he saw in Constantinople in the years preceding the Crimean war he formed a clear and definite view with regard to the Turks, namely, that though their character, under Asiatic and semi-barbarous conditions, was attractive, and often even noble, they were entirely unfit to exercise political power over European races, or indeed over any races not professing the Mohammedan religion. From the copious stores of anecdote with which his autobiography abounds, it is easy to see that this view was forced upon him almost in spite of himself; for his instincts, as the preceding chapters will have abundantly shown, were all in favour of the adventurous, the foreign, the strange aspects of life, and opposed to the humdrum and orderly civilisation in the midst of which he had been brought up in England. Though since that time a vast mass of literature has been produced on everything that concerns Turkey and the East, one or two of these anecdotes may be quoted without fear that they will have lost their interest.

“Friday is the great holiday amongst the Turks, and answers to the Sunday as observed in Roman Catholic countries, and on Friday I used often to stroll through the streets with my Turkish friends and pay visits. On one of these occasions we stepped into the house of the Clerk of the Foreign Office, and joined him

in his morning meal. After a good deal of conversation on the small events of the day, Mahmoud Effendi, our host, asked me to step into his harem and see a negro slave. In a small garret I found a poor negress lying prostrate with some grievous sickness, which a short examination proved to be the consolidation of a lung. I began to propose a careful course of treatment, when Mahmoud Effendi interrupted me by asking if I thought it possible she might die. I replied that such an event was not only possible, but very probable, and that the greatest attention would be necessary if she was to be saved. 'Oh, in that case,' said he, 'I must lose no time, but send her back immediately to the man from whom I bought her a week ago. She must have been unsound then, and I don't want to lose by her.' The poor negress, breathing hard, and flushed with hectic fever, turned her large imploring eyes towards us, mutely seeking relief, but she met with no sympathy from her owner. To save a few miserable piastres she was plucked from her bed of sickness to be lifted on the back of a porter, who carried her through the streets to die in the wretched cell of the slave-dealer."

A more pleasant aspect of Eastern domestic slavery is presented in the following story:—"My friend Riza Effendi told me the other day that his brother was married. This was an awkward hobble-de-hoy who lived in the same house, and had a tremendous appetite. He often made me smile as he would wait with eager eyes watching for the moment when his elder brother would dip his fingers into a new dish, so that he might follow.

I asked whom he had married, and Riza told me that a friend of his had an only son, on whom he doted. ‘But God is great; he has translated him; he no longer lives.’ The lad’s mother had long ago bought a little Circassian girl, whom she had carefully educated to be her son’s wife, and had taught her to look up to him, to consult his whims and fancies—in short, to learn to be a devoted wife; but now that her son was dead the poor mother could no longer bear the sight of the girl, and insisted that she should be sent away. Her husband was in a difficulty; he could certainly have sold her, but was averse to so doing, as she had twined herself round his heart, and he had always regarded her as his daughter. Under these circumstances he asked his friend Riza’s advice, and the latter, hearing so good an account of the girl, thought she would suit his brother. His friend was delighted with the suggestion, and so the pair were married, the two families being thenceforward connections, since the slave-girl had been adopted as a daughter.”

The following story could only have been told by a doctor. It throws a melancholy light on one side of family life in a polygamous society. “One day I received a note from a Levantine lady asking me to go to the house of a friend of hers, a great Turk, whose child was seriously ill, and who wished to try some new doctor. Accordingly, I soon found myself before the garden gates of a large Turkish mansion. I knocked, and was admitted into a small garden, neatly laid out in the Italian style, and was passed on from servant to

servant until I reached the pasha's ante-room. Soon I found myself in the presence of His Excellency Koort Pasha, an ex-Minister. He was, like most pashas, excessively fat, and was rolled up in a corner of his sofa smoking his morning pipe. He greeted me with a slight nod of the head, and beckoned me to a seat. After coffee, I waited for some time, and presently the pasha began:—'There is a sick child in my house. What is to be done?' 'Your servant will see and examine the child,' I replied, 'and then I will prescribe a remedy.' 'That won't do,' he answered; 'you cannot see it. Write something. Its breathing is bad. Give it something to cut the mucus.' 'I cannot,' I answered, 'prescribe for a patient without seeing him.' 'Just at this moment a pretty little girl of six or seven came running into the room. 'Where is the *hekim bashy*? Come to the harem!' and, seizing my hand, she pulled me towards the door. My Levantine friend appeared at the same time, and, assuming the privilege of her sex, began to rate the pasha soundly for standing in the way of the doctor. The pasha saw there was no help for it. He slowly rose, and bade me follow. In due time we entered the harem, and after passing through several apartments I found myself in the sick-room, where were several women, who had had time to closely veil themselves before I appeared. One was kneeling before a cradle; two or three more were huddled together on a low sofa. The patient was a child of a year or two old, lying in an ebony cradle, prettily carved, and mounted with silver. The infant

was closely muffled up. Its chest was evidently inflamed; its head was bound up with handkerchiefs, and on its forehead hung a piece of coral and a few beads to charm away the Nazar or Evil Eye. The figure kneeling by the cradle was its mother, and while I examined the child she scarcely spoke; but one of the ladies on the sofa gave her opinions freely as to what ought to be done, and her sympathy for the poor child was of a much louder and more active kind than that of the veiled figure who knelt by the cradle. The air of the room was excessively hot and close, every draught being excluded, and a large charcoal brazier helping to poison the atmosphere. I gave careful directions as to how the leeches were to be applied, and how the medicines were to be given. Then the pasha conducted me out. I wrote a prescription and departed, promising to call again in the morning. My second visit to the poor child was not a matter of so much difficulty as the first, but, unfortunately, I found it decidedly worse, and in evident danger. I discovered that nothing that I had ordered had been done. I prescribed other active remedies, and, urging a strict attention to all I said, I again retired from the harem. While the pasha was preceding me at a little distance I felt my hand touched, and turning round saw the black face of the eunuch, who eagerly whispered to me, 'Tell him the child is better.' Of course I told the father the real state of the case, and he promised, with great concern, to do my bidding; but when I returned in the evening I found, to my disgust, that my remedies had been neglected,

and that in my place a Dervish had been called in, who had read portions of the Koran over the patient, after which he had been placed on the ground to be trodden on by the holy vagrant. When early next morning I sent my servant to inquire after the child, the answer given to him was '*Eulmish*' ('It is dead'). The explanation was simple. The woman who talked so much had been the pasha's favourite wife before he married the mother of the child. The new wife had ousted the old one from the affections of the pasha, and when the boy fell ill the latter determined that he should die, and she carried her point."

Meantime, while Sandwich was pursuing the uneventful career of a practising doctor in Constantinople, the way was being prepared for events of world-wide interest. The tension between Turkey and Russia was growing severe, and the diplomatic struggle which preceded the great war was beginning. We must reserve our brief summary of the oft-repeated story for another chapter.

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## CHAPTER VII.

### DRIFTING INTO WAR.

As might be expected, Sandwich's memoirs of this period deal at great length with the political occurrences of which Constantinople was the principal theatre. His peculiar position as a doctor practising both among Turks and Europeans, as a kind of unattached member

of the Embassy, intimate with all the junior diplomatists, and admitted to some part of the confidence of the great Eltchi himself, and during a part of the time as correspondent of the *Times* newspaper, gave him rare advantages for a study of the situation. It is not, however, either necessary or desirable to transcribe any very great part of what he has written. The literature of the Crimean War is almost too voluminous already, and the general history of the diplomatic contest which preceded it may be read at length in the pages of Mr. Kinglake, and of many other authorities. It will be enough if we collect from the autobiography just so much as will serve to refresh the memory of the reader of to-day as to the broad outlines of the story.

The general causes of the Crimean War may be set down under four heads: Turkish misgovernment; Russian ambition; the desire of Napoleon III. to consolidate his rule; and the persuasion, then very general among the people of England, that English policy demanded the preservation of the Turkish Empire. Besides these general causes, however, there were special and determining causes which tended to bring the great quarrel to an issue. Of these the most important were the celebrated question of the Holy Places, and the much more serious question of the Hungarian refugees. At this distance of time we are too apt to forget the immense interest excited throughout Europe, and especially in England, by the Hungarian revolution and its consequences. That revolution, as we all know, was on the point of succeeding, and the Magyars had all but

achieved their independence, when the Emperor Nicholas interfered on the side of the Austrian power, and poured in an overwhelming force to destroy the armies of the patriots. The Austrian revenge was terrible, and both in the field and afterwards in the prison scenes were enacted which sent a shock throughout Liberal Europe. A large number of the leaders of the insurrection, with Count Louis Batthyani at their head, were executed. The rest fled for their lives, most of them taking refuge in Turkey. Austria and Russia joined in demanding that these men should be given up. Turkey, supported by the strenuous declarations of Sir Stratford Canning, temporised and hesitated, while English opinion at home, even though it had not yet been stirred by the eloquence of Kossuth—eloquence which even to this day is described by those who heard it as almost unexampled—strongly urged the Government to support Turkey in refusing the demand. At the time of Sandwich's return from Mesopotamia, "the streets of Constantinople," he says, "were full of these poor refugees, wandering about in that most miserable of all conditions, eating the bread of idleness and exile, having lost position, wealth, and country. . . . In some of the most wretched slums of Pera and Galata, filthy and wretched beyond any that are to be found in European cities, there existed Hungarian families who had fallen from a state of high refinement and elegance. . . . From the dread of being given up to Austria, numbers became renegades to their religion—good men and true, many of them, but men to whom religion had always been a

matter of form, and who thought less of changing it than of changing their costumes."

"Had our representative in Turkey," he proceeds, "shown a less determined front, it is quite certain that the poor Hungarians would have been delivered up to their bloodthirsty foes; but the wavering repugnance felt by the Turks to this breach of hospitality was strengthened by the urgent and constant advice of Sir Stratford Canning, pending more definite instructions from home. Long and anxious was the suspense, while messengers were riding horses to death over the dreary plains of Adrianople. The momentous answer to the anxious question was entrusted to Colonel Townley, who with scarcely a break rode six hundred and fifty miles, and staggered almost like a dying man into the Constantinople Embassy with the short announcement that 'Her Majesty's Ministers were prepared to support the Sultan morally and materially in his resistance to the demands of Austria.' An attaché of the Embassy flew to the house of the Grand Vizier and bade the porter rouse his master. The earnestness of the young Englishman prevailed over the apathy and fear of the servants, who disturbed the slumbers of the pasha, and Reshid had the intense satisfaction of learning that the balance was turned in favour of his humane decision."

It is clear that at this date, and for some time afterwards, there was considerable danger that Austria would become Russia's ally in the impending war, for she was anxious not only to punish Turkey for refusing to surrender the refugees, but also to strengthen the anti-

Magyar element in her Empire, by extending her power over some of the Slavonic subjects or tributaries of the Sultan. It is thus that we must explain the mission of Prince Leiningen to Constantinople in 1852, the object of which was to stop the victorious course of Omer Pasha, who was then employed in putting down the insurrection in Montenegro. Leiningen's mission came upon the Constantinople diplomatists entirely as a surprise. No ambassador happened to be at his post, and business was being conducted by *chargés-d'affaires*, who hesitated to act on their own responsibility at so grave a crisis, and who thus allowed the very determined Austrian Ambassador, with his open talk of having "an army at his back," to impose his will upon the Sultan's Ministers. It is only necessary, however, to mention this Leiningen mission as an example of the ferment which existed in Constantinople in the year 1852, and especially as it was the forerunner of the more serious and celebrated mission of Prince Mentschikoff.

The account which Sandwich gives of this latter is interesting, even after all that has been written upon it. The ostensible reason for it, the reason officially asserted both by Baron Brunnow in London and by the Imperial Chancellor in St. Petersburg, was the settlement of the complicated if trivial question of the Holy Places. In answer to Sir Hamilton Seymour, the Chancellor assured him that "an adjustment of the difficulties respecting the Holy Places would settle the matters in dispute between Russia and the Porte, and that the Chancellor was not aware that Prince

Mentschikoff had any other grievances to bring forward.” Baron Brunnow was instructed to give the strongest assurances to the English Government, “not merely in general terms that the Emperor’s desire and determination were to respect the independence and integrity of the Turkish Empire, but specifically that all the idle rumours to which the arrival of Prince Mentschikoff in the Ottoman capital had given rise, as well as the (contemplated) occupation of the Principalities, hostile and threatening language to the Porte, etc., were not only exaggerated, but even destitute of any sort of foundation;” and moreover, “that the mission never had, and had not then, any object but that which had been communicated to the British Government.” The cynical manner in which these declarations were thrown over when it suited the purpose of the Emperor Nicholas, is matter of history, but what Sandwith principally insists upon is the fact that from the moment that the mission was announced it was assumed in Constantinople both by Turks and Christians that something very serious was in the air.

“The main object of Mentschikoff’s Embassy, as announced by the Russians, was to arrange satisfactorily the complicated question of the Holy Places (that is, the respective rights of the Greek and Latin Churches to various Holy Places at and near Jerusalem); which had been a godsend to diplomatists for some years past. When I left Constantinople for Assyria in 1849, General Aupic, the French Ambassador, was wrangling with M. Titoff, the Russian Ambassador, over this bone

of contention, but when I returned to Constantinople, a year afterwards, the graver question of the Hungarian refugees exclusively occupied all minds. This being over, the Holy Place papers were taken out of the pigeon-holes, and gave the French Embassy a good deal of occupation, and M. Benedetti, an aspiring chargé-d'affaires, an excellent opportunity to bring himself forward." It is not every diplomatist who has had M. Benedetti's fortune in being a prominent instigator of two gigantic wars.

Prince Mentschikoff, then, arrived in Constantinople on the last day of February, attended by a great suite; and he was received with an amount of interest on the part of the Greek community which implied that much more was at stake than a mere religious dispute, however deep and important. "All the corps diplomatique looked grave, and pretended to know all about the state of affairs, but were unwilling to say a word. The Perotes, being mostly Catholic, regarded with aversion this heretical Embassy, which quite threw into the shade that of the French and Austrians. But the Greeks were wild with delight, and numbers of them seemed to think it their duty to countenance the Russian Eltchi by crowding round the gates of his palace and straining to gaze through the great iron bars. Among Perote society there was constituted a sort of colloquial Court Journal as to the movements of the Ambassador. The poor Sultan was quite thrown into the shade, and no one cared to know what he was doing and in which of his palaces he was amusing himself.

‘Que fait le Prince?’ ‘Le Prince est allé à Buyukdéré.’ ‘On dit que le Prince sera ce soir au théâtre.’ ‘Le Prince’ and his every movement were the objects of the closest scrutiny and the most marvellous suggestions.”

In the absence of the British Ambassador, who was then in England, and who did not return until April, Mentschikoff, for a time, had it all his own way, and was able to menace the Sultan and to bully his Ministers to his heart’s content. On more than one occasion, after a state interview had been arranged, he deliberately walked past the Minister and returned to his palace without condescending to notice him. One Minister at least, Fuad Effendi, resigned after receiving this treatment. “He was succeeded,” says Sandwith, “by a quiet, nervous old man, one Rifaat Pasha, an accomplished poet and man of letters, but ignorant of French, who had passed the greater part of his life in enjoying himself after the calm Epicurean manner of a respectable Turkish grandee. He was a gentlemanly old man, allied with the family of Reshid Pasha and others, one whose position and rank were equal to any post, and who was not likely to quarrel with any one in the world. A clever British dragoman found him, on one of his visits, in an agony of terror, and oppressed with the weight of a fearful State secret, and it required but little skill and tact to induce the old gentleman to pour out his fears and sorrows into the bosom of the Pisani. It came out that Mentschikoff was doing his utmost to effect a secret treaty with the Porte, involving the most dangerous concessions to Russia. The

chief point insisted on by the Russian Ambassador was the most absolute secrecy; but it was one thing to terrify an Oriental, and quite another to make him keep his fears to himself."

While all these things were going on, a new element of interest was added to Sandwich's life by his appointment as correspondent to the *Times*. He had sent a long letter to Layard, who was then in London, with a request that he would forward it to the paper, and, as a consequence, he was soon asked for regular contributions. "After about two months of this sort of work," he writes, "I received an enclosure of a hundred pounds. I shall never forget the inexpressible delight I felt on receiving this money." "In my first letter of instructions it was said, 'It is suggested that Dr. Sandwich's letters should be short, and should deal with facts rather than opinions.' I did not like the advice, and had I been left to write at what length I pleased I should have done better; as it was, I starved and curtailed my letters, but I intensely enjoyed the hunting up of news, and the position I held as the recognised *Times* correspondent."

After awhile, however, Sandwich and his employers began to fall out. It is somewhat amusing, as one recalls the line taken both by him and by the *Times* in the crisis of 1877-78, to find that in 1853 their places were exactly reversed. Sandwich was young, enthusiastic, deeply interested in Orientals and in their life, although his eyes had been opened by his Assyrian journey to many of the evils which Ottoman mis-

government had brought about. Again, he was on terms of intimacy with all the officials of the Embassy, and was naturally much under the influence of Lord Stratford, who gave the tone to English policy at the time; of Alison, the brilliant Secretary of Embassy, who hated the Greeks and the Russians; and of Smythe and Hughes, who were learned Orientalists, and, like so many others of that brotherhood, had a weakness for Mohammedans as such. It was natural, then, that his views and his letters should take their colour from the atmosphere in which he found himself, and as the policy of the *Times* was to discourage the notion of war, such views were soon found to be out of harmony with the paper. Matters shortly came to a climax, as will be seen from the following very characteristic letter of Mr. Delane, which even at this distance of time will be read with considerable interest:—

“ *The Times* Office,  
September 5th, 1853.

“ Dear Sir,—

“ As your private communications with *The Times* have hitherto been principally upon money matters, I, as the Editor, have scarcely had occasion to write to you, and have left any necessary correspondence in the hands of my excellent colleague Mr. Morris.

“ The tone which you have recently taken, however, compels me to address you, for it is impossible that you should continue to represent us if you persist in taking a line so diametrically opposed to the interests of this country.

“ As it would seem that you never take the trouble of reading the opinions of the paper with which you correspond, I must begin by informing you that whatever concern it may have in the well-being of Turkey, it owes a higher duty to the people of the United Kingdom, who are willing to support Turkey so far as they conceive

it to be for their interest, but acknowledge no obligation either by treaty or by implication to shed their blood or spend their money in its behalf.

“You seem to imagine that England can desire nothing better than to sacrifice all its greatest interests and most cherished objects to support barbarism, the slave trade, and Islamism, when its especial mission is to promote civilisation, freedom, and Christianity—all for one’s love for the Turk. Pray undeceive yourself. For political purposes we connive at the existence of the Turk. He fills a blank in Europe—he is a barrier against a more aggressive power. We had rather have the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus in the hands of King Log than King Stork, but we are not bound to the Turk by any other tie than interest. We tolerate him, and will not permit the Russians to dispossess him, but we are not blind to the fact that as a nation he is rapidly decaying, and if we were slow to fight for him when he had more vitality, we are less than ever inclined to do so when he is visibly fading away, and when no amount of protection (which is as fatal as aggression) can long preserve his boasted integrity and independence.

“Now, as you will see by this explanation that we in this country have no such sentimental feeling for the Turk as should induce us to sacrifice ourselves at his good pleasure, to look at the Turkish question only as it affects England and English interests, you will perhaps understand how it is that our statesmen here consider themselves as competent to deal with the question—always with a view rather to England than to Turkey—as you and the small English clique at Constantinople.

“No doubt the Turks would willingly involve the whole world in war—it is the natural resource and occupation of barbarians; no doubt the British Ambassador and the handful of English about him would find their importance much increased by the exertions this country might make and the millions it might spend in behalf of Turkey. No doubt it is very hard that Russia should occupy quasi-Turkish Provinces, and that the Porte should not be able to turn the phrases of a note precisely as it pleases. But English Ministers have at least as much reason to consider Yorkshire and Lancashire as Moldavia and Wallachia; and though they may feel it expedient to protect and support the Sultan, it is not to him, but to the Queen, that they owe their allegiance.

“I trust therefore that in future you will have the modesty to

forbear from off-hand censures upon English policy ; to devote your whole attention to collecting and truly describing facts ; and, if you must give opinions, to take care that they are not Turkish, but English.

“I hope to pay you a visit in the course of the autumn, and am,

“ Faithfully yours,

“ JOHN T. DELANE.”

A more admirable statement of the rational policy of England it would not be easy to find. But unhappily Mr. Delane's was not the view which commended itself to that part of the British people which believed in Lord Palmerston and Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, and it was not to be expected that the relations between a correspondent of Sandwith's spirit and an Editor who could write like Mr. Delane should long continue very friendly. In a short time Sandwith's connection with the paper came to an end.

One or two stories which illustrate the character of Lord Stratford may here be recorded.

“My friend Hughes had in April, 1853, a most severe and dangerous illness, brought on by over-work and anxiety. He lay between life and death for many days, during which I watched him incessantly ; two or three of the best doctors were called in consultation. Everything that science and experience could suggest was done, and he ultimately but very slowly recovered. While he was so ill I used to take a daily report to Lord Stratford. One day he said he would like to see poor Hughes, and requested me to prepare the patient

for the visit, which was hardly necessary, since Hughes was almost insensible. I took the Eltchi to the bedside. ‘Hughes, Hughes,’ he asked, ‘do you know me?’ A grunt was all the reply. ‘Oh, poor fellow! well, we will leave him,’ remarked the Ambassador. On the following day, when I called on Lord Stratford, he anticipated me, exclaiming, ‘Ah, yes! I see how it is; and so the poor fellow is dead!’ ‘No, indeed, sir; he is better,’ I answered. ‘You don’t say so!’ exclaimed Lord Stratford; ‘well now, Dr. Sandwith, I will tell you how that came to pass. When I saw that poor young man yesterday, lying at the point of death, I raised my heart to Heaven and prayed that he might recover, and you see my prayers have been heard.’

“I related this little story to Layard, Alison, and Smythe. The latter said, ‘Oh yes, His Excellency the Ambassador sent his ultimatum to the Higher Powers, and of course it was answered.’”

On another occasion, the Ambassador and Sandwith were walking in the Embassy Gardens, talking of the approaching war. Suddenly Lord Stratford stopped, and fixing his piercing eyes on his companion, said, “Do you know, Dr. Sandwith, that the Emperor of Russia once dared to put a personal affront upon Me? He little knew that the humble individual whom he refused to receive at St. Petersburg would one day bring him to his knees!” This referred to the refusal of Nicholas to receive Sir Stratford Canning as British Minister—Sir Stratford not being a *persona grata*. Sandwith was naturally horrified at this

revelation of the length to which a personal grievance may carry a powerful man.

Meantime the Mentschikoff Mission proceeded—to end, as all readers of history know, in the rejection by the Porte, under the influence of England and France, of the steadily increasing demands of Russia, and in the departure of the Special Embassy. Preparations for war went on. The Turkish fleet of a dozen line-of-battle ships was towed from the Golden Horn to the northern mouth of the Bosphorus.

“On the 30th May the Porte, in a note as temperate as any that had yet been issued, declared its intention of preparing for war, and on the 11th June that active little steamer the *Caradoc* arrived with the news that the Allied British and French fleets were on their way to the Dardanelles. This movement was truly a portentous one, and has been much criticised. We dwellers in Constantinople had looked for it with intense impatience, as our position in the front made us nervously afraid of a *coup de main*. We knew of great military forces gathered together in most of the southern parts of Russia, and of a large steam force collected in the harbour of Sebastopol, not many hours from us; and we knew that the Russian occupation of the Principalities was to be expected immediately.”

Diplomacy, however, was still busy, and each side was endeavouring, though with but little hope of success, to frame a Note which should at once suit the Emperor of Russia and not compromise the rights of the Sultan.

“ But at this time,” says Sandwich, in an interesting passage, “ two influences were at work to stir profoundly the passions of the people. On the one hand we had the mustering of troops, regular and irregular, and all the exciting indications of a coming fight which appeal to the combative instincts of even the most civilised; how much more then to those of the semi-barbarous, who have never heard the theory of non-resistance! On the other hand, it was notorious that the rulers of the nation had put themselves entirely in the hands of the Frank Ambassadors, who were doing their utmost to prevent war, and who, it seemed to them, were probably betraying the Sultan. Why should they not? Were they not the natural enemies of Islam? So that on the receipt of another note, and yet another, then on the issue of orders to Omer Pasha not to advance, the deep undercurrent of emotion became most dangerous, and all the more so since it was not, as with us, expressed by public meetings, resolutions, and petitions. While we beheld strange warriors from the depths of Asia strutting through the streets, and gazing with stupid wonder on the marvels of the city, we had to suffer the uneasiness of those who expect an earthquake, the mutterings of which were heard from time to time. Now we were told of inflammatory sermons in a certain mosque; a day or two afterwards some headless bodies were seen in the Bosphorus in that neighbourhood. On another occasion I well remember visiting at night the British Embassy, and seeing the most manifest perturbation on every diplomatic countenance. So struck was I with

these ominous appearances that I actually was guilty of the indiscretion of exclaiming, 'What is the matter?' though I bit my tongue almost ere the words were out of my mouth. Of course I was snubbed, and assured that nothing was the matter. As in these troublous times my own skin ran an equal risk with those of the diplomatists, the urgency of the occasion broke down all prescriptive reverence for diplomacy, and I conceived an earnest desire to solve the mystery. So bidding my friends good-bye, I lost no time in making every inquiry, and collecting and reasoning upon the sundry hints and movements. I then learned that a vast conspiracy, headed by Mollahs and Softas, had been discovered, the object of which was a sudden rising, the murder of the Sultan, the proclamation of Abdul Aziz, the Sultan's brother, as Padishah, and the declaration of a Holy War. The Government, however, had timely intimation of the conspiracy, and the measures taken were most effective. Captain Drummond and Lord John Hay laid their vessels so that there could be no butchery of the Franks in Pera. That night passed off quietly, and the morning sun rose upon tranquil streets, for no general alarm followed, and I believe the people never knew the danger that had gone by. War steamers were constantly moving, so that any changes in their disposition ceased to be noticed, and reports were so rife and so little attended to that the real truth, even if it had oozed out, would probably have been classed among those Greek *canards* with which we were supplied in abundance."

As war became more and more certain, Constantinople came to present a more and more curious spectacle. It was, as Sandwich says, the seat of every species of intrigue, personal and political. "As you walked along the streets you might well wonder where all the new faces came from, and what their owners wanted. All the military adventurers of Europe were crowded into Pera, offering their swords to the Sultan. Perhaps the strangest and most audacious of these was one who took the name and style of a Prince, to whom no title came amiss, from that of Wales to those of Anjou and Navarre. He was a fine, tall, and indeed gigantic fellow, most imposing in appearance, and he aimed at nothing less than the command of the armies of the Sultan. His face was by no means so imposing as his form, for it was marked by low cunning and the signs of weak intellect. Himself an Englishman, he had picked up a starving French petty officer from the streets of Pera, and appointed him his aide-de-camp on condition that he should serve him as interpreter, not be pressing for his pay, and believe in His Royal Highness; and to see the serious face of the aide-de-camp when he spoke of 'Mon Prince,' one might really persuade oneself that he fulfilled the last condition. The Prince showed so much ignorance of the world as to believe that Turkey would accept a man whom no Ambassador owned, and who brought no credentials; however, he lived handsomely, first at Messeeri's Hotel, and afterwards at several others, descending in the grade of

respectability, until, wonderful to relate, he appeared at each and all of his creditors' with a bag of sovereigns, and paid his debts in full. At one time he actually proposed to Reshid Pasha to burn the allied fleets in Besika Bay, just at the time when he supposed the Turks to be groaning under the pressure of their tyrannical allies. Reshid made the Prince give the plan in writing, and on Lord Stratford's next interview enjoyed the horror and astonishment of the Ambassador at this notable plan of a free-born British subject. The Prince disappeared soon after this proposal.\*

"The gates of the Seraskierat were besieged by a curious crowd of applicants—grey-bearded officers who had held more or less genuine commissions under native Indian Princes; others who had fought in the wars interminable of South America; unlucky youths who had carried practical jokes too far in the dull garrison; and half-flighty scientific men who promised to destroy whole armies or poison entire garrisons by some infernal gases or asphyxiating shells.

"Besides these there were men of European celebrity who came to offer their services. About this time I was introduced to the Hungarian General Klapka, whose military talents might have proved of inestimable value had his offers been accepted—had he, for example, been placed in command of the army of Asia, and well supported by men and money. Such conditions, however, are seldom fulfilled in the best organised states,

\* For a sketch of this character see "The Roving Englishman in Turkey," p. 106.

and least of all in Oriental countries. The command of the army of Asia was a splendid piece of patronage, which no Minister was patriotic enough to forego for the sake of a foreigner; but even had the plan been adopted which really was put in practice when too late, viz., that of sending an obedient old cipher like Vassif Pasha as Commander-in-Chief, with Klapka as adviser, as Colonel Williams was sent out some months later, it probably would have failed through the insubordination, intrigue, and peculation of the Turkish superior officers."

At last, in the beginning of November, the allied fleets then lying in Besika Bay were summoned to the capital, and twenty line-of-battle ships passed one by one into the waters of the City of the Sultan. "A vast crowd of Greeks and Turks witnessed their approach, and as each vessel appeared the name of her nationality was repeated from mouth to mouth in the various languages of Europe and Asia. For many days the echoes of the hills were from time to time awakened by the thunders of the artillery which saluted each new arrival, and every day new crowds of gazers assembled to watch the advent of the vast naval forces which came to protect the capital." It need hardly be remarked that the presence of the vessels brought a new sense of security to the Frankish population of Constantinople.

The winter was gay; French and English officers only asked for the moment to be amused. The opera was never more brilliant, and the gloom seemed to

lighten in the streets of Pera. As yet the policy of England was in grave doubt, for neither the Ministry nor the unofficial leaders of public opinion could make up their minds to embark upon a distant and costly war on behalf of Turkey. The admirals themselves did not exactly understand in what position they and their fleets were present. Diplomacy was perplexed; and the bearing and conversation of the rich Greeks presented a curious paradox. The presence of the Allies of Turkey only encouraged them in their anti-Turkish attitude, for they knew well that the fleets would protect them from the danger of an outbreak of indignant fanaticism.

As might be expected, the conduct of the common sailors and soldiers, when they were allowed ashore, was such as to perplex and scandalise the Turks, and it was only with difficulty that collisions between the East and the West were prevented. "Never, I suppose," writes Sandwith, "since the Osmanlis were a nation, had they been more astonished or scandalised by the manners of the Franks than since the arrival of the fleets. Not many days after their entrance into the Bosphorus leave was granted to several hundred blue-jackets, who at once swarmed amongst the streets of the city, full of the exuberant rough jollity of the British sailor off duty. I remember that a highly respectable Mollah, full of the sanctity of a life spent in the study of the Koran, as he was riding gravely on an ass along the streets, saluted by true believers, was suddenly conscious of one of these unclean infidels mounted behind him, and presently found himself bareheaded, his fresh white turban crossing the head

of an audacious Ghiaour. ‘Allah! Allah!’ exclaimed the Mollah, ‘Islam is surely under the frown of the All-Merciful!’ But by degrees the Turks began to find that the practical jokes which at first were mistaken for grave outrages were but the ebullitions of wild animal spirits in a rude people from a distant country; and a grave and learned Mussulman explained to his audience ‘that the Padishah, the Caliph, the Vicegerent of the Prophet, upon whom be peace, having summoned these tributaries from the West to aid him in defending his Capital, it became the duty of true believers to bear with their wild and drunken frolics, and to treat them with indulgence!’”

Oriental impassiveness prevailed over curiosity, and even the arrival of the Highlanders with the other troops, in April, 1854, caused but little excitement among the Turkish population. The Greeks, however, were a good deal perplexed at much that they witnessed. “I saw,” said Sandwich’s Greek servant to him, “I saw in the barracks that a quarrel between two soldiers was impending, for the men’s gestures showed that they were abusing one another. But this did not last long. They suddenly stayed their tongues and proceeded to undress, all but their trousers, while their comrades stood in a ring around them. I then thought I had been mistaken, and that they were about to dance the Romaika, or some such war-dance, or at most to engage in a wrestling match, for they had laid aside their bayonets, and were unarmed. Moreover, they sat on a knee offered them each by a comrade. Suddenly they stood up, and

began to beat each other with their clasped hands. Holy Virgin! what blows were those! They were even as a hammer on the anvil at the forge of the smith. And the blood flowed from nose and mouth, and bruises were seen on their naked skins. Yet strange to say, their comrades interfered not, nor fought with each other—no, they stood and encouraged the combatants. Neither did they bring arms to them; and yet there were arms at hand—at least there were stones; or they might have snatched a dagger from the belt of many an one standing by. At last one of these English *palikaris* fell. Water was brought, and he recovered. I still lingered to see the end, and well it was I did so, for I saw what I never could have believed, for when the wounded man arose and began to stand upright, the other man came forward, and I felt sick to see them recommence their bloody fight. But, Holy St. Nicholas! what was my astonishment when I saw them—yes, with these eyes I saw them both shake hands and become friends again. Now, tell me, what is this? Were these men paid combatants, and were they real friends? Or will not the wounded man and his friends do some injury to the conqueror?”

It was not long before a decisive event came to precipitate the war. “On the afternoon of the 2nd December,” Sandwith writes, “as I was preparing to pay a visit to Therapia, and with that view had descended the Galata Hill, and was waiting on the bridge, I observed a Turkish war-steamer suddenly turn

the corner from the Bosphorus and enter the harbour of the Golden Horn, at the mouth of which she cast anchor. There was nothing at all unusual in this, but at that moment we were on the *qui vive* for information, and I thought she might have brought news from the Danube, or from Asia. While looking with interest on this new arrival, my eyes were attracted by something strange about her appearance. Her hull was assuredly dotted with shot-holes here and there, and some parts of her rigging had been carried away. She had been, then, in a fight; probably she had been chased by a Russian; or perhaps had been reconnoitring a fort on the coast of Circassia. Certainly she had had some interesting experience, so I put off in a boat to hear the news." The steamer, pierced with shot, her rigging torn, and her deck covered with wounded, was the sole vessel that had escaped from the surprise and massacre of Sinope.

It is not necessary to tell the story of the events that followed. It is sufficient to say that when war had been declared, and when the allied forces proceeded to Varna in May, 1854, Sandwich shortly followed them.

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## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE DANUBE.

THE capacity in which he went was that of staff-surgeon to General Beatson, an Indian officer of reputation, who had volunteered to organise a force of Bashi-

bazouks to operate upon the Danube. Beatson had submitted his plans both to the Turkish Government, who heard them with the usual polite nonchalance, and to the British Foreign Minister and Lord Stratford, both of whom looked favourably upon the idea. He met Sandwith in Pera, and there and then engaged him, both being well pleased with the arrangement, which gave to the one the adventurous experience of which he was in search, and to the other a good surgeon who knew Turkish and could act as interpreter. They left Constantinople for Varna on the 24th June. "Nothing," says Sandwith, "could exceed my joyous feeling when I threw overboard that emblem of city life, my hat, and donned in its place a forage cap." Unluckily, on their arrival at Varna, where the allied forces were already encamped, they very soon discovered that their position was singular and unsatisfactory. "We were appointed," he writes, "by the Foreign Office, because our troops were to be foreign, but under whose supreme command was not at that time very clear. We, however, supposed and hoped that we were to be part of the British army, and I do not hesitate to say that had we then and there formed a choice body of Bashi-Bazouks and embarked for the Crimea with the English force, these hardy, watchful troops would have proved of inestimable value in saving the British cavalry from a service which destroyed it, and in acting as vedettes and outposts. They would have been our Cossacks, and would probably have prevented the surprise at Inkerman." But neither the French nor the English

authorities took to the plan. The French attempt to organise such a body under General Yussuf came to nothing; and Lord Raglan, never very ready to adopt a new idea, was not to be persuaded to employ irregulars. By Sandwich's own showing, the look of Beatson's men was not such as to tempt Lord Raglan, for he proceeds:—"A more unpromising set of ragamuffins could not have been found throughout the world. They were the sweepings of Asia, and many of them were religious vagrants from India, Khorassan, Bokhara, Persia, and sundry provinces of the Turkish Empire. All Mussulman countries swarm with such restless spirits, and if a war be declared anywhere they are always ready to join an army for the sake of rations and plunder."

General Beatson then determined to push forward and seek the support of Omer Pasha, who was then at Rustchuk. They proceeded, not in the best of spirits, but very much confirmed in their views of the necessity of a large organised body of irregulars by the sight of the melancholy condition of Lord Cardigan's cavalry whom they met returning from a reconnaissance on the Danube. The fine English horses were tied to bullock-carts, and were slowly and painfully limping into camp. Not far off were some Turkish cavalry, which had done twice as much work without a single sore back. They passed, through a country almost deserted, towards Shumla, meeting here and there stray bodies of armed men, and caravans of miserable fugitives, and presently found themselves among a motley gathering of Arab, Albanian, Kurdish, Egyptian, and Turkish soldiers, who

were moving about in the streets of Shumla. During the rest of his stay Sandwith amused himself with talking with these men, and especially with chatting on familiar themes with natives of Van, Bitlis, and Mosul. At a rude extemporised hotel he met with campaigners of another sort—Lord Cardigan, his rich uniform covered with the dust of his reconnaissance, and several other English and French soldiers. A curious little story that he tells is worth recording here as an example of the strange incidents with which war makes a man familiar. “While we were dining,” he says, “I observed two French officers enter and take their seats at a table somewhat apart from the rest. One of these was a fine, bronzed, soldierly man of about five-and-twenty, and the other a delicate-looking youth of short stature, and singularly beautiful features. They wore a cavalry uniform, but as far as I could judge it appeared to be one of those not belonging to any particular corps, but merely worn for the purpose of marking their nationality and profession, so I set them down as military adventurers. I could not but call the attention of my companion to the handsome face of the younger officer—too young, indeed, for the rough life he had entered on. A peculiar and sagacious smile followed the inspection which my friend made, and he whispered into my ear, “It is a woman.” I wish that I could have brought the fact to the notice of a young officer who was beginning the campaign—Whyte Melville. It would have served him well for his next novel.”

Arrived at Rustchuk, the general and his surgeon

both had interviews with Omer Pasha, who captivated Sandwich by his urbane and un-Turkish manners. From the last interview with the Commander-in-Chief, General Beatson came forth radiant; he had been appointed, so he told Sandwich, to the command of a large force of regular and irregular cavalry stationed at Turtokai, whither they were to proceed at once. "On hearing the good news," Sandwich writes, "I tried to look as pleased as possible; but having already gauged our position, and knowing that the Turks must have observed that we were not recognised by the British Commander, I feared that I should find Omer Pasha's order to be a kind of *mauvaise plaisanterie*." Of course nothing of the kind was hinted, and they pushed on to Turtokai, having at one point to run the gauntlet of the fire of some Russian sharpshooters posted in a wood just across the Danube. At Turtokai Sandwich's worst anticipations were realised. The town, which had been thriving and rapidly improving, was completely depopulated, and was half in ruins. A miserable creature, by name Ali Pasha, looking more like a broken-down pawnbroker than a soldier, was in command, and when, after much insisting on Beatson's part, the troops were at last drawn up for inspection, they proved to be truly a Falstaffian band of scarecrows, not three hundred in number, and not one in six of them provided with any kind of firearm. But though such a body was quite useless for war, the staff-surgeon found among them plenty of demands upon his medical skill. At least half the force was sick, fever being especially

prevalent; and Sandwith had now for the first time in his life an opportunity for the display of that genius for the care of the wounded of which he afterwards gave such conspicuous evidence at Kars, at Metz, in Servia, and again on these very Bulgarian plains.

“There was no hospital,” he writes, “and no medicine except that contained in a small medicine chest which I had brought for the use of our staff of half-a-dozen Englishmen. The medicines in this chest comprised those most active and essential, and these are, comparatively speaking, but seldom necessary, especially to one like myself, who is sparing in the use of active remedies, and most averse to interfere with the healing efforts of nature. I consulted with General Beatson as to what was best to be done, and he seconded my efforts most warmly and energetically, even to the spending of his own money, so while he despatched a man to Rustchuk to purchase a quantity of calico and sundry pots and pans, I proceeded to clear out a mosque and to cut and dry a quantity of grass. In the course of two or three days a couple of horse-loads of calico arrived, and having discovered some fellows handy with the needle, we made a number of beds stuffed with the hay that we had prepared, and these we arranged round the floor of the mosque, which at once assumed the character of a not uncomfortable hospital. Having thus prepared a number of beds, I began to look up my numerous patients. At first I found some difficulty in persuading the poor creatures to enter the hospital, but in two or three days my chief difficulty was over-

crowding. My assistant, the Armenian Samanji, was most active in bleeding, dressing wounds, giving such food as was ordered, and such medicines as we could supply. Where, however, were these to be found? Quinine was what was most wanted. But I really had not more of this precious drug than might be required by our own staff, campaigning in that most unhealthy country; and as I reckoned one English gentleman worth fifty Bashi-bazouks, I could not, except in very rare cases, afford to give my patients quinine. However, I took into consideration their original hardihood of constitution, their present comfort, their regular diet, and their nursing (for I had impressed and paid several Bashi-bazouk nurses), and I calculated that milder bitters than quinine would be useful. So putting my botanical knowledge (by no means great) to the test, I went herbalising over the fields, choosing the bitter plants belonging to those natural orders that are innocuous. Moreover, I gathered sundry narcotics, such as *hyoscyamus* and other herbs, with which I made poultices and fomentations, and thus I found a tolerable pharmacy amongst the meadows of the Danube, that were teeming with the richest vegetation. The neighbouring marshes, too, supplied me with leeches. After all, the best test of such experiments is the result, and I never had more success than amongst these poor Bashi-bazouks, nor did I ever meet with livelier expressions of gratitude."

The few weeks which were passed at Turtokai were almost uneventful, except as regards such professional

occupations as these. The Bashi-bazouks did nothing in a military sense, and were called upon to do nothing, while the only show of life that came from the other side of the Danube consisted of an occasional shot from the concealed Russian riflemen. There were now and then engagements of another kind between General Beatson and his shabby coadjutor, Ali Pasha, which generally ended in the General's abusing the Pasha in a mixture of English and Hindustani, which Sandwith, as the only Turkish scholar present, had to paraphrase as best he could into terms of Constantinopolitan invective.

Finally an order came from Omer Pasha that the corps should move on to Silistria, with a view to proceeding into the Dobrudscha, to report upon the movements of the Russians in that province. Those whose memories of this war are active will recollect that just before this time a French expedition had been conducted into this region by General Espinasse, with results that could only be compared with those of the ill-fated Walcheren expedition, undertaken by England in the year 1809. The French soldiers had been destroyed wholesale by the most virulent endemic fever, and no good result whatever had been attained by the adventure. It may be imagined that Omer Pasha's order was not received with feelings of pleasure by Beatson and his staff. But there was nothing for it except to obey, and the march immediately began, Sandwith being compelled, to his great regret, to leave a few of his invalids in the mosque hospital, to be tended by the few remaining citizens of Turtokai.

They reached Silistria in due course, and there Sandwich had his first striking experience of the horrible effects of war. The siege, which Gortschakoff had conducted, had lately been raised, after costing the invaders enormous sacrifices in men ; and, as English people well remember, the chief glory of the successful defence had fallen to two Englishmen—Butler, who fell in the moment of victory, and Nasmyth, an Indian artillery officer, whom Sandwich describes as “one of the greatest and truest heroes of the war. The whole aspect of the town,” he says, “spoke of war in its most terrible form. Several mosques were in ruins, huge holes were broken into the domes, and the minarets were either struck off or drilled with shot holes. Every house in the place had suffered more or less ; sometimes we came upon streets entirely consumed by fire ; at other times a shell had blown off a roof.” Another effect of the war, moreover, was present, for the cholera was raging among the troops when Beatson arrived at Silistria ; but fortunately none of the staff suffered.

At Silistria they received information that Lord Raglan had set his face against the employment of Bashi-bazouks, and that, consequently, Beatson’s corps was to be at once disbanded, to the great disgust not only of Beatson himself, but of officers experienced in Turkish warfare, who held that if proper measures were taken a good corps of irregular horsemen might be made out of them. They pushed on to Varna, and there learned that Lord Raglan’s decision was final, and consequently

Sandwith was forced to look for employment elsewhere. "On the following morning," he writes, "I rode about the town picking up news, and I heard that General Burgoyne wished to make me chief interpreter to his staff. I determined to decline the appointment. I next heard that Colonel Williams had been appointed Her Majesty's Commissioner with the army in Asia, and had applied for me to accompany him. When I heard this, my heart bounded with pleasure. 'That is the place for me!' I exclaimed, for I reflected that in Asia, away from this crowd of Europeans, and amongst people whose language I knew, I should really be in my element, and should have a chance of distinguishing myself. It might, however, be too late, for I was told that when Williams heard that I had taken service under Beatson, he expressed regret, and sought for another surgeon. However, there was still a chance, and I inquired when the next mail was to go to Constantinople. This was Monday, and no mail was to leave till Friday. I was horrified. Nevertheless, I went into an officer's room and asked permission to write a letter. This letter was to Colonel Williams, telling him that I had left General Beatson's staff (for I had fully intended to do so) and that I wished to take service with him. Then, riding through the town, I happened to meet some sailors with *Retribution* on their hats. I stopped them. 'Is the *Retribution* here?' 'Yes, sir.' 'When does she leave?' 'This afternoon at three, sir,' 'Where for?' 'Constantinople, sir.' 'Then give Captain Drummond this letter, and ask him to forward

it immediately.\* The letter was addressed to Skene, and was forwarded to Williams, whom it caught in the nick of time. I was appointed, and this accident of meeting the *Retribution's* men I have always regarded as the corner-stone of my fortunes."

Sandwich pushed on by the first mail-boat, and on his arrival at Constantinople learned that Colonel Williams had appointed him, but that he had left for Erzeroum, whither Sandwich was to follow. He left Constantinople on Sunday, September 10th, and by rapid travelling reached Erzeroum on the 19th, to find Colonel Williams and Major Teesdale just leaving for Kars. It was on the day of his landing at Trebizond that the Crimean campaign opened in grim earnest with the Battle of the Alma.

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## CHAPTER IX.

### KARS.

A LONG time was to elapse before the commencement of active operations between the armies of Williams and Mouravieff. Five weeks before Sandwich's arrival at Erzeroum, the Turkish army of Anatolia, under Zarif Mustafa Pasha, had met the Russians under Bebutoff

\* Captain Drummond was a very good friend of Sandwich's, and his ship, the *Retribution*, was often heard of during the war. She was within an ace of foundering in the great storm which wrecked seven English steam transports, and two French men-of-war, a few days after the Battle of Inkerman. The Duke of Cambridge was on board at the time.

at Kurukderé, a village between Bayazid and Erzeroum, and though the Turks outnumbered their opponents by two to one, they had been totally defeated, the defeat, according to an English eye-witness, being due to the disgraceful conduct of four-fifths of the Turkish officers and to the downright cowardice of a great portion of the troops. Yet for some mysterious reason the Russians allowed their beaten enemy to escape, and to entrench themselves at Kars, where in due time the influence of a few able and devoted British officers was destined to convert a disorganised rabble into an army capable of defeating their former conquerors in action, and of enduring the extremity of famine in defence of the city. "It is still a mystery to me," writes Sandwith in 1856, "how it was that the Russians did not make a bold forward movement (immediately after Kurukderé) and annihilate this demoralised, miserable army. I suppose General Bebutoff was acting according to orders from St. Petersburg, when he remained passively on the defensive, and neglected the rare opportunity offered to him of marching to the destruction of an already disorganised army, and to the easy conquest of the important positions of Kars and Erzeroum."

Whatever may have been the reason, the British Commissioner, on his arrival in Armenia, found that a Turkish army still existed, and he at once set to work to make the best of it. He saw that two things had first to be done; that Kars and Erzeroum must be put materially into a state of defence, and, what was of still more importance, that the *morale* of the force

must be restored by the introduction of a discipline to which all, from the pashas to the privates, must bow. Much has been written since those days of the system of speculation and fraud which prevailed at that time in the Turkish army, and which is by no means extinct yet. It is enough to say that of all the divisions of the Sultan's forces there was none into which this canker had penetrated so deeply as into the army of Armenia. Sandwich's description in his book, "*The Siege of Kars*," written, it must be remembered, with no political object, and with the sole intention of representing in a truthful manner the facts of the situation, is an indictment of the blackest kind. The only organisation, he declares, that prevailed in the army was the organisation of plunder, whereby every authority, from the great people at Constantinople down to the baker who made the regiment's bread, regarded the supplies as so much spoil of which he was entitled to a recognised and graduated share. General Williams was the very man to deal with such a state of things. He had been employed during the greater part of his life amongst Orientals, and for many years among Turks. He therefore knew perfectly well their idiosyncrasies, and how to manage them. He did not neglect the formalities to which Turkish officials are accustomed, but he cut them as short as possible, and was apt to get to business in a manner which distressed his Oriental friends.\* When he was reviewing a certain regiment, the muster-roll was presented to him with nine hundred names upon it; he

\* "*Siege of Kars*," p. 130.

had the men counted, and found that but six hundred were there ; and the colonel was at once made aware that the British Commissioner knew that the pay and rations of three hundred men had been fraudulently drawn to enrich him and the other officers. Even before General Williams was appointed "Ferik," or Lieutenant-General in the Sultan's forces, with the rank of pasha, he had determined somewhat to exceed his powers as British Commissioner. In that capacity he would merely have the right of reporting what he saw to Constantinople, but, as Sandwith remarks, had he confined himself to this duty, it is probable that there would have been no Ottoman army in the ensuing campaign. He at once interfered, thereby committing a breach of etiquette, but saving Asia Minor. He would tell these corrupt officers that he had found them out ; would expose them in the presence of one another ; would insist upon knowing the amount of rations issued ; would personally inspect the camp kitchens and the food of the troops ; and by persisting in this course, he not only won the devotion of the soldiery and of the citizens both of Kars and Erzeroum, but he brought the officers to their knees, and rapidly succeeded in terrorising them into something like honesty. One interesting incident that is recorded by Sandwith is worth quotation, as showing how under decent treatment even the crouching Armenian Christians could be won over to take an active part in the defence of the Sultan's dominions. Williams called some of the Christian citizens of Erzeroum together, put spades into their hands, appealed to them as men and

citizens, and bade them go work on the fortifications. On hearing such an address, the Archbishop started up, and exclaimed, "O English pasha, we are your sacrifice. We will work, dig, fight, and die for you; since we are no longer dogs, no longer ghiaours, but, though Christians, fellow-citizens and free men."\*

We have said that Williams arrived at Erzeroum in September, 1854. The battle of Kurukderé had been fought on the 5th August, and an advance on the part of the Russians was still expected. As the weeks went on, however, it became evident that no operations would be attempted that winter, so that time was given to complete the fortifications of Kars under Colonel Lake, the able Engineer officer who was the senior member of Williams's staff. Sandwich accompanied Williams to Kars very soon after their arrival at Erzeroum, but in a short time both of them, seeing that active hostilities had ceased for the present, returned to the latter city. It was in the month of January, 1855, that the important step was taken by the Porte, at the instance of the British Government, of granting to General Williams the rank and authority of a lieutenant-general in the Sultan's army. The event was, as Sandwich remarks, significant in more ways than one. In the first place, it conferred upon Williams the real command of the army of Anatolia, and in the second it was the first instance in Turkish history of the admission of a Christian officer to the Sultan's service under his own

\* "Siege of Kars," p. 231.

infidel name. Till then it had been the rule neither to give to these Christian officers a Mussulman name, nor to allow them to retain their Frank names, but generally to bestow upon them some Persian appellation of a more or less metaphorical character. The appointment of Williams in this special manner was an indication that the British interference in the affairs of Turkey had decidedly advanced a stage.

In February, while at Erzeroum, General Williams appointed Sandwith Inspector-General of Hospitals. He found himself at the head of a staff of about fifty persons—physicians, surgeons, and apothecaries, the two latter classes being entirely ignorant, while the physicians, men of various nations, were some of them not altogether men of contemptible abilities or acquirements. As usual, faction and intrigue were strongly at work, and it was some time before Sandwith was able to overcome the habits of insubordination in which these men had been brought up. As far as stores were concerned, his description is pathetically ludicrous. “They were,” he writes, “a marvel and a phenomenon. Here we were, in the heart of Armenia, and when I inspected the drug depôt I found cosmetics, aromatic vinegar, *eau-de-luce*, scents, and other dainties and medicines *de luxe*, besides sundry instruments destined for the infirmities of ladies in an interesting condition; but the medicines really necessary for the use of an army in the field were scarcely to be found, and the few that did exist were of the most worthless description. . . . An individual—one Della Sudda, an Italian—

had been for years past the purveyor of the medical department, who, without let or hindrance, had furnished the army with the sweepings of the shops of Constantinople, damaged goods, worthless articles, old-fashioned instruments, and other unmarketable commodities, were by him bought up wholesale at a nominal rate, and delivered to the Government at the highest tariff." It was clearly not an easy task to remedy this state of things, but by the help of General Williams, "the terror of pashas, large and small," a good deal was accomplished. Ambulances were made, horses and mules were purchased, discipline and order were introduced, and, what was almost more important than all, Sandwich set to work, as he had done on the banks of the Danube, to utilise the resources of the country and make himself independent of Constantinople. He found an excellent pharmacopœia made expressly for the use of the Ottoman forces, which, "under the fostering care of the drug-purveyor, had been neglected and forgotten. The use of water dressings, the greatest modern improvement in surgery, and of charcoal, the best preservative against hospital gangrene, soon took the place of stimulating unguents, hot poultices, and complicated bandages." "General Williams," he adds, "was never for a moment inattentive to a request of mine. Thus, sanitary measures were the order of the day; and I may anticipate so far as to observe that during the whole siege of Kars we never had an epidemic of typhus, nor did that enemy of surgery, hospital gangrene, ever appear. Neither, in that out-

post of civilisation, had we ever, until the last three days, a single patient without a bed."

It was on the 2nd June that Williams and his staff left Erzeroum for Kars, a courier having arrived from Colonel Lake on the preceding day with the news that the Russians were threatening the city. From the messengers whom they met on the road it was easy to see that there were divided counsels in Kars, the Turkish authorities being evidently unwilling to fall in with the determination of Colonel Lake to hold the city. But when they arrived on the 7th, and saw the strong system of fortifications with which that officer had surrounded it, Williams was more than confirmed in his resolve, and was encouraged to believe not only that he could overcome the apathy of the Pashas, but also that he could detain and defeat the Russians. The danger lay in the want of provisions and of ammunition, the former need being greatly due to a stupid Turkish blunder, through which a vast depôt of corn had been left at Yenikeui, a long day's march from the city. It was impossible to reach and transport these stores, and as a matter of fact the Russians very soon swooped down upon them and burned them. As to the fortifications, Lake had done wonders in the few months during which he had been at work. "The Turks," he writes in his own account of the matter, "who fight proverbially well on the defensive, and especially behind earthworks, are singularly ignorant and unskilful in fortification. The position of Kars is strong, and to some extent tenable, but in 1828 they surrendered it to Prince

Paskiewitch in three days. In the condition in which we found it, it is questionable whether they could have held it for three hours. . . . With the able assistance of Captain Thompson, I did all in my power to render the place impregnable.\* That is to say, he had fortified the hills which run from east to west behind the city, and which completely command it; he had built a most formidable closed fort on a position to the west of Kars; and he had drawn breastworks, with occasional redoubts, along the hills on the north, and also, in a very extended line, along the southern plain. The strength of these fortifications was soon put to the test, and they justified the confidence of their engineer.

General Williams arrived in the nick of time, for two days after he reached Kars the scouts announced that the Russians, to the number of forty thousand, were within five leagues, and were steadily advancing. The troops and the inhabitants of the city were ready for the fray, the soldiery having recovered much of the confidence which had been shaken at Kurukderé, and the citizens being anxious to put themselves under the orders of Williams Pasha, and to fight to the death. One Osman Agha, a grey-headed inhabitant of the town, called on the General to tell him of their willingness to do battle, and to appeal to him against the civil pasha, who insulted and discouraged them. They wanted to be put under proper command, and to be told where to fight. "Inshallah! We will bring scores of Ghiaours' heads, and lay them at your feet, Veeliams

\* "Kars, and our Captivity in Russia," p. 5.

Pasha.” The General deprecated such a manner of fighting, but promised them plenty of work, and their pay in due season. “Wallah!” cried the old man, “We want no pay; give the money to the Nizam (the regular soldiers); we are Karshi; we fight for our religion and our harems, not for pay. Give us ammunition and chiefs, and, Inshallah, you will not find a coward among us.”\*

It is not necessary to describe the details of the siege, which only repeat those of every other blockade. Each day brought its regular routine of work; visits to the sentries, and to the hospitals; sometimes a skirmish with an outpost of the enemy; the discovery of some contractor’s rascality here, and, as time went on, of a spy or a deserter there; an occasional alarm, and again a subsidence into the dull monotony of a beleaguered city. The blockade was completed about the middle of July, up to which time it had been possible for Williams to receive a few occasional reinforcements of Lazistan riflemen and others—reinforcements which were of doubtful value, seeing that if they brought arms to fight with they also brought mouths to be fed. Practically, no fresh supplies came in at all; and when once the investment was complete, it became a question whether besiegers or besieged could hold out the longer, and whether any effort would be made on the part of the Government at Constantinople to send a relieving force. By the middle of September matters had become serious; desertions were frequent, the short allowance

\* “Siege of Kars,” p. 248.

of food was beginning to tell on the health of the city and of the troops, the horses were almost all dying of starvation. On September 8th there came the news that Omer Pasha was landing with forty thousand men near Batoum, and on the same day a large depôt of corn was discovered that had been hidden by a rascally official. The hopes of the garrison went up; they were fully persuaded, both from the news of Omer Pasha's landing and from movements observed in the Russian camp, that Mouravieff was about to raise the siege. General Kmety, however, a distinguished Hungarian officer of Williams' staff, whose name Sandwich always mentions with honour, held firmly to the opinion that there would be an attack; and he was right.

Already, at the very beginning of the siege, on June 16th, Mouravieff had made a vigorous attempt to take the city by a *coup-de-main*, but he had found the fortifications too strong for him, and the resistance too spirited. But by the end of September he saw that the time had come to make an attack in force, and on the 29th it was duly delivered. At four in the morning a sentry on Tahmasp Station, two miles to the north-west of the city, heard suspicious sounds, which Kmety soon recognised as the tramp of infantry and the rumble of artillery-waggon. At five began the attack on the breastworks and batteries, and for seven hours the fight raged, column after column of Russians flinging themselves with extraordinary devotion against the very mouths of the guns. The redoubts on the north were taken, held for a considerable time, and re-taken,

while a large force of Russian cavalry and artillery menaced the fort on the plain, to the south of the city. The heavy gun on the Karadagh, to the east, protected the "English tabias," while wherever the attack was hottest there were to be found "white-turbaned citizens, armed with their scimitars, plunging into the fight, or athletic and savage Lazistan mountaineers, fighting with the clubbed rifle." All the witnesses speak to the great excellence of Colonel Lake's batteries, which commanded all possible points of attack, and which covered each other so completely that the capture of one was the signal for a plunging fire from others, which soon rendered it untenable. At mid-day the hopeless struggle ended, and the Russian army, which had outnumbered the Turks by more than two to one, was in full retreat. Had Williams possessed but two regiments of cavalry, Mouravieff's force would have been destroyed, and Kars saved; but famine had already been at work, and the remnant of the cavalry had cut its way out some weeks before.

This was one of the bloodiest battles of the whole war, the Turks burying no less than 6,300 Russians, not to speak of their own considerable but much inferior losses. As at Plevna twenty-two years later, they had shown themselves most formidable in the defence of fortifications—had shown, in fact, that strong earthworks, manned by themselves, were impregnable. It was now universally thought that Mouravieff must raise the siege, for he had convinced himself that nothing was to be gained by assaulting the city, and his

force was in imminent danger of being attacked by Omer Pasha. That General's advance, however, was never made. His expedition was a wretched *fiasco*, and Mouravieff remained undisturbed, with time to re-form his shattered forces and to renew the blockade. Meantime, within the city, the havoc wrought by the battle only increased the difficulty of Williams' position. He had, indeed, fewer mouths to feed, but the hospitals were full, and the cholera, which had for some weeks been doing its fatal work in the city, now found a still more favourable field for its ravages among the multitude of wounded men. On the 6th October the deaths from this disease amounted to forty in twelve hours. The supply of animal food was totally exhausted, and the troops from this time had to content themselves with 11 ounces of bread and a soup containing  $1\frac{2}{3}$  ounces of meal, as each person's daily allowance. On October 17th, Sandwith writes :—"The cholera, after having cut off about a thousand of our troops, is now, thank God, disappearing. The townspeople have suffered more than the soldiers. But now a worse enemy menaces us. Our troops suffer fearfully from their diet of bread and water; they are no longer the stout and hearty men who fought for seven hours against overwhelming odds, and drove back a magnificent Russian army. A visible emaciation is observed throughout the ranks, and the newly-opened hospitals are filling daily with men, whose only disease is exhaustion from want of nutriment. The high price of bread, too, in the town induces many poor fellows to sell half their rations, and those who

yield to this temptation inevitably sink at their posts and die."

All this time Sandwith's work in the hospitals was incessant and most severe. His supplies of medicines, as we have said, were totally inadequate, but his own energy, and the help which he received both from General Williams and from what he calls "the noble little band of ill-paid and ill-treated Turkish surgeons," enabled him to make head against the tremendous odds by which he was attacked. The Turkish surgeons were ready to adopt his improved modes of treatment, and it is to their willingness to acquiesce in their measures that he attributes the escape of the city from any visitation of hospital gangrene or epidemic of typhus. His diary during these weeks is full of such entries as these:—

"*October 25th.*—Many admissions into the hospital of men nearly dead from cold, operating on a feeble and emaciated body. All the diseases have what is called a low type, requiring a stimulus. Unfortunately we have scarce any medicines available."

"*November 4th.*—An unusual number of soldiers enter the hospital, dying of starvation. The emaciation is wonderful, yet in most no diarrhœa or other symptom of disease is observable. Their voices are excessively feeble. A clammy cold pervades the surface of the body, and they die without a struggle. Several of these men are recovered by the administration of horse broth, with the application of warmth to the extremities. Surgeons are posted in every part of the camp with broth of horse-

flesh in the form and under the name of medicine. A search is made for surviving horses, and these are secured to make soup for the hospital."

The reason why the city and the troops were put to this extremity of suffering was that during the whole of November Williams was expecting the advance of Selim Pasha, who, having landed at Trebizond with 20,000 men, had arrived at Erzeroum towards the end of October, and was thought to be rapidly advancing upon the Russians. False messages came in day after day; Omer, having found the march across the Armenian mountains impracticable, had marched upon Tiflis, and had already taken one or two Russian fortresses; Selim was moving rapidly forward, he himself announcing, on the 12th November, that his advanced guard had defeated a Russian *corps d'armée*, and that in three days he would be with them. Buoyed up by these false and cruel announcements, the heroic garrison still held out, though they and the inhabitants were in the last stages of starvation, and though mothers, as Sandwich writes, kept bringing their children to the military council, and throwing them at the feet of the officers, exclaiming, "Take and keep these children, for we have no bread to give them." At last, early on the morning of the 22nd, a messenger arrived with a despatch from Selim Pasha to the Mushir or Governor of the city. He was to have left Erzeroum for Kars on the 16th, and would hasten on. Besides this veracious Turkish document there is a little note in cipher from Consul Brant. It is as follows:—"Selim Pasha won't advance, although

Major Stuart is doing his utmost to make him. Omer Pasha has not advanced far from Soukhum Kalé. I fear you have no hope but in yourselves. You can depend on no help in this quarter."

This note decided the fate of Kars. Williams had not troops enough for a sortie, and, besides, his men could scarcely stand through weakness. To resist any longer would be sheer cruelty, and with a heavy heart he resolved upon capitulation. The story of his interview with Mouravieff may best be described in Sandwith's words.

"*November 25th.*—General Williams and his aide-de-camp Teesdale rode over under a flag of truce to the Russian camp. They are well received by Mouravieff. The General tells his chivalrous enemy that he has no wish to rob him of his laurels; the fortress contains a large train of artillery, with numerous standards and a variety of arms, but the army has not yet surrendered, nor will it without certain articles of capitulation. 'If you grant not these,' exclaimed the General, 'every gun shall be burst, every standard burnt, every trophy destroyed, and you may then work your will on a famished crowd.' 'I have no wish,' answered Mouravieff, 'to wreak an unworthy vengeance on a gallant and long-suffering army which has covered itself with glory, and only yields to famine. Look here!' he exclaimed, pointing to a lump of bread and a handful of roots, 'what splendid troops must these be who can stand to their arms in such a severe climate on food such as this! General Williams, you have made yourself a

name in history, and posterity will stand amazed at the endurance, the courage, and the discipline which this siege has called forth in the remains of an army. Let us arrange a capitulation that will satisfy the demands of war without outraging humanity.'” The terms of the capitulation were, briefly, that the officers and soldiers were to pile arms and march out with music and colours and surrender themselves prisoners of war; the officers to be allowed to retain their swords, as a special mark of honour and respect. Private property and public buildings were to be respected, the inhabitants protected, the Bashi-Bazouks to be sent home, the medical corps and a certain number of foreign officers to be released.

“And now,” says Sandwich, “after holding this fine army in check for seven hours, we deliver ourselves up to the vanquished. We lay down our arms to our conquered enemy, starved by the dishonest jobbery of rascally pashas, and the wicked apathy and unworthy intrigues of modern Byzantine officials !”

In the town, when on the morning of the 28th the Turkish soldiers were told of the capitulation, a strange and moving scene took place. “The poor staggering soldiers obey their orders mechanically, but some there are who dash their muskets to pieces against the rocks, exclaiming, ‘Thus perish our pashas, and the curse of God be with them!’ Some of the officers break their swords, and, caring not who hears them, heap curses on the Sultan and the whole government of the empire—awful words, which I had never heard even whispered

before. The citizens gather together in groups, exclaiming, 'God is great!' and, 'Has it come to this?' 'Now is Islam fallen!' . . . In the midst of these lamentations General Williams rode through the camp. At once the citizens crowded round him, kissing his stirrup and praying for blessings on his head. 'Where are you going, Pasha?' they asked. 'I am a prisoner,' he answered. 'Let us go with you; we will follow you,' was the universal cry."

Two days after the capitulation General Mouraviëff gave Sandwith his unconditional liberty, in special recognition of the services which he had rendered to the Russian wounded who had fallen into Turkish hands after the battle of September 29th. It remained then for him to make his way to Constantinople, no easy task at any time, and least of all in the depth of winter, when the only horse he could procure was a living skeleton, and when the country for miles around had been cleared of everything that might serve for food by the forces of the invader. The difficulties of his journey were almost incredible, and more than once he well-nigh perished in the snow. On one occasion the whole of the baggage was actually lost, and it was by sheer good fortune that the servants whom he sent back next day to recover it succeeded in finding the most precious part of all, his MS. journal of the siege. At last, after adventures which need not now detain us, he reached Artvin, and thence, on December 11th, entered Batoum, to proceed without impediment to Constantinople.

## CHAPTER X.

## LONDON SOCIETY.

IT was with good reason that Sandwith called the accident which sent him to Kars the "corner-stone of his fortunes." Till then he had been one among the crowd ; with many gifts, indeed—that of a hopeful and generally happy temperament being not the least of them—but with few opportunities, and with hardly enough success even to encourage him in his outlook towards the future. All of a sudden he found himself raised to an extraordinary position. At the end of 1855 the English public had been long weary of the war. Blunders, mismanagement, the sufferings of the troops in the Crimea, and the losses in men and money which had been experienced, had sufficed to change the ardent feelings with which the country had entered upon the campaign into feelings of doubt, despondency, and disgust. The army no doubt had fully sustained its old reputation for courage and for sheer fighting power. It had won two pitched battles, and separate corps and separate individuals had performed exploits of great heroism. At last, too, the great siege was over, and Sebastopol was in the hands of the allies. But this was not enough to rekindle the flames of enthusiasm, or to prevent the English people seeing that the general loss and destruction caused by the war had been far beyond their calculations, and probably far outweighed the benefits which had been gained. In an interesting book which has been lately

published,\* Mr. J. H. Skene, whose name has more than once occurred in these pages, has recorded some impressions which the actual experience of the Crimean War left upon the mind of the man who was, next to the Emperors of France and Russia, more responsible for it than any other individual. After Sebastopol had fallen, Lord Stratford visited the town, and Mr. Skene accompanied him. "Leaving the quarantine," he says, in his description of this visit, "we came to the cemetery, which had been occupied by the light troops with dreadful slaughter. . . . Monuments and grave-stones had been sadly knocked about by the fire of artillery. Cypresses and weeping willows lay on the ground, uprooted by exploding shells. Cannon balls and splintered shells were scattered over graves and flower-beds. We climbed a breach which had given passage to a storming party, and found ourselves in broad streets, now lined with ruins, but still showing what the town had once been. It was a scene of complete devastation—walls tottering, doors driven in, windows smashed, and roofs gaping with the enormous clefts opened by the bombardment. 'John Bright is fully borne out by all this,' said Lord Stratford, holding up his hands in amazement. 'If this is a sample of the effects of war, who would not be willing to join his peace party?' It is more like the crater of a volcano than a ruined city.' . . . Riding through some deserted streets we left the houses, and proceeded to the monastery of St. George, which had

\* "With Lord Stratford in the Crimean War," London, 1883.

acquired an especial interest for Lord Stratford by its being made use of as a hospital and sanatorium. He said that of all the results of the war wounds and diseases were the least questionable, and therefore the most to be taken into account by those who may ever have it in their power to exercise an influence on the making of war or peace. Turning sharply round he caught my eye. 'You understand me?' he added, with a note of inexpressible sadness. What I understood, whether accurately or not, was that having taken a conspicuous part in bringing about the Crimean War, he had fallen into a morbid habit of comparing the reality of its political issues, for which he had so earnestly laboured, with that of the amount of suffering produced by it." Whether Lord Stratford's habit was morbid or not is a question on which a great deal might be said, but there can at least be no doubt that it was a habit into which very large numbers of the English people had by this time fallen with him. But the episode of the defence of Kars was of a nature to appeal to other emotions, and to bring before the popular mind another aspect of war from that to which a long campaign had by this time accustomed it. The spectacle of heroic endurance was such as to touch the hearts of all Englishmen, while its military result—that of stopping the advance of the Russian army until the conquest of Armenia became impossible—might be looked upon as in itself a great success.

When Sandwich arrived in London, he found that the interest felt in the defence of Kars was concentrated

upon his own person. He was the only man who had escaped to tell the tale, for his companions were prisoners of war. The circumstances of his own release were in themselves romantic, and he had to face the ordeal of a double celebrity—that of being the representative of a heroic band, and that of being himself the man whom the victorious enemy had singled out as having earned his release by his services to the cause of humanity. Accordingly, the story of his first six months in England is a record of a quite exceptional social triumph. Society, in the limited sense of the word, was at his feet; while his appearance in the lecture room, or in the towns where he had spent his youth, was the signal for popular welcome of the most enthusiastic kind.

“I started from Constantinople,” he writes, “on January 1st, 1856, on board the *Euphrate*, a French steamer bound for Marseilles. My companion was Colonel Townley, a Government messenger, a bearer of despatches; a fact which was very useful to me, for he took a special train from Lyons, which saved us a day of our journey. With us was General Espinasse, the unlucky hero of the Dobrudscha adventure, who was returning home on sick leave, and who was invited by Townley to accompany him. We arrived in Paris on the morning of January 8th. I saw General Espinasse throw himself into the arms of his wife, who was waiting for him on the platform, and that was the last I saw of him. His head was knocked off by a cannon ball during the Italian war. Next day—a gloomy, dark, drizzly morning—we arrived in London. I confess that I was

giddy with joy as I jumped into a cab with Townley, returning to England as I did under such different auspices from those with which I had left. My first duty was to buy some decent clothes, and then I called on Layard, who was living in Ryder Street. He was glad to see me, but when I told him that I had the best part of a book in MS., he became quite excited, jumped up, and said, 'Come along to Murray, he lives close by.' Accordingly we went over together to Albemarle Street, and as we entered Mr. Murray's sanctum, Layard exclaimed, 'Murray, I have brought you a man who has been feeding on horse-flesh!' He then introduced me, and Mr. Murray requested me to send over my MS. for perusal, also asking me to dine with him that evening."

That day was spent in various official and other visits. On the next he returned early to the hotel, and walked into the coffee-room. "A little old man, whom I scarcely recognised, peers into my face; it is my father, to my eyes, wonderfully aged. He says, 'How do you do?' holding out his hand. A great lump rises in my throat as I answer, 'Oh, how do you do? Come into my room.' I take him upstairs into my room, close the door, and then throw myself sobbing into his arms. . . . Six years before I had parted from him, poor, but full of enthusiasm, and amid the dire misgivings of all around me. Now I had returned full of honour, having gained a position far beyond my most sanguine anticipations. On the receipt of my telegram my father had hastily thrown a few things into his portmanteau, and hurried up to London to meet

his beloved and long-lost son; and no wonder, for it was not so long before that prayers for my safety were being offered up by the congregation of the parish church. News had come of the state of famine in the beleaguered city; then of the capitulation; then a long pause; then that I had not gone into Russia, but that I was missing; then that I had turned up at Constantinople; afterwards a pause of ten or twelve days; and lastly, the exciting telegram from London—‘I have arrived, but am detained here on urgent affairs.’

“We descend into the street, and take a walk together; we feel as if we could never talk enough about the past and the present. After this walk I call on Lord Panmure, the Secretary of War, with whom I have an interesting conversation, and on Delane, the editor of the *Times*, who receives me quite warmly.

“*January 14th.*—Very busy writing at the book. General Beatson calls, and other officers. Sir Roderick Murchison calls, and invites me to dinner. This gentleman, who was very wealthy, and lived in Belgrave Square, was the most eager lion-hunter in London; his calling on me proved at once that I was entering the season as an approved lion. He was a most urbane and distinguished old gentleman, and a very accomplished geologist. His failing was a passionate love of worshipping great people. His great god was the Emperor of Russia, and it vexed his soul to be at war with that potentate; his lesser deities were composed of British dukes and marquises. As I had spoken so highly of Mouravieff, he at once took me into favour.

That night, at the Geographical Society, a gentleman spoke very earnestly. I fancied that I remembered his face, and so asked him if his name was Washington. He was Captain Washington, the Hydrographer of the Navy, whom I had consulted some years before about myself. He had recommended me for the surgeoncy of an emigrant vessel. He gives me the warmest welcome.

“*January 16th.*—I was writing this morning at my book, in my new lodging, when my landlady ushered in a quiet-looking man of about forty-five. Here again, I said to myself, is one of my old fellow-students—for several had called upon me and I had not remembered their faces. This time I was determined not to forget, so I exclaimed, ‘Oh, how do you do?’ I am so glad to see you again.’ ‘I think you mistake,’ answered my visitor, ‘I am Lord Granville.’ We had a good deal of conversation about Lord Stratford. That day a very strong article appeared in the *Times* concerning Lord Stratford’s behaviour to General Williams. The writer evidently had got behind the scenes, and knew exactly how many despatches General Williams had written to the Ambassador without even getting an answer. It struck me at once that I should be suspected of communicating this information to the *Times*, a most unpardonable offence with official people. So I wrote off at once to Lord Clarendon and Lord Stratford de Redcliffe disclaiming any such action. Some time afterwards I talked the matter over with a friend, when he laughingly reminded me that in a conversation with C.,

a writer in the *Times*, I had let out all that was written—that, in fact, he had wormed the whole matter out of me, as well became a journalist. I had long ago despatched the letters, so I allowed the matter to drop.

“*January 18th.*—I am invited to become an honorary member of the Reform Club for three months. A very useful compliment, for, in future, I always breakfast at the Club. I have no need to use it for dining, as I am overwhelmed with dinner invitations. About this time I have an interview with Lord Palmerston. He questions me a little about Turkey; I am not very much impressed by this interview. It was different in the case of Lord Clarendon (then Minister of Foreign Affairs), on whom I shortly called by appointment. Nothing could exceed his kindness and courtesy. Our conversation only turned upon the Kars episode of the war. He said that he quite agreed with me as to the fatal mistake made by Omer Pasha in landing the relieving army at Soukhum Kalé instead of at Trebizond, but the former plan was urged upon the Government by Lord Stratford, Colonel Simmons,\* and Omer Pasha. I understood that Colonel Simmons was the leading spirit, and had planned this campaign.

“Before I took leave of the Minister he said, ‘Well, Dr. Sandwith, and what are your own views as to future employment? What can I do to assist you?’ I replied, ‘I have not fully thought that matter out, I only want a holiday, after which, if you will permit

\* Now General Sir Lintorn Simmons.

me, I will again call on your lordship ;' to which he answered, ' Well, Dr. Sandwith, in the first place I shall be most anxious to oblige my dear old friend Lord Carlisle, who has an extraordinary affection for you; and in the second place, for what I must term your very eminent services I should be most happy to do my best for you.' I bowed gratefully, feeling at the same time not a little amused that Lord Clarendon should have so exactly followed the traditions of British aristocratic government in thinking first of obliging his noble friend Lord Carlisle, and afterwards of what he pleased to call my services."

This matter of his future employment was, of course, much on Sandwith's mind at this time. He was anxious to leave his own profession, for which he really had no taste, and to obtain some kind of appointment. There was at first some talk of his finding work in Ireland, but Lord Carlisle discouraged this, faithful to the maxim of "Ireland for the Irish." Then Sandwith naturally turned his face to the East, which he had learned to know and to love with an exclusive affection, the special object of his desire being a good consulship, or even a consul-generalship. It will be seen from what follows that this desire was never gratified, and that when an appointment offered it was to a far other corner of the globe that he was called upon to go.

"*January 28th.*—This day I finished the MS. of my book, and in the evening I dined with the Royal Geographical Society. Sir Roderick Murchison, the

President, proposed my health in a very flattering speech. Two days later I went to Lady Granville's *soirée*, where I was introduced to Mr. Gladstone. Lady Granville asked me to dine on the following day, and I now began to realise the fact that I was a 'lion.' It was very nice. I was young, healthy, and susceptible to flattery; and so I thoroughly enjoyed existence under the circumstances. I used to see people nudging each other slyly, and pointing me out to be gazed at. With all my inexperience, however, I was yet thoroughly aware that this could not last, so that while receiving an abundance of intoxicating flattery I took care to keep a cool head, and to be very modest and cautious.

"On the last day of January I was breakfasting in the Reform Club when, as I took up the *Times*, my eye caught the words, 'The Siege of Kars,' and I began to read. It was difficult to keep cool under this my first experience of a review, for the writer spoke of my book with enthusiasm. 'Dr. Sandwith,' it began, 'has come like the messenger of the Greek drama to recount his tale of subversive destiny with the accurate fidelity of an eye-witness and a sufferer. He is the sole visible relic of a painful catastrophe, and we catch eagerly at the tidings he brings us. He was one of the defenders of the beleaguered fortress—its defender possibly in more senses than one; but in respect of want, exhaustion, and disease he was its chief citadel and its very last bulwark. In the blockaded city endurance mans the breach while famine and despair press up the glacis. The battle

is fought with a drooping pulse, and the contest is determined by a silent agony. In this extremity Dr. Sandwith strove under his military chieftain to the last, and he is now here to tell us how they braved the chilling onset, and how sorely the invisible battle went against them.' Then after two columns of analysis of the book the reviewer ended, 'In the meantime there is no doubt upon one or two points. *Veeliams Pasha chock adam dur.* (Williams Pasha is no end of a man.) So say the Karsli, who would have followed him to the death; and as for the writer we maintain that Dr. Sandwith is a noble soldier, and that he deserves well of his country. He has borne a memorable part in a memorable siege, and he has told a soldier's story with a soldier's frankness.' This review, I afterwards ascertained, was written by Delane himself. It showed some generosity on his part, for, as my readers may recollect, he had written severely to me at Constantinople, and had dismissed me from my post of correspondent of the *Times*. He now seemed to wish to make up for it as well as he could."

It was clear from the beginning that Sandwith's book was to have a great success. The reviews, almost without exception, followed the lead of the *Times*, and agreed in bearing witness not only to the interest of the story, but to the clear and straightforward manner in which it had been told. In a very few weeks Mr. Murray was able to advertise the fifth thousand, and as Sandwith in the course of the spring went about England delivering his lecture, he commonly

saw placards in the booksellers' windows, "Dr. Sandwith's 'Siege of Kars' sold here." The success was not only gratifying but important, for the profits of the book enabled him with a clear conscience to rest awhile on his oars, and to enjoy to the full, at least for a few months, the new atmosphere in which he found himself. It should be mentioned that official as well as social recognition was quickly forthcoming, and the *Gazette* soon announced the appointment of Sandwith and of his Kars comrades to the Companionship of the Bath.

"On Sunday night, February 3rd, I put myself into the train for Hull, and in the early morning I arrived at my dear old home, No. 1, Albion Street. What feelings were mine on this my return after seven years of wanderings and experiences! The last time I had stood on those steps my heart was full to bursting; I was leaving all I held dear for an adventure full of peril and perplexity; again and again had I been tempted to return and forswear all my desires for foreign adventure, and when crawling like a wounded serpent over the cold mountains of Kurdistan, sick almost to death, clothed in rags, covered with vermin, how had I been tempted to return to England and confess that I had failed! How, again, had I been tempted when struggling for a bare livelihood at Constantinople with shattered health! But I had held on like grim death, and now I was reaping my reward. I remembered the significant words I had written in my diary on my departure: 'He that now goeth on his way weeping, and beareth forth good seed, shall doubt-

less come again with joy, and bring his sheaves with him.' I had entered that passage in my diary on the 23rd February, 1849, after a heart-rending leave-taking from my father. I now stood at the same door, with my golden sheaves in my arm. I rushed in, and was soon in the fervid embraces of my loving mother and sisters." Then followed a visit to Beverley, where the five dismal years of his medical apprenticeship were speedily forgotten in the cordial and affectionate greeting which he received from his uncle and his uncle's family. Afterwards came the Corporation banquet in his honour in the Railway Hotel at Hull; and there, "in the presence of two hundred people," says Sandwich, "I, for the first time in my life, rose and made a speech of about three-quarters of an hour long. I had made no preparation beyond an exordium, trusting to my being full of my subject. I did pretty well, and was much complimented, but I have often thought since that I might have done infinitely better had I taken pains to compose and commit to memory a speech worthy of the occasion. But my faculties were so scattered by constant visiting that I was unequal to any such effort.

"Next day I accompanied my father to a dinner given in my honour by the medical men of the town and neighbourhood. Their welcome of me was remarkably warm and hearty."

Returning to town, he found no diminution in the cordiality with which he was received. As usual, people whose geography was vague credited him with

most comprehensive knowledge of all the strange places of the earth; and at one dinner party, a controversy arising as to the pronunciation of Lake Ngami, a lady exclaimed, "Oh, ask Dr. Sandwith, he has been so much in the East that he is sure to know!"—Kars, as everybody is aware, being close to Central Africa. One tribute is worthy of special quotation, on account of the source from which it came. At a party at the Belgian Minister's Sandwith was introduced to a celebrated lady, the Hon. Mrs. Norton. "She looked at me with an expression of mingled pity and admiration, and said, 'Some one pointed you out to me, and I said, That must be Dr. Sandwith; he looks like one who has gone through so much, and written such a book.' I used to go to Lavender Hill, and recount all this gossip to my dear sister and my niece, and many a hearty laugh we had over it."

"On February 13th I received a letter from Lord Stratford as follows:—

'Constantinople, January 30th, 1856.

'DEAR SIR,

'I have received your disclaimer, and I have also seen, though imperfectly, the article of the *Times* to which it relates. I accept your assurance with the more satisfaction, as I had been told that you went to England with intentions hostile to me. I was slow to believe the imputation, because, whatever opinions you entertain, I reckon upon your honourable feeling, and cannot forget that on more than one occasion I have endeavoured to serve you, and by your means have served the cause of humanity. You speak of my unfortunate differences with General Williams. I had no differences whatever with him until he thought proper, under mistaken impressions or injudicious advice, to cancel my claims on his gratitude, and even then I ceased not to afford him whatever assistance I could extort from the

defective means and characteristic vices of the Porte. I know that intrigues have been long on foot to do me all possible mischief. I have met the earliest manifestation of them by requesting that the whole of the correspondence may be laid before Parliament.

‘Yours sincerely,

‘STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE.’

A very characteristic letter from a thoroughly egotistical man.”

The Saturday after this Sandwich called “by command” at Buckingham Palace and had an interview with Prince Albert. “The Prince stood and asked me numerous questions, and from time to time leaned or half seated himself upon a table. He was very minute in his inquiry about the roads and other military details concerning Armenia. I describe all I can, and especially do I give him an account of the reign of terror in Kars, when spies were sent into the *cafés* and when on hearing any one propose to give up the city they denounced the culprit, who was forthwith flogged. On hearing this the Prince said, ‘Ah, I wish we could have that done in the London clubs!’ At that time the Prince was very unpopular, and I was astonished at his imprudence in making this very un-English remark. I took care not to repeat it. Had I done so there would have been a great row.

“While I was thus engaged in conversation with the Prince, a pair of folding-doors are thrown open, and a lacquey cries, ‘The Queen!’ The Prince, who was half sitting on a table, sprang up and stood at attention. Her Majesty, whom I had seen as a pretty young girl going to be crowned, came forward and bowed three

times to my three bows. She began to question me about Kars, and I answered freely and readily. Her voice was pleasant, her manners agreeable, and for about three-quarters of an hour we thus conversed."

Then followed a short and very pleasant visit to Lord Carlisle at the Vice-Regal Lodge, where, after many and varied entertainments, the Lord-Lieutenant one day took him quite privately to a prison, where he examined the schoolmaster as to what was being done for the instruction of the prisoners, and on coming out said, 'I was anxious to show you that we do not spend all our time in fiddling and dancing.'

"About the 7th of March the Blue Book on Kars came out, and made an immense sensation. It was there shown that Lord Stratford had behaved abominably to General Williams, refusing to answer an immense number of despatches. The reason of this behaviour was, of course, an intense jealousy."\*

Early in March Sandwith received a very welcome letter from his publisher, which contained a cheque for a hundred guineas on account, and ended with the following paragraph, which should be of exceptional interest to authors:—"Owing to the success and rapid sale of your work, it gives me pleasure to state to you that after the present edition is exhausted (and it goes

\* Mr. Skene, in his recent book, in which he seems to hold a brief for Lord Stratford, confesses that many of Williams's despatches remained unanswered, and adds, "He could not expect, however, that every one of his reports should have an acknowledgment of receipt, and it was surely enough that the requests contained in them should receive prompt attention." But prompt attention was exactly what they did not receive.

off rapidly), and in case of all future reprints, I propose to hand over to you two-thirds of the profits instead of one half."

From the social records of this London season we may select a few of the most interesting incidents.

"*March 15th.*—A pleasant talk with Sir Henry Holland. He told me that he began life by being appointed Physician to Queen Caroline, and while travelling with her he made the acquaintance of great numbers of the aristocracy, so that on his return to London he launched forth at once into a lucrative practice. He never would make more than £5,000 a year, as that employed his time sufficiently, without harassing him. Dr. Baillie in one year made £10,000, which was the most ever earned by a London physician up to that time; but he overtaxed his strength and died soon after. Surgeons make even more, as they have been known to receive £1,000 for a single operation. Sir Henry Holland says he is very fond of his practice, which brings him in contact with all kinds of people. He takes a two months' holiday every summer, which does him a world of good.

"*March 25th.*—Dine and sleep at Pembroke Lodge. I find Lord John Russell as thoroughly impressed as any one could be with the worthlessness of the Turkish Government; yet a few years afterwards, when Foreign Minister, he pursued the traditional policy of the Foreign Office in upholding that effete Empire as if he believed in it. There was at this time a question of extending the direct authority of Turkey over Wallachia

and Moldavia, and I was glad to find that Lord John disapproved of that measure.

“*April 4th.*—I lecture at the United Service Institution, the room being crowded to suffocation. I find myself absurdly nervous, keeping my eyes fixed upon the paper, which I fancy I must have hurried through. I had prepared four men to represent natives, and these, being dressed in suitable costumes, produced a fine effect. They were guardsmen, and they held themselves too straight and stiff to be natural, but the audience was enthusiastic, and not critical.

“*April 15th.*—A letter from Sir Roderick Murchison, announcing that I had been elected on the Special Committee List of the Athenæum. A few days afterwards I gave my lecture at the Royal Institution, Albemarle Street, to an audience of the most distinguished people in London. I had re-written and improved it, and I delivered it with courage and freedom. When I came to the most harrowing part, the Duchess of Northumberland went off in a faint.

“*April 24th.*—Breakfasted with Bishop Wilberforce, meeting Mr. Gladstone, Macaulay, and others. Macaulay talked, or rather harangued, like one of his own delightful essays.

“*April 28th.*—The long debate on Kars began, and I attended it. Whiteside, an Irish politician of the hottest kind, led the attack on the Ministry, and made a long and able speech. The debate was interesting, but in my opinion showed the weakness of government by party. The real culprit was Lord Stratford, who

ought to have been impeached. He deliberately endangered Kars from the most petty jealousy of Williams, who had been appointed without his concurrence. The Opposition failed to defeat the Ministry of Palmerston."

On the 8th May there was a ball at Buckingham Palace, and we may venture to quote an amusing passage from the letter in which Sandwich described this brilliant affair for the benefit of his nieces and nephews. He had been very much embarrassed by the kind action of the Duke of Cambridge, who, as the crowd filed past the Royal daïs, stepped down and heartily shook hands with him. "Now, was not this," he says, "too much? I was quite upset, so I left the ball-room at once, and sought retirement. I wandered through those magnificent rooms, pondering on the mutations of human affairs, and soon I found a quiet room where I was all but alone. I had unwittingly got into a sort of Royal *sanctum sanctorum*. I was awakened from my reverie by the rustle of silks and the soft tread of feet. I turned round and saw some gold-covered chamberlains, with white wands in their hands, coming through the doors, and I caught a glimpse of Prince Albert leading a lady, and preceded by these Royal messengers. I turned to run, to hide myself behind the curtains, to jump out of windows. It was of no avail. I dared not turn my back, so I walked rapidly backwards, hoping to escape. But Albert's eye had caught sight of me, and I at once received a summons. I advanced. The whole party stopped.

The Prince said, 'Dr. Sandwith, I am very glad to have found you. I wish to present you to H.R.H. the Duchess of Cambridge, who desires to make your acquaintance.' I bowed profoundly, muttering 'flattered,' 'Royal Highness,' etc., and the Duchess said a number of pretty things.

"*May 12th.*—About this time, when coming home one afternoon, I found on my table a parcel from the Foreign Office, which I opened, and found therein a magnificent snuff-box, the lid encrusted with diamonds of considerable value. This exquisite piece of art is from the Sultan. The world is immensely interested about this time by the trial of Palmer the surgeon, of Rugeley, for the murder of his sporting friend by poison. My uncle at Beverley remarked, 'My nephew Humphry and Palmer divide the world between them.' Palmer was eventually hanged, and I was transported—to the Mauritius!"

At the end of May Sandwith received a letter from Dr. Thomson, Provost of Queen's (now Archbishop of York), saying that he was authorised to offer him the honorary degree of D.C.L. from the University of Oxford, to be conferred at the Commemoration shortly to be held.

It need hardly be said that he appreciated this honour very highly. It was an exceptionally brilliant Commemoration. A large number of degrees were conferred, the principal recipients being the Crown Prince of Prussia, Admirals Lyons and Dundas, some of the Crimean Generals, and the Turkish Ambassador

Musurus Bey. It is said by those who were present that Sandwich's reception by the undergraduates, who thronged the gallery, was the most clamorously cordial of all. It is a strange instance of the irony of fortune to note that at the moment when he was going through this brilliant ceremony, his favourite niece, a young girl of seventeen, who during the few months of his stay in England had succeeded in winding herself round his heart, was lying dead of fever at her home on Lavender Hill.

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## CHAPTER XI.

### THE EMBASSY TO MOSCOW.

DURING the month of June, a few weeks after the signature of Peace, Sandwich was told by Delane, whom he met in the street, that he had something important to communicate. The news was that Lord Granville had been appointed Ambassador Extraordinary for the purpose of attending the coronation of the Emperor Alexander II., and that he wished Delane to inquire whether Sandwich would be willing to join this Embassy as physician. It was a very flattering offer, and one which Sandwich, though he had particular reasons for wishing to stay in London, was easily persuaded to accept. The Embassy was to start in about six weeks, and during the interval Sandwich accompanied Lord Granville, whose health was not good, to Carlsbad,

passing through Paris, and there seeing a good deal of high Imperialist and Legitimist society, and spending a part of every evening at the theatre.

It was on July 28th that the members of the Special Embassy, including Lord Dalkeith, Mr. G. Leveson Gower, Mr. Villiers Lister, Sir Robert Peel, and many others, assembled at the Lord Warden Hotel at Dover, the Ambassador himself and Lady Granville intending to join them at Hamburg. The voyage was uneventful, and on most evenings the sea was calm enough to allow of a good deal of festivity. Sandwith records a conversation which he had with Sir Robert Peel, to the effect "that the Russians were bitterly averse to giving up the Isle of Serpents at the mouth of the Danube, and consequently Lord Clarendon had been writing in a very stern manner. Lord Granville, it seems, anticipates some difficulties in his mission, and tells us it is incumbent on all the members of his suite to be careful in their conversation, and not to show any want of cordiality towards the French.

*"Friday, August 8th, 10 a.m.*—We anchor off Cronstadt, and, hoisting the Russian flag at the fore, we fire a salute of twenty-one guns. The party then embarks on a small steamer, and, threading the maze of formidable batteries, in due time reaches the Neva and enters St. Petersburg.

"On Sunday I accompanied Sir Robert Peel to the Winter Palace. I was chiefly charmed by the pictures and the Crown Jewels; but Lord Ward, who is

quite a *connoisseur*, tells me that the French Crown Jewels beat them.

“On Monday Sir Robert Peel goes over the Hermitage, where a Russian tells him that the fine Greek antiquities were removed thence as early as 1851 in anticipation of war.”

The party spent some time in St Petersburg, seeing the sights, and being introduced to the Emperor and various Imperial Highnesses; and on the 18th August they started for Moscow, travelling in great state, and being received at the railway station by a string of magnificent carriages. It need not be said that Sandwich's Oriental fancy was captivated by the Kremlin, and by the various Circassian, Mingrelian, and Tartar soldiers who at that moment were scattered in numbers about the streets.

“*August 25th.*—Nine of us go to the Kremlin in uniform to be presented to the two Grand Dukes. On arriving at the Palace we were received by a general officer, and kept waiting some time in an ante-room, after which the Ambassador is sent for, and presently he returns with the two Grand Dukes. Constantine appears to be a very lively, active man, with much less Imperial dignity about him than the Czar himself. His brother, too, is lively and agreeable. They both showed warlike tastes by talking almost exclusively with those who wore orders, and passing with a bow those who did not.”

It is worth while to extract the whole of Sandwich's account of the entry of the Emperor into Moscow, which

may be compared with some of the incidents in the coronation of the present Emperor, about which so much was written a year ago.

“*August 29th.*—The day of Alexander’s entry into Moscow. All the Diplomatic corps are invited to the Princess Kotzebey’s house to see the procession. About one o’clock five of Earl Granville’s carriages drive up to our door, where we are waiting in full diplomatic uniform. The first carriage is strictly English. It is drawn by four English bay horses, with silver harness, with a postboy dressed to perfection, with black velvet cap, white wig, red embroidered jacket, buckskin breeches, etc. The coachman, with three-cornered hat, white wig, and gorgeous livery, recalled the splendour of another age. Behind were two tall footmen and a chasseur. The carriage itself was remarkable for quiet elegance. Lord and Lady Granville, Sir J. Acton, and F. Leveson-Gower, got into this. For the rest of the suite were three other carriages, each with four horses, and each in first-rate Russian style, which is not as showy as the English, but very elegant. We drove to the house of Princess Kotzebey, and when we reached the street through which the Emperor was to pass we found it lined with troops and crowded with people.

“Before we alighted we met the carriage of Count Morny, the French Ambassador. It is preceded by an outrider, and is drawn by six horses, with postilion and footman. Two or three other carriages follow, each drawn by two horses. The military *attachés* are on horseback,

and ride at the carriage door. We presently alight at Mme. Kotzebey's, and are ushered into a suite of rooms where the representatives of nearly every Power, great and small, are assembled. Presently we hear the distant sound of cannon, and then the bells of all the churches begin to ring. Some horsemen next gallop down the line, the word of command rings out to present arms, and then the first of the *cortège* appears. The first troops that pass are Asiatics. A regiment of Circassians, dressed in crimson cloth and armed in their own peculiar way; next a troop of Circassians in full chain armour, with bows and arrows, as well as swords, daggers, and pistols; then come some Mingrelians, with their singular head-dress, viz., a flat piece of embroidered cloth; after these a troop of Armenians, armed, mounted, and dressed after the fashion of Northern Persia; then Moslem Karapapaks; then a few Kurds, with gaily-embroidered costumes and monstrous turbans; then follow the men of Daghestan, and varieties of Tcherkess, and two or three Mongolians appear to exhaust the specimens of the Czar's Asiatic subjects. After these came troops of the Imperial Guard, in shining armour, like our own Life Guards; then a succession of gilded carriages, drawn by eight or six horses, and led by footmen, containing the officers of the household. The coachmen, the vehicles themselves, the footmen, outriders and all, seem to have belonged to the age of Louis XIV., and to have been resuscitated for the occasion. The procession of gilded and painted glass coaches seemed interminable, and it

was from time to time broken by regiments and squadrons of infantry and cavalry. When about two-thirds of the carriages had passed, the Emperor himself appeared in a military uniform, wearing several military orders, and riding a beautiful charger, at the head of a numerous staff of general officers. He was followed by two boys, his sons, apparently about 12 or 13 years old. When he came opposite to a church he stopped, uncovered his head and received the blessing of the priest. There was a good deal of cheering amongst the people when he appeared, but nothing like the enthusiastic shouts of the English people. Shortly after the Emperor had passed, another *cortège* appeared of magnificent gilded carriages, in which were the Empress and her child, the maids of honour, and then the Empress-mother and her suite.

“The whole procession occupied about an hour in passing, and was certainly the most gorgeous spectacle of the kind I had ever seen. The only thing approaching to it was the coronation of the Queen of England.

“*August 30th.*—Festivities are at their height. Many of our *attachés* go to a review. I am engaged in making and returning calls. I call on Mr. W. H. Russell, the correspondent of the *Times*, and on Mr. Murphy, correspondent of the *Daily News*. The latter tells me that he has no chance against his rival, Mr. Russell, as all the Russians believe the latter to be Lord John Russell.

“*September 2nd.*—I am presented to the Prince of Prussia. His manners are charming, as I had decided

in my own mind before he came up to me, and as soon as he heard who I was shook me warmly by the hand, saying that he had been made a doctor at Oxford on the same day as myself.

“*September 4th.*—The Austrians hold a *levée* which we attend. There is scarcely any one there, and we learn that the Russians have taken this opportunity for showing their contempt and dislike of their neighbours. The Ambassador, Prince Esterhazy, is a charming old man, admirably qualified for a conciliatory embassy, but his temper and dignity must have been sorely tried by the affronts offered by the Russians. Assuredly, from a Russian point of view, Austria had behaved with the blackest ingratitude. In 1848-9 Russia had come to her aid when she was in the direst straits, when even Vienna was threatened by insurgent Hungary; and Austria had been dragged by Russian aid from the morass of despair. Then came the great war, and Austria, instead of aiding Russia, preserved an armed and semi-hostile neutrality, which kept 100,000 men of the Russian forces inactive, and, moreover, obliged the Czar to evacuate Bulgaria and Wallachia. So great was the exasperation of Russia that the wonder was that any embassy should be sent from Vienna, or that a nobleman of high standing could be found to endure the treatment accorded to him as ambassador.”

Sandwich's account of the coronation itself is as follows:—

“*Sunday, September 7th.*—A beautiful morning. We are all up and dressed in full uniform at an early hour.

We then proceed in carriages to the French Ambassador's, where most of the *corps diplomatique* assemble. We do not alight, but joining the string of carriages we proceed slowly along through vast crowds to the Kremlin, where we descend at the gate of the Cathedral of the Assumption, where a crowd of people, mostly in uniform, is assembled. Walking through the files of troops we enter the Cathedral—a small place, covered from top to bottom with quaint Scriptural paintings and gilding. I take my place with the rest of the *corps diplomatique*, and find myself in an excellent position to see the whole ceremony. In the centre of the church between two pillars is a raised dais covered with cloth, and on this are placed two thrones. On the right of these, but at about two yards distance, is a throne for the Empress-mother. This old lady soon enters and takes her seat; she looks very old and haggard, and wears a small crown set with brilliants. Presently several grandees enter bearing cushions of cloth of gold, on which are placed the Imperial Insignia—viz., the Standard of the Empire, the Seal of the Empire, the Sword of State (held by Gortschakoff), the ermine mantles of the Emperor and Empress, the Globe, the Sceptre, the Crown of the Empress, and the Grand Imperial Crown.

“At the entrance of the Cathedral about ten or twelve priests, attired in gorgeous vestments, receive the Emperor and Empress. The assistants and the *Cavaliers de la Cour* carry the train of the Empress. The Emperor is in a cavalry uniform. When their

Majesties enter the Church they each bow to the sacred pictures and kiss them, and perform their little idolatrous ceremonies.

“The Metropolitan of Moscow holds a sacred book before the Emperor, who reads with a loud voice the Profession of the Faith, and then the Empress does the same, after which the Metropolitan exclaims, ‘*Gratia Spiritus Sancti sit semper Tecum. Amen.*’ And he descends from the daïs.

“After the reading of a portion of the Holy Scriptures the Metropolitan mounts the daïs again, when the Emperor takes off from his neck the ordinary collar of the Order of St. Andrew, and asks for the collar of diamonds of the same Order and his Imperial mantle, on which, assisted by the Metropolitans and other functionaries, he clothes himself in these, the Metropolitan exclaiming, ‘*In nomine Patris et Filii et Spiritus Sancti. Amen.*’ The Emperor then takes the crown and places it on his head, also the globe and sceptre. He then calls the Empress, who kneels before him, on which he takes off his crown and places it for a moment on her head, and then replaces it on his own. The Empress is then crowned with a small crown and clothed with an Imperial mantle, but during some of the subsequent ceremonies the crown falls from her head. The superstitious Russians, I fancied, seemed to shudder at this ominous accident.

“A tremendous peal of bells from all the churches and loud salutes of artillery proclaim the consummation of the ceremony, which, however, is followed by a long and very

tedious alternation of reading and praying. At a certain pause in the reading the aged and infirm Empress-mother totters up to her son, convulsively throws her arms round his neck, and kisses him with passionate fervour. A tremor of emotion communicates itself to all who see this touch of nature. After this each member of the Imperial family, including the nephews and cousins, come forward, and first bowing to the Emperor kiss him on the breast, he kissing them on the forehead. After about four hours of these ceremonies the Imperial *cortège* departs, and we are relieved from the constant standing posture which had become irksome.

“On emerging into the outer court of the Kremlin a most curious scene presented itself in the immense mass of spectators that filled every available spot of ground. We presently repaired to a very ancient room of the Kremlin, where we were regaled with a good luncheon. This was the ancient dining-room of the Czars, crowded with the *corps diplomatique*. After the feast we went into one of the state rooms, and the Emperor and Empress dined in public.”

Four days afterwards a little incident happened which is worth relating.

“Sept. 11/*th*.—We all go in uniform to congratulate the Emperor on his birthday. I observed that he was particularly polite to the French, and spoke a few words to each member of that Embassy, and to nearly all the other foreigners except the Turks, whom he seemed to snub. When Lord Granville came before him they

conversed earnestly for some time, the Emperor seeming to be warm. The Ambassador retired; we then each passed before His Majesty and bowed, but he spoke to none of us. A whisper passed round that something unpleasant had occurred, and that was all I heard for some days, when Lord Granville told me that no sooner did he present himself to the Emperor than the latter began in a very unpleasant and upbraiding manner to express his great dissatisfaction at the tone of the British Government relative to the Isle of Serpents. Lord Granville, taken by surprise by this unreasonable rebuke on such an occasion, did little more than bow and retire, but he went immediately to the Minister for Foreign Affairs, Orloff, and told him what had happened, adding that he, the Ambassador, had come on a congratulatory Embassy, and was quite unprepared for such a reception, but that he was now thinking of leaving the country at once, as the Emperor had placed him in a false position. He added that he awaited some explanations on the subject. On this being represented to His Majesty, he made the *amende* in a most magnanimous way, complimenting Lord Granville, and afterwards calling personally on Lady Granville, and with all the Imperial family attending the English ball."

This last-named entertainment followed on the 23rd., and was a magnificent affair, a large temporary ball-room having been constructed, and over a thousand invitations issued.

"*Sept. 27th.*—Lord Wodehouse is the permanent English Minister here, and I see a good deal of him.

He told me to-day that the English and Russians had during the war made an agreement not to carry on hostilities on their American frontier, thereby avoiding a murderous scalping war between the savage tribes.

“*Sept. 28th.*—I was called to see Colonel Colt, of revolver fame, who was suffering from a severe attack of gout. He told me he was fond of champagne, and to ensure having it good he always carried a large quantity about with him wherever he went, which fully accounted for his gout.

“*Sept. 29th.*—This is the anniversary of our glorious victory at Kars, a year ago, and I cannot refrain from the obvious reflections which the day suggests. How different is my own position, some hopes more than realised, and others disappointed. Strange, too, that then I should have been one of a starving garrison, engaged in a deadly struggle with the Russians, and now in the midst of luxury and splendour, the guest of those former enemies.”

The Embassy left Moscow on the 1st October, and Sandwith arrived in England in due course, crossing from Hamburg to Hull, and spending some time in visiting old Yorkshire acquaintances. He passed the autumn and the early part of the winter in visits and in lecturing in many of the great towns. While waiting for the opening in the public service, which had been more than half promised him, he had several opportunities of taking up his old profession. For example, the celebrated Dr. Simpson of Edinburgh offered to take him as a kind of assistant, which would,

of course, have been professionally an excellent opening. But as has been already said, Sandwith felt a real disinclination for the calling of a doctor, the truth, perhaps, being that he felt his own inability to grapple with the higher scientific problems which it presented, while the ordinary routine did not interest him. In military surgery, indeed, he always took a keen interest; and in the later years of his life a declaration of war was a summons to him to bear his help towards the organisation of the hospitals and the care of the wounded. But he declined Dr. Simpson's offer, as he had in the summer before declined the suggestions of more than one leading London physician that he should practise in town.

Since General Williams's return from his captivity in Russia, Sandwith and he had seen but little of one another, and, indeed, the General's manner when they did meet was not such as to encourage very close intercourse. The truth is that he, who, though an excellent officer, was not the wisest of men, was a little put out by Sandwith's success, and took it unkindly that his subordinate should have reaped the first-fruits of the popular enthusiasm for the defenders of Kars, while he (Williams) should only come in for the second growth. As Sandwith had a real regard for Williams, it was true wisdom on his part to keep as much as possible out of the General's way, and to trust to time to bring back normal relations between them. During the autumn he had ample proofs that this had been the prudent course, for Williams's ill-humour had passed by,

and he was as friendly as could be. Still, as Sandwith confesses, his mortal fear was that the General should intervene in his behalf with the Government, and ask for some post for him, which he very well knew would be a post inferior to what he thought he deserved, and to what Lord Clarendon had given him grounds for expecting. As to Williams himself, he was, to say the least of it, not making way in public estimation, for it was about this time that he embarked upon a bitter controversy in the *Times* with Colonel Simmons, *à propos* of Omer Pasha's disastrous campaign in Mingrelia; and in this controversy Williams, though his case was extremely strong, spoilt it by the violence and bitterness of his language. The antipathy between the two officers was of the most intense kind and of old standing, but it is hardly worth while at this distance of time to revive a quarrel which was creditable to neither.

About this time fresh troubles were brewing in the East, in consequence of the action of Persia, and Sandwith turned his knowledge of Eastern life to good account. "The offences of Persia," he writes, "had culminated in overt acts of insolence to Mr. Murray, our Ambassador, who had retired to Bagdad, hauling down his flag, and England had declared war. The fall of Kars was the cause of this difficulty. It had decided Persia to listen to the counsels of Russia, and take the part of the supposed stronger power. Unfortunately for Persia, luckily for ourselves, we had already made peace, and Russia was so much in need of rest that she could do nothing in Persia's favour, so the latter was left

face to face with England. The vain and vapouring courtiers of Teheran began already to parcel out India among themselves, and to govern it by anticipation. Of course, the London newspapers were full of the proposed war. No one knew anything about Persia, and various were the surmises as to her strength, &c. I saw in the *Morning Post* that England was about to raise irregular cavalry in Turkey for service in Persia. I was with Skene at the time, talking over the matter, and presently I sat down, and with his aid drew up a paper on the employment of irregular cavalry in Persia. As I was not intimately acquainted with Mr. Vernon Smith, our Minister of War, I sent my paper to Lord Granville, asking him to forward it to the proper quarter if he thought it worth anything. He at once forwarded it to the Minister of War. Some weeks before I had written to this Minister, asking him for a commission for a nephew, and I had received a dry refusal from his private secretary. A few days after the despatch of my paper I received a private letter from him, saying that he had been much interested in the perusal of it, and asking me to visit him at Farming-woods, near Thrapstone. In this charming and quaint old house I found a pleasant party assembled, and after breakfast on the first morning I retired with Mr. Vernon Smith into his study to talk over the irregular cavalry question. He complimented me highly on my paper, and asked me numerous questions concerning officers, &c. In answering one of these questions concerning the professional character of an officer, I quoted Sir Henry Rawlinson. 'Oh,' said

Mr. Vernon Smith, 'I think nothing of his opinion; Rawlinson can never say a good-natured thing of anyone,' which I thought a fair judgment. At the close of our conference the Minister referred to my former note asking for an appointment for my nephew. He now gave me my choice of engineers, artillery, cavalry, or infantry."

At the end of the month Sandwith paid his first visit since his return to his native town of Bridlington, and lectured to the inhabitants, his reception being of the most affecting kind. On returning to town he found society much excited in consequence of a speech of Sir Robert Peel, a lecture delivered at Taunton on the late Russian Embassy. It was regarded as a singularly indiscreet performance, and it gave universal offence at home and abroad, though, as the language was of the most ultra-vernacular kind, the foreign newspapers found it most difficult to translate. "I met Lord Granville," says Sandwith, "at the Athenæum, and found him much distressed. He told me that he had always had great misgivings about taking Sir Robert Peel with him, but Sir Robert had pressed him, and as he was a man of great political influence, and the inheritor of a great name, he had reluctantly yielded."

In January, 1857, after exactly a year of the busy idleness of society and the hard work of literature and lectures, the wished-for appointment came in sight. While on a visit to Mr. Raikes Currie at Hythe, his host told him that he heard confidentially that the post of Chief Secretary of the Ionian Islands was about to be

vacant, and advised him to apply for it. It was a post of considerable importance, and that Sandwith should aspire to it was thought by some to be presumptuous on his part, but this was not the opinion of those in power. Lord Granville forwarded his application, and Mr. Labouchere, the Secretary for the Colonies, in answering the letter, declared that it had always been his intention, if the place at Corfu became vacant, to offer it to Sandwith. At present it was not certain whether Sir George Bowen, who then held the post, would accept an offer made him elsewhere, so that nothing was for the moment decided. How the appointment struck Sandwith and his old friend General Williams he has himself told us, and the passage is perhaps worth quotation. "This was dazzling; here at last was I landed in a permanent appointment, and that of a highly honourable kind. The position and the rank were far beyond my most sanguine hopes of a year ago; and I could not but reflect that two years before I was almost a penniless adventurer, glad to take the uncertain and precarious appointment of a surgeoncy to the Bashi-Bazouks. I was profoundly happy, and of course sat down at once to write a letter of thanks to the Minister.

"For many months past my dread had been General Williams. He had entirely recovered his good nature towards me. He had, indeed, indirectly apologised for his previous coolness, and now he wanted to make up for past grievances by rendering me a substantial service, in other words, to get me an appointment. His fixed idea was some petty Consulate, which indeed I should

have jumped at a few months before. On one occasion when I called upon him he broached this subject, and offered to ask for a Consulate for me. I trembled at the thought, and said, 'Well, really General, you see it is no easy matter to get any sort of appointment, and I find I have gained a good deal of notoriety, so perhaps I had better try to obtain a good private practice in London.' The General cordially approved of this plan, which he thought by far the wisest course, so I left him completely harmless. He was glad to be relieved of the task of asking for an appointment for me, as he had several other people to provide for.

"After the receipt of Mr. Labouchere's letter, my position was changed; so I again called on Sir Fenwick Williams. He received me with great cordiality. 'Well, Sandwith, how are you getting on? Have you any patients yet, eh?' 'Well, you see, General, getting into a practice is a very slow and troublesome business; so I reconsidered my plans, and thought perhaps a really pleasant appointment might be better, so I just asked for the post of Chief Secretary of the Ionian Islands, and they gave it me at once.'

"The General was fairly stunned. Had I announced my appointment as Governor-General of India he could scarcely have been more so. There was, however, no bad blood in that honest nature. He congratulated me frankly and sincerely, and it was obvious that I had risen in his estimation."

It turned out that Sir George Bowen preferred, after all, to remain in the Ionian Islands, and Sandwith was

offered the post which had been intended for him, viz., that of Colonial Secretary, or First Minister, to the Mauritius; a post, as Mr. Labouchere described it, of far higher political importance, and of greater emolument than the other, but hampered by the unfavourable conditions of distance, loneliness, and a tropical climate. It was not, however, a post that could be declined, and after some further negotiations he was gazetted to Mauritius, on the 25th February, 1857. It may be added that after his arrival in the Island, Sir George Bowen again wished to change, and Sandwith would have been very willing to gratify him; but the Government itself had changed in the meantime, a new Ministry was in power, and when Sir George Bowen ultimately left the Ionian Islands his place was given, not to Sandwith, but to the Minister's private secretary, Mr., now Sir Henry, Drummond Wolff.

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## CHAPTER XII.

### MAURITIUS: MARRIAGE, AND THE EAST.

ARRIVING in Mauritius after a stormy voyage, Sandwith found himself not only amid physical surroundings that were wholly new and strange to him, but in a position like nothing that he had known before. The Colonial Secretary of a Crown Colony is really the Prime Minister, having the initiative under the Governor—

who may or may not be a man of activity—in all legislative and administrative measures that concern the welfare of the people. For such a post it might be thought that official experience was indispensable, and yet here was a man placed in it who, so to speak, had never been inside a public office in his life; who knew absolutely nothing about the machinery of administration, and who had nothing but his mother-wit to help him in the decision of questions, however complicated and however important. That he succeeded as well as he did was greatly to his credit, though it may be remarked that he had the advantage of serving under a first-rate Governor, Mr. Stevenson, and of being helped by the Assistant Colonial Secretary, Mr. Cummins, whom he himself describes as one of the gentlest, best, and most unselfish of men, and whose “coaching” in all official details he found most valuable. But with all this help, he felt his official labours irksome, and during his stay in the Mauritius he could seldom escape from the nervous depression which, as all agree who have long resided there, is almost epidemic in that hot, damp, and ungenial island.

At the same time there were numerous distractions; the society of the island was hospitable, and everybody tried to make the life of the new Colonial Secretary as agreeable as might be. He was charmed to meet again his old friend Garreau, who, as may be remembered, had lived with him as a medical student in London, and to whom, in point of fact, Sandwith owed his admirable colloquial knowledge of French. “Garreau,”

he writes, "had seen my name, and had heard that a Dr. Sandwith was appointed Colonial Secretary, but he did not identify him with his old chum, the positions of medical student and Colonial Secretary seeming to be too incongruous. I went to his house and met him at the door; he knew me at once, rushed into my arms, and gave me a violent kissing."

Then there were pic-nics in the magnificent scenery of the Mauritian Mountains, and the usual dinners and balls with which Europeans solace themselves in the tropics. There was a theatre to which any one might go who could stand the temperature of an oven. There was also a certain amount of sport; and in later life Sandwith used to talk of the *chasse* of the deer in Mauritius as among the most interesting diversions of the kind which he had ever known. He had, moreover, numerous correspondents in England, letters to and from whom occupied much of his leisure. One of these was Delane, to whom Sandwith wrote giving him an account of the system of immigration, the indentures of Coolies, &c. "He took my letters," writes Sandwith, "as texts for certain leading articles which he sent me. These, as might have been expected, gave dire offence to the coloured people of the island, and were answered in their organ. Fortunately, I was not suspected of being the private correspondent of the *Times*, otherwise my position would have been made unendurable."

The official work of the island was regular, and in that climate it was a considerable tax upon a man's strength. We need not dwell upon the ordinary details

of it, but one incident at least has historical interest, and may be told in Sandwith's words :—

“About this time we heard of the great Indian Mutiny. It did not break upon us all at once, but bit by bit. While I was in the Red Sea, or shortly afterwards, I read a paragraph in some paper to the effect that the natives were passing little unleavened cakes from hand to hand across the country in a manner to render the authorities uneasy ; and now we heard that regiments here and there had mutinied, and that great fears were entertained for the remainder.

“On the night of July 19, 1857, a steamer was signalled to windward of the island. Next morning I was summoned early to attend an Executive Council. It was composed of the Governor, the Commander of the troops, myself, the Procureur-Général, and the Secretary of the Council. The Governor reads us a dispatch from the Government of India, asking for all the troops we can spare, as the whole native army of India is in revolt, excepting the troops of Madras and Bombay, which Presidencies are in a doubtful state. A long list of regiments in revolt or disarmed is shown us.

“A short discussion takes place. Old General Hay naturally does not seem to like to part with his troops, and talks of the danger the colony will be in with so large a population of Indians. I combat this view, pointing out that the Indian coolies are unarmed and peaceably disposed ; that they feel themselves strangers in a distant land, and have whites, negroes, and mulattoes

to counteract them ; moreover, I urge that at such a crisis we should be prepared to sacrifice ourselves and the island rather than run the risk of losing India. We decide to almost strip the island of troops, and so we send off the 33rd Regiment, with a company of artillery.

“As time went by the news from India grew worse and worse. It was a great satisfaction to us to hear in September that our Mauritian contingent had just arrived in Bombay in the very nick of time. It was said that a mutiny would have broken out there within a few hours, but when a large steamer, filled with red-coats, entered the harbour, the would-be mutineers were cowed and all was quiet. The stripping of our island of troops seems to have given much uneasiness to the French part of the population, for M. Delisle, Governor of Réunion, wrote a confidential letter to the Governor, which he showed me, offering him the command of a contingent of French troops, in case he should see fit to avail himself of them. This offer was declined with due thanks.”

One of the most interesting events of Sandwich's residence in Mauritius was his securing for the British Museum an animal of which no complete example existed in any European collection. “Before leaving England,” he writes, “I had asked Professor Owen if I could procure for him anything in the way of zoology in the Indian Ocean. He immediately told me of several remarkable things that were wanted, first and foremost some of the bones of the extinct bird the Dodo, whose habitat was exclusively Mauritius. He thought that

some of the bones might be found near the ruins of old towns or villages. Then he told me that there was a nocturnal animal in Madagascar called the Aye-aye, some fragments of which had been procured by Cuvier, which were in the Museum in Paris, no complete specimen being known to science." The animal is a variety of the Lemur, and is altogether a most curious and exceptional creature. It lives principally on a kind of beetle which burrows into the hard timber of the Madagascar forests, and its structure is wonderfully adapted for this task. Its teeth are of chisel form, its ears are singularly acute, and allow it to hear the scratching of the beetle in the wood, while, from the middle of the fore foot or hand there springs a long crooked middle finger which the creature uses for the purpose of hooking out its prey. By great good fortune Sandwith was able to procure from some sailors trading with Madagascar a living specimen of this very rare and interesting animal, and the delight of Professor Owen on hearing of the capture may well be imagined. In an enthusiastic mood he wrote off to Sandwith, saying, "Since posting my letter to you, written last week, I have had the great pleasure of receiving yours of January 27th with the best and most graphic account of the habits of a rare animal I ever perused. It is worthy of Buffon. The proof," he adds, "of the accuracy of your views of the Lemurine affinity of the Aye-aye will come out of the thorough anatomy of the animal, to which I shall be glad to devote myself this autumn. They are so reckless on board ship that if the

poor beast should perish *en voyage*, ten to one it will be thrown overboard or skinned, or at best so preserved in a rum keg as to spoil the brain and much of the most instructive anatomy. Have you your old anatomical injecting syringe and pipe? Have you tallow and fine vermilion? Could you quietly chloroform the rarity into a better world, and then put the nozzle of the pipe into the aorta and inject him?" Then, after a few more instructions, the Professor adds, "I think the Aye-aye would then be in a state for a monograph dedicated by R. O. to H. S., which would supply a want long and deeply felt by every philosophical zoologist in Europe. If the council of the Zoological Society should know what I have been recommending I should be howled out of the society. The having the power to say that a living Aye-aye had been shown or was to be seen in the gardens is a supreme point with them. If it were pretty certain that the Aye-aye would be cared for during the voyage, doubtless it is a great point to have one alive. It is a greater matter to have its anatomy secured for the scientific world." Sandwich followed this advice, and the animal duly arrived at the British Museum in a keg of spirits. The result was the well-known "Monograph on the Aye-aye," by Professor Owen, and the creature itself is now, we believe, to be seen at South Kensington.

The negotiations for an exchange to Corfu were renewed in the spring of 1859, but, as we have already mentioned, they came to nothing; and in the September of that year Sandwich quitted Mauritius on leave of

absence, in the hope, which was fulfilled, that he would never return. "I shall never forget," he writes, "the joyful feeling I experienced on arriving at Cairo. I felt quite at home once more, and should have been content to remain in Egypt for the rest of my life had a place been ready for me. I had never, strange to say, suffered from nostalgia while in Turkey, but in Mauritius I had the complaint very grievously." On arriving in London he took up his old quarters in Duke Street, St. James's, and once more entered, though with somewhat greater moderation than of old, the round of English social life. One of the chief of his new acquaintances was Thackeray, with whom he became rather intimate. "He told me," writes Sandwith, "that the mother of Pendennis was painted from his own mother, and that the rides of young Pendennis to and fro to see his boyish love were his own youthful rides when he lived in the neighbourhood of Exeter. He told me that the original of Becky Sharp lived in his neighbourhood. He mentioned also the original of the romantic Miss Amory, and related how he once travelled with her in a railway carriage, and cut his finger. She tore what was apparently a costly *cambric* pocket-handkerchief, and exclaimed, 'See what I have sacrificed for you!'—but he detected her hiding the common rag which she had torn. Thackeray told me that 'Vanity Fair' was rejected by many magazines and publishers before it saw the light."

In the spring of 1860, his leave having been extended by the Duke of Newcastle, who was Secretary for the

Colonies in the new Whig Government, Sandwich became engaged to Miss Lucy Hargreaves, a charming and beautiful girl of a well-known Lancashire family. They were married on May 29th, but before his marriage he had taken a very important, and, as he afterwards thought, mistaken step. "I had intended," he writes, "to return to Mauritius, much as I disliked the place, but from the beginning of March I unluckily found that my health was failing, and my medical adviser told me that if I returned to a tropical climate I should probably die rapidly. I determined therefore to resign, and after a year or two ask for another post. Herein I made a huge blunder. I ought to have held on to my post by my teeth. The Duke of Newcastle told me that they would be only too delighted to give me further employment; but he died, and 'another king arose who knew not Joseph.' After years of applications and ante-chambering I gave up the pursuit in disgust."

In July the newly-wedded couple started for a long tour abroad, and Sandwich derived great benefit from the baths of Aix. "At Turin," he says, "I called on our Minister, Sir James Hudson, who had aided materially in the unification of Italy. I thought I had never seen him before, but he showed me a scarred and mutilated hand, and told me that my father, thirty years before, had saved it from amputation. While young Hudson was shooting at Bessingby, near Bridlington, a gun had burst and shattered the hand, and the local surgeons proposed to amputate it, but the young man's father objected to anything being done

until young Sandwith, my father, had seen the patient. He took upon himself the responsibility of not amputating the limb. I well remembered as a child of seven seeing the dressing of the hand, which made a great impression on me." It is curious to note on the same page of the diary the following extract :—" On the 26th June I heard that Turkuri, the young Hungarian officer who, under Garibaldi, led the chief assault on Palermo, is buried there with great pomp and amidst the tears of the population. He was a fine young Hungarian of about thirty, who served with us in Kars, and whose arm I saved about that time from amputation." Like his father, Sandwith was very much averse to extreme measures in surgery, and those who knew him at a later date will remember how he used to tell of his frequent interference, during the Servian and Russo-Turkish campaigns, with the rash proceedings of hasty and amateur surgeons anxious to distinguish themselves at the expense of the limbs of their patients.\*

A winter on the Nile set Sandwith up in health, and in the spring he found himself, to his great satisfaction, able to fulfil an old dream, and to take his bride for a tour into the genuine East. It was but a few months since the dreadful massacres of the Lebanon and of Damascus had taken place ; and though Lord Dufferin was established as British Commissioner at Beyrout it required no little determination for an English couple to visit Damascus. Lord Dufferin, however, who received them very kindly, did not discourage them, and they

\* For a notable case of this kind see p. 225.

pushed on. "While at Beyrout," he writes, "I renewed my acquaintance (a slight one) with the notorious Risk Allah Bey, whose career in Europe was, to say the least, remarkable. Originally a servant, but being a handsome, clever fellow, with caressing manners, he had married an Englishwoman with money. She had a bastard son, to whom she left her money, and if he died her husband was to have it. She died, and then, just before the son came of age, he was found shot, apparently by his own hand, in his room at Brussels. Suspicion was so strong against Risk Allah that he was tried for his life, but nothing could be proved against him, and he was acquitted.

"At Beyrout also I saw Tahir Pasha, an Erzeroum acquaintance, one of the most guilty of the Turkish officers concerned in the massacres of the Lebanon. He was educated at Woolwich, and spoke English very well. At Erzeroum he had won the heart of General Williams, who had him raised to the rank of Ferik. He was at bottom a genuine Turk, with nothing but a varnish of civilisation, for he aided and abetted his troops in the perpetration of some of the most horrible atrocities.

"Admiral Munday commanded the British squadron lying off the Syrian coast. I called on him, and he gave me a most interesting account of the armistice at Palermo last year. He told me that Garibaldi, when discussing the terms of it in his cabin with the Neapolitan officers, was most arrogant in his claims, and for two hours fought inch by inch for even the most unimportant items, and when refused any point talked

of driving the king's army into the sea. All this time he was actually at the mercy of the Royalists, had they but known the fact that he was in want of powder, and had only about seven hundred fighting men to set against 25,000 troops."

They pushed on to Damascus, and emerged from that half-ruined city unharmed, returning thence to Beyrout to embark for Rhodes and Constantinople. It may be imagined with what pleasure Sandwith did the honours of the city to his bride, and wandered with her through the scenes amongst which he had spent so many hard but delightful years. It was just about the time when Abdul Medjid died, worn out by debauchery, at the age of thirty-five, and when his brother Abdul Aziz succeeded, amid the congratulations of the official class in England, who pretended to believe that he was humane, courageous, and the virtuous husband of one wife. It was well known to Sandwith and to others at Constantinople that the new Sultan was in every respect as bad as the old one, with the addition of having a much less mild and merciful disposition.

There is little to record of the next few years of Sandwith's life. He returned to England, and, finding London distasteful, took quarters in various parts of the country, first for a while in Berkshire and afterwards in Wales. His main interest from this time forward came to be political, for it was about the end of 1861 that, mainly through his wife's relative, Mr. William Hargreaves, a prominent Lancashire Liberal, he was brought under the influence of Cobden,

and began to give that close attention to English domestic politics which he had till now given exclusively to the affairs of the East. He missed, however, his one really good chance of entering Parliament. Early in 1862 some connections of his, very influential in the borough of Wycombe, proposed to him to come forward for the seat about to be vacated by Sir George Dashwood. There is no doubt that Sandwith would have been elected, and probably without a contest, and had this happened his future life would have been happier and in some respects more useful than was actually the case. Unfortunately, though his income was now ample, he was for the moment slightly in debt, and he declined the honour as being likely to prove too expensive. In after years he always regarded his refusal to stand for Wycombe as a most lamentable mistake—a mistake that he vainly endeavoured to repair in 1868, when he offered himself for Marylebone.

On May 29th, 1862, his first child was born, and was named Catherine Sinclair, after the well-known novelist, for it had been through her introduction in Edinburgh that Sandwith had first met Miss Hargreaves. Four other children followed in due time.

We may mark the beginning of 1863 as the period at which Sandwith definitely began to take sides on the Eastern Question, and to embark upon the course with which during the later years of his life his name was commonly identified. "In the early part of May," he writes, "I heard that some members were about to bring on a debate on Turkey, basing it chiefly on the bombard-

ment of Belgrade. I was asked to assist Mr. Gregory,\* an Irish member, in giving him facts on which to base his arguments, and I called upon him to offer my services. While with him I was introduced to a gentleman of prepossessing appearance and of decidedly Slavonic face. [This was the Senator Philip Christitch, the well-known Servian statesman and diplomatist, who during last year (1883) was Minister in London.] He had been sent on a tour through Europe, in company with the Princess of Servia, with a view to influence public opinion in favour of the Servian cause. I had an interesting conversation with Mr. Gregory, and promised to return, bringing with me documents. Then Mr. Christitch and I went off together in his brougham. I then told him that my eyes had been so opened to the iniquities of Turkish rule that I was determined to devote all my leisure and energies to assist those who were struggling against the horrid bane. The Senator impulsively seized my hand and poured out his thanks, and from that moment we became the best of friends."

We may briefly recall the incident which had brought the dispute between Turkey and her dependency into the acute stage. In the year 1862 Turkey still retained the right of garrisoning certain Servian fortresses, especially that of Belgrade. Not only was the Citadel occupied by Turkish troops—an evil which might have been endured—but the Turks insisted on occupying four of the inner gates of the

\* Now Sir William Gregory, well known for his advocacy of the claims of Arabi and the "Nationalists" in Egypt.

town ; which, as was said in the House of Commons at the time, had as much to do with the fortifications of Belgrade as Temple Bar or Holborn Bars might have had to do with those of London. The presence of these small bodies of soldiers in the midst of a population who detested them, and whom they constantly insulted, was naturally the cause of perpetual irritation ; and accordingly diplomatic efforts were freely made by Servia to induce the Porte to withdraw to the Citadel. The proposals of the Prince of Servia were of course met by the delays which are a proverbial feature of Turkish policy—for the Porte well knows, as the Arab proverb puts it, that “ a Turk on a broken-winded donkey would tire a gazelle to death.” M. Garaschanin, the Servian Envoy, returned to Belgrade, warning Turkey that an outbreak must occur ; and disputes and brawls began to be the order of the day. At last, on June 15, a Servian boy, who had strayed near to a Turkish guardhouse, was caught and beaten to death by two Turkish soldiers ; the Servian gendarmes came to the rescue ; there was a struggle, a furious attack on the guardhouses, and a good deal of bloodshed. At last a truce was made, and the Pasha, the Consuls, and the Servian Prime Minister signed a convention arranging that the offending Turks should be taken out of the guardhouse and handed over to the Pasha. This was done, and it was believed that peace and quiet were restored ; when suddenly, on the morning of the 16th, the Pasha began to bombard the undefended town. At last the Austrian Consul-General made his way into the

Citadel and persuaded the Pasha to stop; while, to prevent the renewal of the bombardment, the French Consul-General pitched his tent on the glacis of the fortress and the English Consul-General (Mr. Longworth) pitched his in front of the Servian barricades. The effects of the act of the Turkish commander were immense. His artillerymen, indeed, made bad practice, and caused little material destruction; but the panic among the inhabitants and among those with whom they had dealings was very great. The imports into the town during the half-year following the bombardment fell one-half. Confidence was destroyed. No man knew whether or when a new bombardment and a wholesale massacre might begin. Turkish ferocity had been let loose for a moment; would it not soon break out again?

“About the 29th May the great debate came off. Mr. Gregory made a splendid speech against Turkish rule, and he was answered by Layard, in his usual style. An amusing incident of the debate referred to me. I had given either Gregory or another speaker a quotation from a Turkish law book, which was very telling as showing how bitterly unbelievers are regarded by the Turks. This quotation was cited, but I had anticipated that Layard would sneer at it, and say that the passage was as misleading as a similar one would be from the laws of Queen Elizabeth against the Catholics, and that in these modern times all was changed, and any sort of persecution was obsolete. I wrote a note to Cobden to this effect, showing that the principles of the book quoted were in full vigour in all the rural

and remote parts of the Empire, and warning him that Layard would use this style of argument. As I had foreseen, so did it happen, and after Layard had spoken Cobden made a very telling reply, and read my letter amid roars of laughter. I fancy Layard never forgave this."

In point of fact, Sandwith was about this time engaged in a private controversy with Layard on Turkish matters. They could never come to an agreement, and fourteen years afterwards, when Lord Beaconsfield appointed Layard to succeed Sir Henry Elliot as Ambassador in Constantinople, and as the chief instrument in carrying out the policy which Sandwith had by that time learned to dislike more and more, the old friendship between the two came to a rather unfortunate end. When political questions are as serious and as far-reaching in their ramifications as was the Eastern Question in 1877, private friendship often unhappily gives way under the strain.

About six months after the birth of his second child Sandwith was adventurous enough to set out, taking family and nurses with him, on a visit to Servia. Christitch found them tolerable apartments in Belgrade. Thence Sandwith and his wife took occasional trips into the interior, and came to conceive a great affection for the simple people of that country. "While at Belgrade," he writes, "we were charmed with the extreme simplicity of the domestic habits of the Servians. Their social condition is absolutely democratic. I was once

walking with Senator Christitch, who had formerly been Prime Minister, and asked him to recommend me a shop where I could buy an umbrella. He at once told me that his brother-in-law had a shop where they sold umbrellas, and we forthwith purchased one there. I found an old tradesman, a Greek, named Hadji Toma, who had three or four daughters, each of them married to a Minister. Most of the latter were the sons of peasants. We engaged a *hausknecht*, and we found that he was an undergraduate of the university, and required certain hours for his classes." In June they went down the Danube, and for a trip into Wallachia; and as they passed the Bulgarian shores they observed vessels being discharged of Circassian refugees who were flying from Russian government. These were the men who had long resisted Russian conquest, and who were now availing themselves of the feeble, inefficient, and dishonest aid of the Turkish authorities to find a refuge in Turkish territory. The world heard enough about these Circassians and their misdeeds twelve years later, but it is interesting to remark that at this very time Sandwith accurately foretold the events of 1876. His autobiography contains a copy of a letter which he wrote from Bulgaria to the *Spectator* newspaper on June 22, 1864. In this letter he first describes the cargoes of Circassians whom he sees being landed, and proceeds: "The most horrible misrule in these Danubian provinces has created a somewhat dangerous discontent amongst the Christians. To cope with this a larger Mussulman element was wanted to play the part of the

Druses in Syria, and these Circassians, burning with hatred to all Christians, come ready to hand; so thousands of them are being turned into Bulgaria amongst the most industrious, long-suffering people in Turkey. . . . *The next Christian massacre will probably be in Bulgaria.*”

In Bucharest Sandwith saw a great deal of the persons who had been mostly concerned in the unsuccessful Servian rising, and heard from Consul-General Green many stories as to the secret manner in which Russian arms had been conveyed across Roumania into Servian territory. It was in the stirring times of Prince Couza, who, having shortly before carried out a successful but bloodless *coup-d'état*, and put down the aristocratic Boyards, was himself soon to lose his power in much the same way. “It was Couza’s fate,” writes Sandwith, “not long afterwards, to suffer himself from a *coup-d'état*, for having become a sort of Dictator, a band of conspirators, of whom the chief was my old friend Prince Ion Ghika, stole into the palace at midnight, and arresting his highness escorted him to the frontier.” The subsequent accession of Prince Charles of Hohenzollern, the present king, is matter of history.

Returning homewards, they spent the summer at the delightful town of Gratz, in Austria, and soon afterwards they settled for some years at Llanrhaiadr Hall, near Denbigh.

Here Sandwith completed a novel of Eastern life, and published it under the title of “The Hekim Bashy; or, the Adventures of Giuseppe Antonelli: a Doctor

in the 'Turkish Service.' The book, which teemed with incidents based on his own observation, made comparatively little impression in England, but it was hailed with delight in Servia and the Christian provinces of Turkey as a forcible exposure of many of the foul abuses of Turkish government. Besides this, amid the usual avocations of a country gentleman, he had plenty of time to take a considerable part, both on the platform and in the press, in the discussion of the political questions which were then dividing England with an intensity that had not been known for many years. It will be remembered that 1865 was the year of the Jamaica riots and their suppression, and 1866 the year of the great Reform agitation. On both these questions Sandwith threw in his lot with the advanced section of the Liberal party. He was a very active member of the Jamaica Committee, and he spoke and wrote copiously and effectively on the question of reform. It was not, however, till the dissolution in the autumn of 1868 that he made any attempt to enter Parliament. When that opportunity came he was urged to offer himself for Marylebone in opposition to the sitting Liberal members—whose conduct was not approved by the more advanced leaders of the party. He came forward with the support of a great number of influential friends, Mr. J. S. Mill and Mr. Goldwin Smith being prominent among them. He made a good fight and polled 5,607 votes; but this was not enough by over 3,000, and thus his only actual attempt to re-enter public life was a failure. But that his later years were not without their

share in works of public usefulness, will be evident from the account of his conduct during the great wars by which those years will always be remembered, as well as from the active part that he took in the strenuous and embittered controversy which surged around the Eastern Question.

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## CHAPTER XIII.

1870—1876.

### THE FRANCO-GERMAN WAR.

At the beginning of 1870 Sandwith had been for some two years established in a pleasant old house near Llandovery, in Carmarthenshire, bearing the strange name of Llwynywormwood Park. It cannot be said that his settlement in this place was altogether a success, for he had much to put up with from the singular backwardness of the society of the neighbourhood, and he was more than usually unlucky in his landlord. Friends of his later years will remember that the eccentricities, and worse, of this worthy—a reverend baronet—were a fruitful subject of conversation with him to the day of his death, and almost took the place of Mesopotamia as a source of entertaining anecdotes. But he found a certain amount of interesting occupation in encouraging and helping to organise the Liberal politicians of South Wales. He frequently lectured, or presided at lectures, on the events of the day. He held social gatherings at his own house of the tenant farmers and Nonconformist

ministers of the region, who were as much surprised on their side, as the neighbouring Tory squires were on theirs, to find it possible for a gentleman who was fond of shooting, and who lived in a big house, to be a consistent Radical in politics. The wildness of the country, and the excellence of the shooting, were delightful to him. When he first inspected the property he was charmed with the solitudes, the stretches of half-cultivated moorland, and the beautiful oak-woods that clothed the spacious hill-sides. "It is as good as Asia Minor," he used to say, and with him that was the highest conceivable term of praise. Generally, during the autumn and winter, he had with him one or two friends who could sympathise with his enthusiasm and enjoy sharing his rambles over the hills, and the writer of these pages for one looks back upon those days as some of the happiest of his life.

But when in July, 1870, the great war broke out between France and Germany, Sandwith felt called to devote himself to other and more serious occupations for a season. The terrible carnage of Wörth and Forbach revealed the fact which every one had foreseen—that even in an army as well organised as that of Germany there was great need of surgical aid for the wounded. Sandwith lost no time in presenting himself before the National Aid Society in London, the Chairman of which was Colonel Loyd-Lindsay, and was by them sent off to the seat of war. The Governor of Mainz readily granted him a pass, and he pushed on at once to Saarbrück by special train; his first experience of that

civilised kind of war where armies are moved about on railways, and where military passes, market-tenders, and such like are the order of the day. The sights which he saw, and the misery which he helped to relieve, were such as to deepen and to strengthen that horror of war which had gradually been growing upon him, and which from this time forward coloured his whole political action. He was most kindly received by the Germans wherever he went, and formed the highest opinion, not only of their purely military qualities, but of their patience and good-nature under difficulties, and of their kindness to the suffering, whether friends or foes. As to his hospital experience, the details of it are too sickening to be printed. Let it suffice to say that he, from morning till night, was ready to echo the words of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe—"Of all the results of war, wounds and diseases are the least questionable." His opinion of the members of his old profession was greatly enhanced by what he saw during this campaign. "There is no professional body of men," he writes, "so nobly disinterested as medical men. Here were men working hard—morning, noon, and night—in the midst of sights and sounds of appalling human agony, and daily and hourly risking their lives from the infection of typhus and the deadly poison of active animal virus from bad wounds. What makes it more surprising is that these hard-working men were not military doctors at all. The military surgeons were hard at work to the front, and these were civil surgeons who had got what they called a holiday, which they were spending in the hos-

pitals, thus doing an immense service to their country.” He speaks in like terms of the Sisters of Mercy. “I could not but be struck with the gentle devotion of the Sisters of Mercy as they tended the wounded. They lived incessantly in the hospitals, they washed and dressed the foulest wounds, they soothed the dying men with the softest, most unobtrusive, and most efficient attentions. These dear Sisters of Mercy are the very salt of the earth.

“I visited the various field hospitals of Metz, and procured for them sundry necessities from the stores of the National Society of London. Amongst many new friends I made at Saarbrück was a young adventurous English clergyman, bent upon seeing something of the war, but unable to get to the front on account of being nothing official. I offered him the post of my private secretary—a handsome appointment—the duties of which were to copy my letters, to keep my accounts, to cook for me when necessary, to wash up the things, to arrange the straw and blankets for our beds, and to make himself generally useful. He was to have no pay, but to defray his own expenses! Mr. Reginald Gatty, my new friend, eagerly accepted the appointment, and performed its duties with all the eagerness of one not many years from Eton. Poor fellow, he was eventually taken violently ill at a remote village near Metz, and I had to convey him to the railway station at Courcelles. When he left me I went on to Pont-à-Mousson.

“At Pont-à-Mousson I heard that an American had

arrived famous for disinfecting towns and hospitals, and that he was about to disinfect this town, which in truth sadly needed it. I was anxious to see the American, and to learn some new chemical facts from him. I heard that he was to attend a sort of sanitary meeting at the house of one of the chief Prussian authorities, to which I had been previously invited. I rejoiced at this, and was punctual in my attendance. There were sundry counts and barons there, members of the Order of St. John, who were supplying the hospitals and making themselves useful. I asked my friend, Baron Ompteda, when the American gentleman was to arrive. He asked the president, and he looked at me, and there ensued some conversation which ended in general laughter. It appears that the supposed American was no other than myself. I had disinfected Saarbrück to a certain extent, and so had made my reputation, but why I was considered an American I cannot tell. I very soon had the municipality of Pont-à-Mousson assembled, and proposed the same work there, and in a few days many labourers were busy cleaning the town, white-washing the buildings, and doing something towards checking the typhus that was raging in the military hospitals; but my means were very limited, or I could have saved hundreds of lives.

“While I was at Pont-à-Mousson, vexed to see how little could be done, a doctor just arrived from England told me that the Society had raised above £100,000. I at once posted off to London and found it true, and found, moreover, that the Committee were fumbling

about in the most imbecile manner. Lord Overstone seemed to be the active spirit, or rather the inactive one, for his great idea was hoarding. I had a preliminary interview with him, and when I described to him the suffering of the sick and wounded, and urged a liberal expenditure, he interrupted me by the remark that 'that was not business.' I requested that a committee meeting should be called, and that I should meet it. Next day the Committee met. There were Lord Overstone, Lord Shaftesbury, Sir Harry Verney, and sundry others. I spoke very plainly, and told them they were doing very little with the money collected, and that it was astonishing that in a Society, called 'The Sick and Wounded Society,' there should not be a single surgeon upon it. 'What would you say,' I observed, 'if London were besieged, and a committee of defence were formed, containing not a single military man?' On this Col. Loyd-Lindsay started up, brought out the list of the Committee, and showed the name of a doctor. 'That,' said I, 'is the name of a fashionable accoucheur; what does he know of military surgery?'"

Sandwith wished to return to the seat of war, but the Committee were unwilling to employ a man who criticised them so freely. He went home, and his life again became that of a peaceable English citizen. In the next year he settled at the Old House, Wimbledon, which remained his head-quarters till his death. There are few incidents to record during the next years, except in connection with the question which, after having been in abeyance since the Peace of Paris, was now again

ripening for solution. It has been already said that his interest in the East had been silently transferring itself from the races of Asia Minor to those of European Turkey, and especially to the half-emancipated principality of Servia. At the same time, he kept his eye upon the further East, and he was in the confidence of more than one individual whose dislike of Turkish rule did not always confine itself to mere words. The story of one of these men is characteristic, and may here be told. Four years before the date at which we have arrived—that is, early in 1867—Sandwith received a mysterious letter from an old Levant acquaintance, Eugene O'Reilly. “This man,” he writes, “had had a chequered career. In 1848 he was a student of Trinity College, Dublin, and, being more full of enterprise than of caution, he had flung himself into the Smith O'Brien Rebellion, had got arrested, and suffered a short imprisonment. Obligated to leave home, he enlisted in a cavalry regiment, and having learned his regimental duties, he left on the breaking out of troubles in Italy, joined the Sardinian army, and obtained a commission. When the Crimean War began he offered his sword to the Sultan, and his services were accepted. He served with great credit on the Danube, and I first made his acquaintance at that time, when he and I were serving at Shumla under Omer Pasha. After this he was employed in various capacities in different parts of the Turkish Empire. He was every inch a soldier; a splendid rider, brave as his sword, with a strong dash of the Bohemian, and, unfortunately, with a strong

hankering also after financial speculation. In other words, like many revolutionists in all ages, he embarked upon revolutionary schemes partly from sheer love of adventure, and partly from the hope that out of the general confusion something might turn up for him.

“Some time before this date, 1867, he had been made use of by a clique of English financiers in some rather questionable financial affair connected with the consolidation of the Turkish Debt; an affair out of which the financiers made £20,000 apiece, and O'Reilly got for his share £5,000, which effectually whetted his appetite for this kind of spoil. O'Reilly told me that one of the jobs he was charged with was to bribe the editor of a Constantinople newspaper who was strongly denouncing what he called the nefarious scheme of these financiers. The editor accepted £500, and then changed his opinions.

“His present business was to arrange an interview with me, and accordingly he visited me in Wales, and detailed to me his grand scheme. He wished to put himself at the head of an insurrection in Asia Minor, and, acquainted with the country as he was, and passing for a Mussulman—for he was known as Hussein Bey—he felt confident of giving a shock to the Ottoman Empire which might even destroy it. As he went on to detail his scheme, it came out that he was the instrument of a Turkish intrigue, the main figure being Mustapha Fazy Pasha, brother of the Viceroy of Egypt, and at that time one of the Cabinet Ministers at the Porte. This man, of course, had aims of his own; he

wished to make Syria impossible for the Porte to govern, to have it joined to Egypt, and himself to be somehow or other made Viceroy. O'Reilly's plans were not absolutely cut and dried, the details being left for the future ; but his idea was to undertake some kind of surveying scheme, to work his way to the Bedouins, and from there to commence operations.

“ As soon as O'Reilly developed his plans to me, I saw that such an opportunity would be excellent for Servia to take advantage of. I therefore wrote off immediately to a Servian friend, asking him to come to Wales and meet a friend on a matter of great importance. He at once took my letter to the Prince, who sanctioned his journey, so he arrived after a few days, and we had a conference together. At this time Crete was in open revolt, Servia was urging upon the Porte the evacuation of her fortresses, and the Prince had formed a sort of alliance with Montenegro, Greece, and Roumania. My Servian friend telegraphed in cipher O'Reilly's proposal, and was instructed passively to encourage it, not to lose sight of it, but not absolutely to commit himself.

“ A year after, while I was electioneering, I came across a short paragraph in a newspaper which announced that O'Reilly had been arrested and charged with conspiracy. I may here give a letter from a friend in Turkey to O'Reilly's brother, which tells the story of his proceedings and capture from one point of view.

“ ‘ Colonel O'Reilly had a permission from the Ottoman Government for surveying and making a plan

for a tramway from the copper mines of Argasia, in Mesopotamia, to some seaport on the coast of Syria. He had sent engineers there as far back as November last year. These were at work between Tripoli, in Syria, and Hamah. On the 18th June last year, your brother left Constantinople and proceeded to Beyrout in the same steamer with Franco Pasha, the new Governor of the Lebanon. At Beyrout he did not find the Kaimakam, or local Governor, very much disposed in his favour, and when he applied for a guard to protect him during his progress and stay in the desert the Kaimakam refused. As you are aware, your brother was, some five or six years ago, the commander of the whole gendarmerie forces in Syria. This circumstance brought him in contact with some of the men who had served under him in former times; he enlisted and armed a number of them to serve as a body guard, and proceeded to the desert. Having advanced as far as Homs with his survey, he meant to extend the same to the shores of the Euphrates, for which purpose he required a number of camels to carry his instruments, apparatus, and some of his workmen.

“ ‘ He purchased these animals of an English lady of some notoriety in the *chronique scandaleuse*, the former Lady Ellenborough, who is now called Mrs. Digby, the companion of Medjuel, a sheikh of the Misral tribe of Bedouins, who has made a fortune by levying black-mail on the travellers going to visit the ruins of Palmyra. The sheikh refused to give up the camels, nor would he refund the money which Mrs. Digby had pocketed.

Thereupon your brother joined a tribe of Bedouins hostile to that of Mrs. Digby, attacked and routed them, took several thousand camels, of which your brother only retained those he had bought and paid for ; but in the *mêlée* he and his party had the misfortune to kill a Bedouin woman. Mrs. Digby went to Damascus and made complaint against the colonel, through the medium of the British Consul there, to the Ottoman authorities. The Governor-General sent 2,000 men, who surrounded your brother, and he surrendered.'

" 'This was the story for the defence, but not the true one. The fact was, that before this fiasco O'Reilly had spent some months in preparation, and had collected a large quantity of arms and hidden them in various places, some in a cemetery among the corpses. About £5,000 worth had been sent from England. Everything was prepared, but unfortunately he had been indiscreet in his choice of confidants. Among them was, I am told, a British Consul, who entered eagerly into O'Reilly's schemes, which he highly applauded, and then regularly wrote home full accounts of them to the Foreign Office. Mrs. Digby was another who betrayed him, so that the 2,000 men were quite ready, and pounced upon O'Reilly the moment he committed an overt act of violence. The attack on the Arab tribe was to procure camels and to commence the insurrection, which would have spread. I was anxious for O'Reilly to succeed, as I hoped to see the beginning of the end of that organisation of brigandage, the Ottoman Empire. General Ignatieff, Russian Amba-

sador at the Porte, was one of his confidants, and aided him without committing himself.

“When I heard that he was arrested, I set to work to try and get him released, and I judged that he would probably escape punishment, as he had luckily not been shot off-hand, as in any trial some very big Pashas, Cabinet Ministers, and the like would be implicated. I was right in my surmise ; it seems that when the troops appeared, O'Reilly saw at once that he had been betrayed, and wisely surrendered himself while he had a good defence to fall back upon. He and his companions were thrown into prison, and lay there many weeks. They were eventually let loose in an irregular and Turkish fashion, and then I saw O'Reilly again in England, none the worse for his confinement.”

The sequel to O'Reilly's story may here be told. He did not again trouble the Porte with his insurrectionary activity, and before the great war came he had ceased to live. Sandwith came across him once again in connection with a scheme for developing the railway system of Servia, of which we shall have more to say. “After this,” writes Sandwith, “poor, adventurous, brave O'Reilly undertook a mission for some financiers to Morocco. He caught dysentery on the road, and perished in some miserable place. His end was melancholy, but he probably thereby escaped much misery, for latterly he had become destitute and desperate.”

Sandwith's name was already very well known in Servia. He was in frequent communication with his

friend Philip Christitch, and might be regarded as a sort of confidential adviser of the Servian National Party in all matters that touched their relations with Western Europe. His novel, "The Hekim Bashy," had been translated into Servian, and had made a great sensation in that country, far more sensation, it must be owned, than it had caused in England, where at the time of its appearance the public interest in Eastern affairs was dormant. Had the work been written in 1856, or in 1876, everybody would have read it; but in 1864 the adventures of an European in the Turkish service seemed to appeal to few readers. However, it served its purpose as far as Eastern Europe was concerned, and Sandwich received many a flattering testimony of the impression which this record of Turkish abominations had made upon the minds of readers in Servia, Bulgaria, and Greece.

When, in 1872, the young Prince Milan of Servia came of age, after having been for four years under the tutelage of a Council of Regency, the municipality of Belgrade invited Sandwich to attend the coronation. He went, and was much interested in the festivities, which, of course, developed into a Pan-Slavist demonstration against the neighbouring powers of Austria and Turkey. There were banquets, with intensely patriotic speeches, especially from a Bosnian, who brought tears to the eyes of every guest by his description of the wrongs of his countrymen; there were reviews of troops, at which people talked without constraint of the coming struggle between the Slav races and their Turkish masters.

Then Sandwith and the Bosnian orator, whose name was Stefano Petranovich, made a delightful tour in Bosnia, of which country he gave an account—the first of the many accounts that those years were destined to witness—in *Fraser's Magazine*. Another visit to Servia followed in the next year, the business this time being apparently of a very practical character. O'Reilly, whose schemes, as has been said, were sometimes political and sometimes financial, and generally both, was now giving his mind to a matter which has since then occupied the great financial circles of Europe to no small extent. This was the construction of a system of railways and other public works in Servia, beginning with the Belgrade-Alexinatz line, which was to form a junction with the line leading through Sofia and Adrianople to Constantinople. O'Reilly had some very solid capitalists at his back, and all that was wanted was the concession, in the obtaining of which it was thought that Sandwith could be very influential. Accordingly, proposals were made to him to undertake a mission to Servia with the object of gaining this concession; and though he knew absolutely nothing of finance, and less of the construction of railways, he thought himself justified in undertaking the task, which if successfully performed would inevitably result in a great development of the resources of a country to which he was sincerely attached. It is not necessary to go into the details of this mission, which occupied a considerable part of the year 1873. Suffice it to say that, as usual in these cases, he found himself at Belgrade in the midst of a network of cross interests

and of contending intrigues, and that after success had often seemed within his grasp, and promises had been made and all but signed and sealed, he had the mortification of finding that the work was to be put into other hands, and that the English capitalists who were hoping to undertake it were to be disappointed. The Prime Minister at this time, and practically the absolute ruler of the country, was Risties, who was then and is still probably the ablest man in Servia, though he was a man in whom Sandwith had no confidence, and with whom he was on no very cordial terms.

One incident of this visit is worth recording.

“On May 16th,” Sandwith writes, “I called at the Prefecture on business. While waiting there in one of the ante-rooms, I heard noises which puzzled me exceedingly. These were moans and cries of distress exactly like what I used to hear in the pre-chloroform days when patients were undergoing operations. After a while I went with Stanhope\* to a gallery overlooking a courtyard, and there I saw a man tied up to a wooden frame and undergoing the punishment of flogging. He was slowly and severely beaten by hazel-rods steeped in water. Presently he was taken down, after having received about twenty-five strokes, the clothes not being removed. After a while, to my horror and disgust, a rather pretty young woman is tied up, and undergoes the same punishment. She was probably a prostitute, possibly a thief, but the exhibition was horrible and

\* The Hon. Philip Stanhope accompanied Sandwith as agent of the London financiers.

degrading. A number of the undergraduates from the university opposite were looking on, jeering and laughing.

“I was determined to do what I could to abolish this form of atrocity, and spoke of it to sundry Ministers and men of note in the country, urging them to get rid of it, as such things justly exposed a young country to the reproach of barbarism. I was eloquent in this matter, and in the course of a few months I had the satisfaction to hear of the abolition of corporal punishment by the very next Skuptschina, or National Assembly.”

Before returning home he determined, in the interests of the new railway, to make a journey across country to Constantinople, and this tedious but not uninteresting feat was in due time accomplished without disaster, the knowledge that he obtained of the state of the country proving to be of great service to him in the political agitation on which he embarked when the long-threatened quarrel between the Porte and the Christian populations had broken out into war.

We need not dwell on the further events of this and the following years ; for events, as far as Sandwith was concerned, there were none. He continued to live a happy family life, sometimes at Wimbledon, sometimes in France, keeping up his relations with the East and with politicians at home, writing a novel full of reminiscences of his youth at Beverley,\* and amusing

\* “Minsterborough ; A Tale of English Life.” Three Vols. London : 1871.

himself by filling the Wimbledon house with trophies of Eastern travel and of rambles in pursuit of curious old oak among the villages of Brittany.

At last, when he was temporarily settled with his family in Tours, in the year 1876, the news of the Bulgarian massacres arrived. "I had foretold them," says Sandwith, "in 1864, when writing from Rustchuk, and describing the planting of Circassian colonies in that devoted country. Then my friend Christitch wrote to me to say that the Servians had armed and were arming. The papers had already sent reporters to Belgrade, who described the army as mobilised. I could stand it no longer. I packed up my trunk, and, taking a loving farewell of my dear wife, I once more found myself *en route* towards Vienna."

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## CHAPTER XIV.

### THE SERVIAN WAR.

SANDWITH arrived in Belgrade on the 2nd of August, and at once began to prepare himself for the active mission of mercy which was to employ him until the following December. Philip Christitch met him at the landing-place, much depressed with the news of a recent Servian defeat. He, indeed, and his friends of the moderate party, had never wished for war, but had maintained that the wiser policy for Servia was to play

a waiting game, and to allow the two great powers, Russia and Turkey, to fight out the inevitable quarrel elsewhere than in the Principality. Absolute power, however, was now in the hands of Ristics, and he was acting under the impulsion of M. Aksakoff and the Slav party in Russia, who were determined to bring matters to an issue by thrusting Serbia forward. Even granting that the declaration of war was defensible, there can be no doubt that, from the Servian point of view, it was a mistake to abandon the strategical plan which had been entertained when the alliance with Montenegro was formed. That plan was to carry the war into the mountains of Bosnia, Serbia and Montenegro both supplying forces to co-operate with the Bosnian insurgents. It was thought, and with good reason, that it would have been to the advantage of the Servian troops to contend with their Turkish adversaries in a difficult and mountainous country rather than in the lowlands of Bulgaria and in the Morava valley, while to have stood strictly on the defensive in the frontier fortresses would not have overtaxed their powers. But this plan, as is well known, was overruled, and General Tcherniaieff and the Russian officers who were the moving springs of the war determined to take the offensive on the Servian frontier itself.

Belgrade, when Sandwith arrived, was in a condition which recalled vividly to him the state of Constantinople three-and-twenty years before. "In the *cafés*," he writes, "there were newspaper correspondents in swarms; there were inventors of new-fangled instru-

ments of slaughter ; contractors for arms from America ; a few political sympathisers like myself ; army purveyors ; a number of young foreign surgeons, besides here and there an adventurous tourist. Among the soldiers of fortune whom I met I have a vivid recollection of two—Captain Wilhelm von Herzberg, well known in Austria, and a certain Colonel McIver. He was a powerful, hard-looking man, who had seen war for the first time, as he said, in the Indian Mutiny. He had fought for slavery in the Southern States of America, for liberty in Crete, for legitimacy under Don Carlos in Spain, and now he wanted to fight again for liberty in Servia. He was set to work to organise a cavalry force.” This colonel, or as he is now called Brigadier-General McIver, has since become very generally known as a remarkable type of his class.

The first business with which Sandwich was entrusted was to go to Widdin with credentials from the Servian Government, with the object of extorting from the Turkish Pasha a pledge to treat the wounded in a humane and civilised fashion. The especial reason for this mission was the arrival of news from the front to the effect that the Servian forces had been defeated with a loss of five hundred wounded—news accompanied by the statement that the Turks were giving no quarter. “We steamed down the Danube,” Sandwich writes, “and when we passed the Servian frontier the scene was distressing, but most picturesque. All the Turkish shore was lined with fugitives and families of peasants with their flocks and herds. Some were busily engaged in swimming

their cattle across the river, having passed a rope over the horns of a cow or an ox, and then towing it behind a boat, while others were camped round large fires. There was evidently a panic terror throughout the multitude, and with very good reason, for rumours, only too well-founded, kept arriving that paled the cheeks of the bravest. The Turks were evidently at their old work once more—their work of rapine, arson, and murder.” He found, as might be expected, very considerable difficulties with the Pasha. He represented to him the effect which these proceedings of the Turks were having and would have upon public opinion in England, and after tedious negotiations, lasting some days, he succeeded in extracting from him promises that were not deemed unsatisfactory.

On his return to Belgrade a far more important mission was proposed to him. The Servians were suffering continual defeats, and party warfare and diplomatic intrigue were running high in the capital. The Russian Consul-General, the Archbishop, and Tcherniaieff, the Commander-in-Chief, were for continuing the war at all costs, with the scarcely concealed object of extending it so as to bring Russia into it, and these persons had the ear of the Prince and of the Prime Minister. On the other hand, Mr. White, the English Consul-General, acting of course on instructions from the Government at home, was most anxious that the war should come to an end. Finally, his influence, aided by that of the incessant defeats of the Servian forces, prevailed so far as to lead Risties to determine to sue for

peace. "At this moment," Sandwich writes, "I was sent for by the Prime Minister, and sounded as to whether I would undertake a secret mission to Constantinople, not to treat definitely on the terms for peace, but to treat for the preliminaries. I was to go with certain credentials, and to hint at an alliance with the Turks against Austria or Russia, provided Bosnia and Herzegovina were delivered over to the Government of the Serbs; in other words, the Serbs were prepared to assist in combining together under the Sultan, and form a defensive zone of independent communities under the Prince of Servia. The question as to what was to become of the Montenegrin alliance was not settled. I was requested to hold myself in readiness to go to Constantinople, but before starting I was to receive detailed instructions from the Prime Minister and the Prince. The British Agent was most eager for my mission, and Christitch prepared for me a telegraphic cipher with which I might communicate with him during my stay in the Turkish capital. I was kept in suspense for two or three days, but during this time the Prince consulted the Russian Consul-General, who violently opposed my mission. In the first place, he did not wish the war to stop, but on the contrary desired to bring Russia into it; and in the second place, he justly dreaded an Englishman having charge of such a mission. So, having made every preparation, even to the packing of my trunk, I was told that the mission was to be abandoned."

It is needless to speculate on the results that

might have followed from this mission, had it ever taken place. It came to nothing, peace was indefinitely deferred, and Sandwith soon began to see what could be done towards alleviating the sufferings of the wounded. Towards the end of August, he, with Colonel Mure and two other Englishmen, visited the army of the Drina, and, as might be expected, they found the hospital arrangements very imperfect indeed. The chief medical officer was a drunkard, and the foreigners whose services had been accepted were, with the exception of a number of ex-students of St. Thomas's Hospital, very ineffective. Unfortunately, too, not all the English volunteer surgeons were satisfactory or even qualified men. One story in connection with them may be quoted—we have alluded to it already—as an illustration both of the surgery of the campaign and also of Sandwith's hereditary dislike for useless operations. "We entered one of the hospitals, and were introduced to the English doctor, a little man of about forty, who was very fussy, and talked very learnedly, using hard words. He said he was going to perform a very important operation on the following day—namely, the amputation of a hand. I asked to see the patient, and then the hand. A ball had passed through the palm; the wound was perfectly healthy, so was the patient. I turned savagely on the surgeon, and asked him how he dared to propose the mutilation of the poor man for such an insufficient cause. The doctor was astonished and indignant, and asked me who I was. I told him I was an ex-inspector of hospitals. 'Have you any authority here, sir?' he

asked. 'None whatever, but I have influence enough to have you removed from here, and I shall use it to that effect.' The doctor then became very humble, and promised not to cut off the hand; but I went to the telegraph office, and sent a despatch to the Minister of War, advising him to remove Dr. ——. The doctor was removed. I ascertained that he was an old student of the Middlesex Hospital, and had no diploma of any kind."

They inspected the Servian army, being very kindly received by General Alimpitch, afterwards one of those who most warmly welcomed Sandwich's efforts in aid of the Servian wounded. After their inspection of the army, which was then in a state of quiescence, active operations being confined to Tchernaiëff's forces at Alexinatz, they pushed southwards in light country carts. "At Leshnitsa we called upon a rich merchant, who received us hospitably. He boasted of his knowledge of English literature, which began and ended with his having read the 'Hekim Bashy' in the Servian translation. He was much pleased when I introduced myself as the author of that book, so little appreciated in England."

Returning to Belgrade, they found the city full of dismal rumours about ill-success at Alexinatz. Sandwich and Colonel Mure determined to push to the front, to see the truth for themselves. They were almost stopped at the outset by an English newspaper correspondent, who represented himself as having just returned at headlong speed from the front, and having seen Tchernaiëff's

army in full rout. The news was, however, premature, though it was believed all over the country. In due time they arrived at Tchernaiëff's headquarters, and found him acting strictly on the defensive, the severe fighting of the previous days having had various success, but having resulted in no general defeat. The whole country was in a fearful condition, the horizon being every night lit up with blazing villages, Circassians and Bashi-Bazouks prowling in all directions, and too well-authenticated stories of Turkish cruelty coming in from every quarter. It is not necessary now to tell over again those stories which created so much effect in England when Sandwith and other witnesses on the spot recorded them in the journals of the time. The immediate effect of Sandwith's visit to Alexinatz was his appeal to the people of England for help for the wounded and the refugees. Enthusiastically seconded by Mr. E. A. Freeman, the historian, and by other friends in England, he succeeded in raising large sums of money from English charity; and he at once set to work to distribute relief wherever it was most needed. Before we proceed to give details of this mission, it may be well to add one word with regard to the conflicting stories of atrocities on either side, which were so freely circulated at the time in the English papers. As every one knows, Belgrade is situated at the junction of the Save and the Danube, and opposite is the Hungarian town of Semlin. Now Semlin hates Belgrade with the hatred of neighbours and enemies—*uno amne discretis conexum odium*—and whatever stories ingenuity can collect or

invent against the Servian character are to be picked up there in abundance. Unfortunately it had become a habit among the English newspaper correspondents, with almost the single exception of Mr. Archibald Forbes, to frequent Semlin rather than Belgrade, so that by far the greater part of the gossip that was sent to England was clouded with Hungarian prejudice.

The first visit to the Drina and the Morava had been more or less a visit of inquiry. The later visits were undertaken with the practical object of relieving the refugees.

"I was much interested," he writes, in his description of his second visit to the camp of Alimpitch, "in hearing of the enormous sacrifices made by the people on behalf of the national cause. One peasant gave voluntarily 5,000 ducats (about £2,500), and said there would be more forthcoming if necessary. The family where I lodged told me they had buried all their treasure at a certain spot in the mountains, and another had hidden his in his salt magazine. . . .

"At Belgrade I made the acquaintance of the Archimandrite Duchich, a brave warrior as well as an ecclesiastic. This priest was physically a splendid fellow, more than six feet high. He lived in Herzegovina, and when the insurrection broke out he joined the insurgents. The Turks set a price on his head, and burned down his monastery. They failed to catch him; but they caught his mother, and baked her to death in an oven. Duchich was now laid up with a ball in his leg, and I made him and Philip Christitch my committee.

He had been fighting hard in Bosnia, and he showed me a revolver with which he had killed seven Turks. On one hot day he slew a Moslem on a fine horse; then, jumping off his own horse, he mounted the Turk's, and rode off. Feeling what he thought was a water-melon in the saddle-bag, he drew it out, and, lo, it was a freshly-severed Christian head!

“The Prince of Servia showed quite a ferocious antipathy to the English. On one occasion the municipality of Belgrade wished to send a telegram to Freeman, thanking him for his literary services to the cause, when the Prince interfered, and stopped the telegram, on the ground that Freeman was an Englishman. . . . The Prince himself never went within the sound of artillery, and showed an utter want of sympathy and feeling for his brave soldiers. On one occasion, seeing a newly-raised squadron with new saddles and bridles, he took the harness for his own body guard.”

Sandwith determined to direct his attention rather to the refugees than to the wounded; for while the hospitals were sufficiently manned, if not served in the best manner, he well knew that in the neighbourhood of the frontier, and far away from the chief centres of population, crowds of miserable peasants were gathered together, having fled from their burnt villages. Accordingly, in the company of his devoted young lieutenant—Mr. W. H. Gordon, an English officer who had volunteered to help in the work of relief—he pushed southwards to Uziza, which was reported to be the most necessitous commune, and to have given shelter to a

large number of refugees, chiefly Bosnian and Herzegovinian. By the beginning of November he had received nearly £3,500 from charitable friends at home. Among these poor creatures, whose stories, as he says, were marked by a horrible sameness, he distributed such relief as was possible—sheepskin cloaks and waistcoats, wadded cotton coats for children, suits of coarse thick cloth for the men, and warm stuffed petticoats, while with the money that he took with him he bought wood and corn, and such little things as might be wanted for the necessities of the day. "One Government warehouse was assigned me," he writes, in his account of the days spent at Uziza, "and I spent an hour or two among these refugees just as a beginning. There was, of course, considerable pressure, but no rude hustling, quarrelling, or scrambling. I always showed a preference for mothers of families, and the ragged men stood back patiently until these were served. Some of the poor women wailed as they told their griefs. Most of them passionately kissed my hand, and all of them invoked blessings on the English. 'What am I to do with my five children—five children, O Englishman? What am I to do without my husband, killed by those cruel Turks? Alas, alas!'" This was the staple of the cries that met his ears.

In the intervals of his work among the refugees, he found time to write frequent letters to the English papers, especially to the *Times* and the *Daily News*, giving accounts of his employment there, and also taking every opportunity of pleading the cause of the

Serb populations. Towards the end of the year, as many of our readers will remember, political events entered upon a new phase. The Servians were severely defeated at Alexinatz; the town was taken, and every one at Belgrade expected a devastating advance of the Turkish army down the valley of the Morava. What horrors would then have ensued a very slight acquaintance with history enables us to imagine, and these horrors were within an ace of their accomplishment. At that moment the Russian Ambassador at Constantinople delivered an ultimatum to the Porte demanding an armistice, which was of course granted. Then followed the abortive Conference of Constantinople, at which England was represented by Lord Salisbury, and the proclamation of the new Turkish Constitution by Midhat Pasha. Those acquainted with the ways of Eastern politics were not at all surprised when very soon after this Midhat was suddenly dismissed from power and temporarily banished; no more, in fact, than they were surprised two years ago by the account of his trial for the murder of Abdul Aziz; or the other day, when the news came of his sudden death and that of his partner in exile.

In January, 1877, his funds being exhausted, Sandwith returned home, and began a course of lectures and speeches in various parts of the country in aid of the cause he had at heart. He lectured in London at the Working Men's College, in Liverpool, in Oxford, at various places in Scotland, and again in London at Grosvenor House, where the Duke of Westminster took

the chair, and speeches were made by Mr. Gladstone, the Duke of Argyll, and the Bishop of Durham. On the 7th March he started again for the East, taking with him about £7,000, a large portion of it having been contributed by one Lancashire gentleman, under the strict condition that his name should not be made public.

The weather was cold and bad. Sandwich was already out of health, and if his help was to be of any service, it would be necessary for him to travel in semi-barbarous regions under conditions of great difficulty. Most fortunate was it that at this juncture he obtained the assistance of a friend, who turned out to be invaluable to him. This was Mr. Augustus Baker, a gentleman who, having been at one period a medical student, and being at the time at leisure, had found his way to Servia, with an idea of helping in the relief of the wounded.\* Sandwich had met him a few months before at Uziza, where the two had fraternised completely, and accordingly it was with mutual satisfaction that they arranged to travel through the country together. They determined to go to Zaitchar, a small town that had been completely ruined by the war.

“On Saturday, March 24th, I started for Zaitchar in a little open cart with Baker, young Milan Christitch

\* Mr. Baker was, after the war, appointed H.M. Consul at Nisch, on the Servian frontier; thence he was transferred, nominally, to Khartoum. Before he could reach that city, however, it was surrounded by the forces of the Mahdi, and Mr. Baker is at this moment Acting Consul at Suakim (May, 1884).

following in another cart with our luggage. The weather had been for some days so mild that I had foolishly left behind me my sheepskin cloak. Our route was a very long one, through the most dismal scenes. We scarcely met a human being, but the villages were not unfrequent, or rather the remains of them, for they were nothing now but blackened ruins. On all sides was desolation in every form. Towards dark I felt excessively cold and decidedly unwell. Presently Baker, seeing me look blue and ill, gallantly took off his own fur cloak and lent it to me, which I reluctantly received, and then fell down in the bottom of the car in a state of collapse.

“We arrived at Zaitchar when it was quite dark, and I was conveyed into the room of one of the officials, a very dilapidated and dirty place, but it was one of the very few rooms which had a roof and a window left to it, and here I was laid on a bed in a very prolonged and intense cold fit of fever. With all his skill, Baker had the greatest difficulty in procuring a little hot water for my feet, but it was obtained at last. For some hours I lay between life and death. Baker declares that he expected to see me expire at any hour for want of reaction. At last the hot fit came with a vengeance, and I lay in a burning fever for about three days. I thought that I was about to die, and, feeling that I was in full possession of my faculties, I made every disposition for my death. I left my gold watch to Baker, and begged that he would have me laid quietly and without fuss on the slope of the nearest mountain. All night long I was in a state

of burning, sleepless misery. My early recollections of the East were brought vividly back to my mind, and I remembered how, nearly thirty years before, I had often lain for days in outlandish places sick of fever. I made calculations, and wondered how long my constitution would resist. When should I die? It was Sunday. I thought I might last till Thursday or Friday. How would my wife hear of my illness? Doubtless it would be telegraphed and appear in the latest intelligence in the *Times*, which she read every morning, and I seemed to read the announcement, '*Dr. Sandwich died at Zaitchar, of fever, on the 29th inst.*' How would that affect her when she read it in the morning paper? The children would find her frozen with horror and grief, and, on their learning the cause, what a day of agony it would be! Well, the worst would be got over, the weeks and the months would soften the blow, and their father might have died in a worse cause.

"About three days passed in intense suffering, and then I slept—a sleep that was inexpressibly sweet. I awoke without fever. I was intensely weak, but happy. Fortunately, Baker had discovered a cow, the only one within miles, and he secured the milk thereof, with which he fed me. After a while he brought me some lamb, roasted, and some good Negotin wine. I had for a year or two been a teetotaller, and almost a vegetarian; but I now had a perfect craving for wine and meat, and this roast lamb and Negotin wine seemed to me perfectly delicious.

"We had about £300 with us in gold, a somewhat

dangerous burden amongst a barbarous and impoverished population. Now that I was convalescent, Baker ventured to leave me for three or four hours at a time, when he placed the money near me, and a loaded revolver under my bedclothes.

“While I had felt that I was about to die, I would on no account allow Baker to telegraph to my family; but now I thought I should like my wife to come out to me. I did not like the idea of her coming out alone, so I telegraphed to my dear friend Admiral Maxse, to see if he could arrange that H—— should act as her escort. He, thinking that she knew of my illness, telegraphed to her at Tours. His message was:—‘H—— cannot come; shall I send you a courier?’ Lucy received this one Sunday morning while she was calling on a neighbour. She at once read the puzzle, hurried home, sent the governess to get some money from the bank, packed up a few things, got off by the next train, and that night left Paris for Vienna. Meanwhile other influences had been set in motion; the Consul-General at Belgrade, being instructed by the Foreign Office, which had been moved by Maxse, sent a young English doctor—Dr. Hume—to my assistance, and he met my wife at Bazias. There, fortunately, she received a telegram from me, saying that I was better. The Minister of War sent me an ambulance carriage, and on Sunday, April 8th, I was placed in this, and began my journey homewards in perfect comfort. At Negotin the *proto-papa*, or chief priest, received me in his own house. I had just got

comfortably installed, when I heard under my window loud sounds of galloping *pandours* and the rattling of carriage wheels. They stopped at my door. A parley ensues; I hear a sweet voice saying, 'No, no; I won't rest here; I must go on to-night.' 'Immé Gospodin!' 'Der Herr ist hier!' is the answer from sundry mouths, speaking Serb or German. In another moment they are admitted, and we are in one another's arms."

With little difficulty Sandwich was brought to Belgrade, and thence to his house at Tours, terribly shaken, of course, but still convalescent.

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## CHAPTER XV.

### BUCHAREST.

THE winter of 1876-7 was a time of anxiety, of *pour-parlers*, of diplomatic activity, centred first in the Conference of Constantinople, and afterwards in the mission of General Ignatieff to the West. The Conference, as we all remember, was a failure; Lord Salisbury, who had been the chief English plenipotentiary, frankly accusing the Turks of "infatuation in refusing the proposals of the Powers." The last sitting took place on January 20th. Early in February Midhat Pasha, the reforming Grand Vizier and author of the new Turkish Constitution, was summarily dismissed and exiled, and Edhem Pasha, a Turk of an

older school, took his place. On March 19 the farcical Turkish "Parliament" was assembled, and the Sultan made a speech, declaring that all would now go well, that all his subjects would be for the future equal and happy, and that foreign Powers would lose their last excuse for interfering with his empire. Less than a fortnight after, on March 31, the six great Powers, assembled in London, drew up a protocol "inviting" the Porte to rectify the frontiers of Montenegro, to reduce its armies to a peace footing, and to carry out thorough reforms with regard to the Christian populations. The Porte answered by an indignant Note, treating the protocol as "destitute of all equity, and, consequently, of all obligatory character." This was early in April; and but a few days were to elapse before the answer of Russia should be known. On April 24 the Czar issued a manifesto declaring war.

His armies entered Roumania and Armenia on the same day, and the two campaigns were opened. Active operations were very soon in progress in Asia Minor. The Danube was not crossed till two months later, the first passage being effected almost without loss on June 21st. By the end of that month some 200,000 Russians were in Bulgaria, and the European campaign began in earnest.

Meantime, Sandwith rested and recovered, passing the greater part of the spring at Tours. The summer he spent most pleasantly with his family at a little watering-place called Asnelles, on the coast of the Department of Calvados, some ten miles from the

picturesque city of Bayeux. They had rented a charming old house, half farm, half château, with a large rambling garden, a short mile from the sea. In a cottage hard by, the writer of these pages was also settled, and a family of friends were occupying a house by the shore. There, in a village which seemed as though it had never known a foreign visitor, this happy group of English holiday-makers spent six delightful weeks, bathing and basking on the sands, rambling along the shore towards Arromanches, the "Village on the Cliff," and exploring the old castles and churches of the neighbourhood.

Echoes of the great events that were passing elsewhere naturally found their way even to Asnelles, and our daily papers told us how the Russian army was still stopped in its advance by Plevna and Osman Pasha; while both from the papers and from the timorous gossip of the neighbours we learned how the Government of the Seize Mai was preparing for the great general election which was shortly to decide whether France was to continue a Republic or no. There was, in fact, plenty of stirring news to supply matter of conversation for all of us.

In the fine air and the healthy surroundings of the Norman village Sandwich completed his recovery, and by the middle of August he seemed, at least to the unprofessional eye, in perfect health. Then came the end of the holiday, and he returned with his wife and children to Tours. "We took up our residence once more," he writes, "in the beautiful house on the hill,

called Beau Séjour, and I somewhat grumblingly resigned myself to a dull winter. Tours had absolutely no attractions for me, and being away from my library and from my club I was even as a fish out of water. One afternoon about the end of September, our dulness was broken in upon by a stirring telegram from Auberon Herbert, which was much as follows :—‘ Will you go as the delegate of the Russian Sick and Wounded Association to the seat of war? All expenses paid.’ This was indeed startling. I felt that it might be to me a sentence of death, as, although apparently quite well again, I certainly was not strong. On the other hand I longed to be off once more amongst those stirring scenes, and I dreaded the dull winter in Tours.” In a very short time Sandwith had made up his mind to go. He hastened to London, attended meetings of the Executive Committee in Lord Bath’s house, and finally left London on October 18th, with five young surgeons. They pushed on to Vienna, and thence to Bucharest. “The first indication,” he writes, “that we were nearing the seat of war was the smell of carbolic acid arising from some wooden field hospitals erected near the railway station, a smell very familiar and very odious to me. Ah, how I had learned to hate war !”

When Sandwith arrived at Bucharest, he found the prospects of Russia and the spirit of the army, which had been overcast by the repulses before Plevna and the events of the Shipka Pass, lightened by the news of the great victory just gained over Mukhtar Pasha near Kars,

in the battle known as that of the Acolias hill or the Aladja Dagh. General Todleben, the famous engineer, had been summoned to Plevna, which was to be reduced by the slow and certain method of a regular siege. On the river Lom, the armies of the Czarewitch and of Suleiman Pasha were watching each other; while on the Vid a series of fierce battles was at this moment proceeding, the advantages remaining with the Russians, who thus succeeded in closing the western approach to Plevna. In a word, it was the most critical period of the war. The wounded numbered thousands, and, as might have been expected, the means of taking care of them were very deficient.

The question for Sandwich was how he could best assign the help which he had brought from London. Aided by his friend Dimitri Ghika, he succeeded, after some discussion, in placing the five doctors in a hospital on the Danube; though he soon saw it had been a mistake to bring them, the Russians being—as was only natural—intensely jealous of the English.

“I presently find the headquarters of the Russian Red Cross Society, where I have to call more than once before I can find the chief. At last I see him, and he gives me rather a cool reception. He seems to be rather worried, and evidently regards me as another applicant for some sort of post. However, I begin by telling him that I am the delegate for a society of English sympathisers, and that I have a small sum of money, at present only a small sum, to offer toward the work of the Russian Red Cross. He at once changes

his manner, and becomes more polite. I then tell him that I am ashamed to mention the sum, but at present it is only one thousand pounds. ‘Comment, Monsieur, vingt-cinq mille francs ! mais c’est magnifique !’ I thank him for his appreciation of the offering, but I assure him that much more will be forthcoming by-and-by. . . . I finally, after consulting with other authorities, agree that the best thing will be to build a wooden *etappen*, or resting-place, instead of the tents that are now used for that purpose. I learned that about 70,000 carts were daily going to and returning from the Russian army. These conveyed provisions, and brought back the sick and wounded, who, after each long day’s journey, rested at particular stations under the care of the Red Cross Society. Up to the present time these resting-places had been tents, which were obviously insufficient on the approach of winter.

“I went with Mr. Bagavout (the Chief of the Red Cross) to Frateshti, and thence to Putinić, where was one of the resting-places of the sick and wounded. In place of the tents, they had here begun to erect a large wooden barrack, and this was handed over to me to complete and furnish so that it would contain a thousand men at a pinch. This place was built and furnished with stoves, beds, &c., for about £1,000.

“November 12th.—I had a very interesting conversation with Prince Gortschakoff. He was then an old man of about eighty-two, and decidedly feeble in body, though apparently as acute as ever in mind. He tells me that I am to go into Bulgaria and see the Emperor.”

Partly with the view of carrying out Prince Gortschakoff's wishes, and still more with the idea of being of service at headquarters, Sandwich soon started for Plevna. On this occasion, however, he did not carry out his intention. The roads were almost impassable, and the transport was difficult and very costly. Arriving at the wretched little town of Sistova, where the streets were more than ankle-deep in mud, he revised his plans, and came to the conclusion that he could be of more service in Bucharest, where letters were awaiting him, and whence he could direct the building operations of his new hospital. To show that travelling in this part of the country was not a laughing matter, it may be remarked that on reaching the railway it was necessary to start before daylight, as a Turkish battery was within range, and the artillerymen made a point of shelling every train that they could see. Fortunately, however, he reached Bucharest without adventures, after seeing that the building of his hospital at Putinié was getting on rapidly.

"*December 8th.*—I had an interview with the famous General Ignatieff. He told me that during the Conference at Constantinople, where England was represented by Lord Salisbury, the Turks always boasted that they had Sir Henry Elliot and Beaconsfield as their supporters, and they were sure that England would sooner or later come to their assistance. He adds that Russia would even now make peace, though Plevna was still unreduced, if she could only have formal guarantees for the safety of the Christians; but

that Beaconsfield and Layard, then Ambassador at Constantinople, are urging the Turks to resist, declaring that when once the Russians reach Adrianople England will intervene. The General also tells me that he was always accused of having agents and spies all over Turkey. 'That was quite true,' he said. 'I had thousands of them, but they cost me nothing; every wronged Christian was a voluntary agent of mine.'

"*December 10th.*—I had just turned early into bed when Prince Jon Ghika came into my room and told me that the city was suddenly being illuminated, as Plevna was taken. Osman Pasha had made an attempt to break through the lines, and had been obliged to surrender at discretion. I hastily dress and go out. Every house is illuminated, and bands of music are parading the town.

"*December 11th.*—I call on Gortschakoff and Baron Frederick to congratulate them on the victory, and I attend the Te Deum in the Cathedral. Osman Pasha is considered a great hero; I think him a great ruffian. He blundered into position at Plevna, and there entrenched himself, and when his troops had repulsed the Russian assault and thrown them into confusion, he stupidly failed to follow up his advantages. Had he done so, the Russians would have been driven into the Danube, for a panic prevailed after the first repulse; but Osman allowed the enemy to recover himself, and gradually to bring up reinforcements in sufficient number to hem in the Turkish forces. The Russians so entrenched themselves, where necessary, that the

position of the Turks was hopeless long before they capitulated. Meantime, Osman refused flags of truce, or to entertain any measure for mitigating the horrors of the war. After each assault the Russian wounded on the glacis were left to perish slowly of hunger, thirst, and fever. Osman behaved as a sulky savage, and treated his own wounded brutally.

“*December 17th.*—The Emperor arrives, and about this time the winter sets in with a terrific snowstorm. Bucharest presents an extraordinary appearance. The streets are soon deep in snow, but the cold is so intense and the traffic so great that it was soon hard. In a single night all the hackney carriages are transformed into sledges, and the streets become lively with the tinkling of the bells.

“*December 27th.*—The Prince arrived to-day, in the midst of great rejoicings; and I bought a horse for Baker, who had joined me, and we prepared for another journey to the Danube.

“*January 1st, 1878.*—I found myself once more on the road towards Putinié. The weather was intensely cold, and the train moved very slowly indeed. Young Villiers, the artist of the *Graphic*, was with me.

“At Frateshti we were most hospitably received by M. Branzoli, an exceedingly gentlemanly Russian, who spoke English admirably. He, poor fellow, was unwell, but did not know that he had got the typhus fever, which afterwards nearly finished him. We all slept together in a hut that night. The ice on the Danube had prevented all movement, and the supplies to the

army were very irregular. The encampment at Frateshti presented a strange appearance; icicles everywhere, sentinels muffled up in sheepskin, difficulty of obtaining water, every means used to obtain a little warmth. Gourko's soldiers had to sleep in the open air. Of three thousand Turkish prisoners marching from Plevna, one thousand perished in the snow in one night.

“Villiers and I engaged a peasant's sledge, made of rude planks and hedge-stakes in the roughest manner. We paid at the rate of about a napoleon a mile, and started early in the morning. After an hour's journey, I observed a black mass moving in the distance, and contrasting with the snowy expanse around us. ‘Do you see that?’ I asked of my companion. He could not make it out. ‘We must get to windward,’ I remarked, ‘for that is evidently a batch of Turkish prisoners meeting us; they are coming from Plevna, and they will smell most horribly.’ In about fifteen minutes we met them. They were some two or three thousand, in a column, guarded by Roumanian soldiers, who pushed them on very brutally. A large flight of crows followed them, and alighted near any prisoner who dropped. The stench was horrible, for we got a whiff at times if by any accident we got to leeward of the prisoners.

“They were very poorly clothed, too, considering the weather, and were all foully dirty. The aspect of the poor wretches was pitiable in the extreme; their features were haggard, their gait limping, and from

time to time one would fall out and beg leave to die. In such a case he always had a loving comrade to cheer and encourage him, but both were kicked and punched by the guards. I flew at one of these in a rage, but I fear no one was any the better for my interference. Many of the prisoners, however, indeed most of them, seemed in good condition, and the officers usually had a pony, and a servant also mounted with their baggage. There were some carts following the convoys, in which some of the sick were placed, but the carts were by many too few.

“Immediately after passing the convoy of prisoners we came on the naked body of a Turk, half-covered by the snow. Villiers jumped out and sketched the dismal scene for the *Graphic*. We found several more during our drive.

“On arriving at Putinić I found the village full of distressing sights. Just outside dogs and hawks were quarrelling over the bodies of the Russians, while inside crowds of prisoners were arriving in a deplorable condition, and were being quartered on the cottagers. The huts were very small, barely sufficient to hold a family, and the peasants were horrified on having forced upon them a number of sickly prisoners in a state of indescribable filth, and too often suffering from infectious disorders. The women especially were loud in their protests, which boded ill for the wretched captives, many of whom during the night were thrust out into the bitter cold to die.

“I went about the village to do what I could.

What scenes of horror met my eyes! I entered, with Villiers, a small hut of two rooms, dismantled, with no doors or windows. Looking in, I saw on the right about a dozen Turkish soldiers. All but four had thrown themselves exhausted on the floor, and were lying in all postures, apparently in a deep sleep; others were crouching round a small fire of sticks which they had kindled in the middle of the room, and were trying to thaw their frozen limbs; another poor wretch, without trousers, was crouching outside these. Unluckily for him he had, or was supposed to have had, some money, and so the Roumanian guards had robbed him, and after doing so had torn his trousers to pieces. His comrades would not allow him to approach the fire, but pushed him away, just as a sick animal is pushed away by its companions. I interfered, and got him a place by the fire, and then examined the other men. They were all far gone in typhus. Their tongues were black and dry. They said they had not tasted food for three days, probably an exaggeration, but how are such men to keep account of time? I turned from these to examine those lying down around the room. They were all dead. I hurried out to try and find some food for the survivors. All I could procure was some bread and onions, and these the poor typhus-stricken wretches could not touch. I went into the other room, where there were still more Turks, but they were all dead. I shall never forget the look of one poor youth, a beardless boy and an officer, whose aspect, even in death, was most touching. He had evidently been driven to death, and had at last sunk,

after awful sufferings, and died in this indescribable den.

“All that afternoon and evening more prisoners kept coming in. The large building I had erected was crowded, tents were crowded, cottages were crowded, amidst the curses and lamentations of the peasantry. Night set in, a dark, moonless night, and the glimmer of the lanterns just sufficed to throw fitful flashes upon this heap of disorder and misery.

“After a sleepless night I felt so unwell that I determined to return to Bucharest. I start very early in the morning, in the midst of a snowstorm, and make my way through deep snow over roads that are rapidly becoming obliterated, until we come to a point where two roads branch off. One, to Frateshti, has no telegraph wires, but it is the nearest, and, what is a decided advantage, it is altogether out of the Turkish fire. The other has telegraph wires all the way to Giurgevo, and therefore one cannot easily lose one's way; but it leads to within range of the big guns of Rustchuk, and the Turks fire often. I pause for a moment; but ever since I was lost in a snowstorm on my return from Kars, I have an overwhelming dread of snow. That decides me, so I choose the chance of the Turkish guns. We were not fired at, and I arrived safe at Giurgevo.”

Here, too, Sandwich found nothing but misery, dirt, cold, and discomfort; and, anxious as he was to push on to Bucharest, it was a matter of extreme difficulty, for the railway engines were broken, and the floors of the railway carriages were covered with frozen snow.

“I waited in a carriage,” writes Sandwith, “until I saw the station-master pass. I called to him, and asked him when the train was to start. He told me it would be some time during the night, but he did not know when, and it would be all night on the road. He strongly advises me not to attempt the night journey, as I am weak from want of sleep and good food, and from tension of nerves. I feel that it would be too great a risk to undertake the night journey in such intense cold, so I return to my filthy hotel. There I passed another sleepless night, which demoralised me exceedingly, and returned to the station a little before the hour announced for the departure of the train—5.40 a.m. Some bread, coffee, and milk—the most delicious meal I ever tasted—put new life into me, and after some hours, during which we were all the while expecting a shell from Rustchuk, we started. It was a miserable journey, but in time we arrived at Bucharest to find that our baggage had all been left behind. After four days I recovered it. I stayed a little longer at Bucharest, and then, having done all I could, I left for home, and meantime the Russians pursued their conquering career up to the walls of Constantinople.”

With regard to this last work of mercy in which Sandwith was engaged, one or two remarks seem necessary. His operations were less widely successful than they had been in Servia, for several reasons. In Servia he had been encouraged by the authorities; in Bulgaria and Roumania he was mainly left to his own resources, and that at the most difficult time of the year, when the

weather was terrible. Again, he never intended to do much more than to hand his money over to the Russian Red Cross Society, and to remain on the spot to see that it was properly used ; and this, at least, he accomplished. The Putinié hospital alone, which saved scores of lives and alleviated the lot of hundreds of wounded men, was in itself a sufficient justification of his mission. Lastly, it was too plain from the moment of his arrival that he was physically not himself. His system was shaken, almost shattered, by the hardships of a lifetime and by the frightful fever from which he had suffered but nine months before. Had he considered himself alone he would have remained quietly at home, attending to his diet, taking regular sleep, and abstaining as much as possible from all excitement. But his own health and comfort were the last considerations with him ; and when the task of going to help the cause of humanity in the cold and pestilential East was laid upon him, he accepted it without a word.

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## CHAPTER XVI.

### LAST YEARS.

SANDWICH arrived at Tours in the middle of January, with his health thoroughly undermined, and though neither he nor those around him were fully conscious of the amount of the mischief, he was no longer capable of such extraordinary efforts as he had made during the last two years. The early part of 1878 he divided

between London and Tours. It may be imagined that at that most critical time, when the question of peace or of a war which would have strained the resources of the Empire to the utmost was in the balance, and when the best judges of public affairs knew not from day to day to which side the scale might incline, his mind continued to be deeply exercised on the relations between England and the East. It is not necessary here to tell over again the story of those momentous months. It is enough to say that from the end of March (when the English fleet entered the Dardanelles, and when as a consequence Lord Derby resigned the post of Foreign Minister, to be succeeded by Lord Salisbury) until the meeting of the Berlin Congress in June, the peace of Europe was, as the Greeks used to say, "on a razor's edge." During all this time Sandwith acted as a sleepless critic of Lord Beaconsfield's Government, and spared no effort to keep the public informed, through the columns of the *Daily News* and other journals, of what seemed to him to be the real questions at issue. His voice was one of the most persuasive and strenuous of those which kept urging the cause of peace, and that chiefly on three grounds. First, as will have appeared from all the later chapters of this biography, he believed that in the quarrel between Russia and Turkey, Russia was in the main right, and Turkey wrong; that the Turks in Europe were not a nation, but a barbarian military caste, holding down in a condition little better than slavery many millions of persons, alien to themselves in race and religion, and far superior in civilisation; that when once England by rejecting the

Berlin memorandum had refused to join in coercing the Turks, the only way for these Eastern Christians to attain to the freedom which was their right, and which would inevitably lead them to form flourishing and happy communities, was through the military intervention of Russia. Secondly, he believed that a war between England and Russia, besides creating untold misery among the vast working population of these islands, would almost inevitably lead to the loss of India. Thirdly, he thought it impossible that if such a war were once to begin, it could by any means be confined to a struggle between England and Russia alone. According to him, it would certainly have led to civil war in Austria, the Hungarians taking the side of the Turks, and the Slavonic provinces of the Empire, which supplied the majority of the officers of the whole army, making common cause with the Russians, Bulgarians, and Serbs. "But if Austria does meddle with the question," he wrote in the last days of 1877, "Germany will certainly come into the fray, and if Germany, then France and Italy; and we should thus have a raging European war that would satisfy even Lord Beaconsfield. The map of Europe would inevitably require to be remodelled. Holland in all probability would disappear, and form a most important naval province of the German Empire. Farewell then to British naval supremacy. We should become a part of the European military system, with a crushing debt, a huge conscription, and sundry other troubles, domestic and foreign, which we cannot foresee."

Fortunately, this danger was averted. The Berlin Congress saw the perils that threatened the whole of Europe, and peace was made.

The Treaty of Berlin of July, 1878, settled the Eastern Question—at least, for some years—and with it Sandwith's public work may be said to have come to an end. He was destined, however, to pay one more visit to the lands which had exercised a fascination so nearly fatal to him. In the spring of the following year the Marquis of Bath, who had taken a prominent part in the agitation in favour of the Eastern Christians, proposed to him to make a tour through Bulgaria and Eastern Roumelia, to study the effects of the war and the prospects of those countries under their new organisations. Sandwith started, not without some misgivings; for more than once, amid all the comforts of his home, he had been the victim of intermittent attacks of his enemy, the Servian fever; but the plan of the journey was so well arranged, and the comforts of the travellers seemed likely to be so thoroughly attended to, that he thought he might venture once more. Accordingly, the party left London on the journey which has been described in Lord Bath's book, "Observations on Bulgarian Affairs." Unhappily, they had scarcely entered the Bulgarian plains when Sandwith was again stricken down, and, after being carefully and kindly tended at the house of an American missionary, he was obliged to make the best of his way to Constantinople, and thence home.

For another year he remained quietly at Wimbledon,

and then, in the spring of 1880, a terrible blow fell upon him. It was at a moment when everything seemed happy, prosperous, and full of abundant promise. Sandwich was apparently better in health than he had been since his last trip to Bulgaria. His family was growing up around him, and was at that stage when sons and daughters may well become a source of special and daily-increasing pleasure to a father. Moreover, the sudden dissolution of Parliament was to him, as much as to any one in England, a matter of intense interest. For a moment he may have thought of becoming a candidate for some constituency, and had he done so there can be little doubt that he would have been triumphantly returned, for the question before the country was his question *par excellence*, and to a very large section of his countrymen his voice on all the topics connected with the Eastern policy of Lord Beaconsfield was a voice of authority. He did not stand; but the victory of his party and the return of Mr. Gladstone to power filled him with rejoicing no less real than would have been the case had he himself been one of the successful candidates. In a moment all this happy condition of things was overturned. His wife—the sweet companion of twenty years, who had not only ruled his household in the most admirable manner, but had shared all his thoughts, and had stimulated and cheered him through all his public actions—was suddenly discovered to be very ill. None had suspected the fact, for her energy had been unbounded, and the amount of work habitually done by her had been

little less than astonishing; but a cold, caught during the severe winter, had settled upon her lungs, and it was evident that she was seriously ailing. Dr. Quain thought that a few weeks at Hastings might restore her, and thither she was sent; but, unfortunately, to no good purpose. On her return her husband took her to Dr. Andrew Clark, who, to his dismay, pronounced that the mischief had already gone so far that recovery was extremely doubtful. Davos was the only chance, and to Davos accordingly—that upland valley in the Grisons, the fine air of which has brought back so many invalids to life—they went in the following July. Most unluckily, the season was exceptionally bad, and though Mrs. Sandwith improved in health during the first few months, the raw and wet winter which followed was disastrous, not only to herself, but to her husband; for he, too, was more ill than any one was aware of at the time, and it seemed as if the rare mountain atmosphere only served to bring out his malady.

In the early months of 1881 his friends began to be distressed by the tone and contents of his letters. He complained of pain in the region of the heart, of being suddenly awakened with tormenting pains across the chest, and with an intolerable feeling of suffocation. He had felt something of the same symptoms before, in 1879, during the summer holiday which he and his family passed together at Plymouth. Even then he feared the worst from them, and now, in April, 1881, he wrote to his brother:—"Cases of recovery from heart disease are one in a thousand, and are not to be counted

on in the least. Nevertheless, in spite of oneself, they are some little comfort. There is Miss N——, and Miss Martineau; the latter lived to eighty or more. On the other hand, my old friend Acton, the surgeon, consulted a neighbouring doctor on some unpleasant symptoms, and a few days afterwards he was found dead in his bathroom. After all it seems extremely likely that I shall die about sixty; I fancy most men do, especially those who have knocked about a good deal. I really think I am resigned to this fate, and still I confess I cling to life for the sake of my children—especially Lincoln, my darling boy—for whom I have views and plans for his future. I fancy if I could see him started in a profession I could calmly sing my *Nunc Dimittis*."

When he wrote these words he professed that, except just after sleep, he did not feel much out of health. But in a few days there came a great change. They had with difficulty made their way from Davos to Montreux, on the Lake of Geneva, and after the first fortnight there Sandwith became rapidly worse. So grave were his symptoms that his brother-in-law hurried out from London, to find him, as he thought, dying, and his wife only kept alive by her indomitable will. Their third daughter, too, who was with them, was evidently following rapidly in her mother's footsteps. No time was lost in placing them in the train for Paris, where it was hoped that they might rest a few days, and then be moved to London. But in Paris it quickly became evident that Sandwith's life

was ending. The disease—Dr. Herbert called it “a breakdown of the arterial system”—made daily and hourly progress, and early in the morning of the 16th May, 1881, he died. He was buried in the quiet cemetery at Passy, close to Paris.

Mrs. Sandwith had risen almost from a dying bed to tend her husband in his illness, and the force and endurance which she displayed under her terrible trial were wonderful to behold. Strange to say, the shock of his death did not kill her. She was able, after remaining a few weeks in Paris, to be removed to Eaux Bonnes, in the Pyrenees, thence to Tunbridge Wells for a last sight of England, and thence to Algiers. In a pleasant villa on the heights between Mustapha and El Biar she spent the winter and the spring, not suffering acutely, and for the first few months feeling some benefit from that exquisite climate. Before death came to claim her she was destined to experience another bereavement. Her third daughter, Helen, a beautiful girl of seventeen, had been stricken with her own malady some eighteen months before, and though for nearly a year the extent of her danger was not known, as the spring of 1882 advanced she became rapidly worse, and died in April, in the same house with her mother. On May 6th, within ten days of the anniversary of her husband's death, Mrs. Sandwith passed quietly away.

This record of Sandwith's life may fitly end with the letters in which two eminent men, writing from different

standpoints, have borne witness to his character and work. The first is from Professor Max Müller, and was written on the day after Sandwith died :—

“ OXFORD, 17th May, 1881.

“ MY DEAR WARD,

“ I deeply feel the loss you have suffered—ay, which England has suffered—through the sudden death of Sandwith. I am often asked by my friends abroad, how it is that England keeps afloat? and I always say it is due to England’s unknown worthies. He was one of them; and while the country erects monuments to the serene selfishness of Disraeli, a few lines in the papers is all the tribute paid to one whose life was truly spent in the service of his country and his fellow-creatures. If the Spirit of truth could hold the balance—as it does on the old Egyptian monuments—between the real worth of two such men as Sandwith and Disraeli, how the world would be astonished! I knew Sandwith when he came back fresh from Kars—a handsome young fellow—courage beaming from his face. If at that time he had thought life was a game to be played, there was no pinnacle he could not have climbed. But I never heard him make a concession. Straight as an arrow he flew through life, a devoted lover of truth, a despiser of all quibbles political, moral, and ecclesiastical. And he has had his reward—a reward which the world does not know—his own firm conviction that he was on the right path, and that, in spite of all storms and tossings, right will find its level in the end. Nothing can ever be lost that is done in this faith in the straight, the direct, and I believe, in spite of all successful schemers, the shortest line that man in this short life can follow—the line of right, truth, justice, unselfishness, and love. We are poorer, England is poorer, in losing such a man.

“ Ever yours truly,

“ F. MAX MÜLLER.”

The second is from Canon Liddon :—

“ 3, AMEN COURT, ST. PAUL’S, E.C.,

“ June 5th, 1884.

“ MY DEAR MR. WARD,

“ I have been trying in vain to put my hand upon some documents which would have enabled me to write something less unworthy of Dr. Sandwith than, as I fear, these few words must be.

“That he is one of the most remarkable persons whom I have known in life becomes stronger with the lapse of time. His work and his character were alike distinguished.

“1. It may be questioned whether any other Englishman has contributed so much as he to the relief of the Christian populations in European Turkey.

“The events of 1876 and 1877 may not have resulted in all that was hoped for by the friends of the Eastern Christians. But unless I am quite misinformed, they have done much on both sides of the Turkish frontier to better a state of things which was previously intolerable. Servia is now an independent State, and Bulgaria is practically as much mistress of her destinies as Servia; and in the provinces which still remain under Turkish rule there is said to be that sort of improvement which would naturally result from nearer contact with Christian and European civilisation, and from the consciousness of all who are entrusted with power that the eye of Europe is upon them.

“It is no exaggeration to say that this result is largely due to Dr. Sandwith. Of Englishmen who sympathised with the subject races in European Turkey, some fought, some spoke, some wrote. Dr. Sandwith did all three. The misery of the Christian populations in Turkey was only rendered possible by the ignorance or the incredulity of Europe. The misdeeds of Turkish officials were too bad to be believed, where they were not too bad to be described. Dr. Sandwith was resolved that this ignorance, sometimes involuntary, sometimes voluntary, should cease. That he might be sure of his facts he incurred, again and again, great personal risk; and in describing what he had witnessed, he incurred, again and again, much ungenerous criticism. But his witness had its effect. His absolute honesty was never questioned, and those who knew him knew that his feelings, even when rising into indignation, were always controlled by his sense of right. I remember being greatly struck by the impression produced by a speech he made at Oxford, and his influence upon English opinion was thus considerable, because it was known that he could act as well as speak, and that he shrank from no toil and from no danger in promoting a cause which he had deeply at heart. Never shall I forget the warm terms of respect and admiration in which a Servian at Belgrade described his conduct during the early autumn of 1876.

“2—The two points which were insisted on were his courage and

his tenderness, and it was in the combination of these that the charm of Dr. Sandwith's character lay. I have never known any one who seemed to be at once more intolerant of wrong and more tenderly alive to suffering. He had the head of a man and the heart of a woman, if any one ever had, and it was this union of qualities which made him the king of men that he was felt to be by the Eastern peoples. Perhaps I ought to add that the characteristic which struck me most in him was his entire disinterestedness. It was possible enough to disagree with some of his opinions, but it was absolutely impossible to suspect him of a selfish motive, or to doubt that his career was governed by a resolute determination to do the utmost he could for the good of his fellow-creatures, at whatever cost to himself.

"There were grave questions, as you would know, about which he and I could not agree in those years during which we saw most of each other. But I always hoped that everything might be in store for so fine and generous a character; and I have been told that his last hours in the world were all that a Christian would desire. For myself, I shall always think of him with true respect, and, indeed, affection.

"I am, dear Mr. Ward,

"Yours very truly,

"H. P. LIDDON."

Those who knew Sandwith best will be most inclined to agree with these estimates of his character, its directness and disinterestedness. For a cause which appealed strongly to him, he placed no limits on the sacrifices he would make; no time, no energy, no trouble was too much for him to expend, without a thought of any reward but the consciousness of having done his work well. In this lay a great part of his strength. The rest he derived from his genial disposition, from manners that were full of fascination, and from that indefinable quality which always secures for its

possessors the affection of those with whom it is their lot to live. His weakness lay in a certain want of intellectual sympathy with points of view that were not his, or with beliefs and reasonings outside the habit of his mind. Partly, of course, this is the natural outcome of a temperament like his; romantic and enthusiastic people must always be more or less one-sided. In part, too, it was the result of his fragmentary early training; in part from his want, after he ceased to practise his profession, of a definite sphere of action and of regular work. Had he entered Parliament in 1862, the discipline of public life would have been in some respects of great service to him, would have schooled him in the ways which experience has prescribed for dealing with great and complicated questions, and would probably have rendered much fewer those fits of depression to which he was often subject. But this was not to be. His destiny was cast outside the circle of official routine or of Parliamentary responsibility. It was left for him to be what, after all, may be of no less consequence and of no less service—a leader in the irregular forces which Humanity enlists in her behalf, in the eternal campaign against tyranny, barbarism, and wrong.

THE END.













